The Saturday Evening
POST
January 4, 1958 – 15¢

DEC 3 1 '57

A VISIT WITH LEO DUROCHER
By HARRY T. PAXTON

GLENN FORD'S Own Story

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

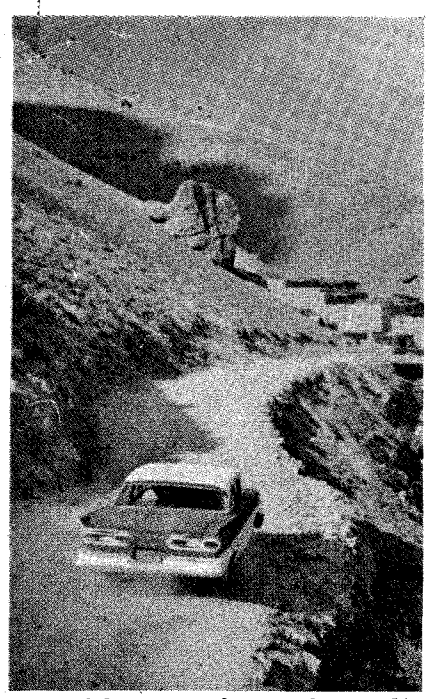
The Private Life of a Great Artist: PABLO PICASSO

8 PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS *By David Douglas Duncan*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's the 58 Ford in Turkey, on its way around the world. Thousands of rugged miles like this proved the performance of its new Interceptor V-8 engine.

Nothing newer in the world of power



In Afghanistan, the comfort and sure-footed going of Ford's new suspension was as welcome as the Interceptor V-8's extra power.

Precision Fuel Induction, a 58 Ford exclusive, gives more power on less gas in new Interceptor V-8 Engines

Ford's powerhouse, the Interceptor V-8, is the first new engine ever proved around the world. What makes this V-8 great is a totally new system of fuel-air delivery . . . Precision Fuel Induction. It's like a superhighway with eight expressway lanes as opposed to a narrow winding road. Fuel-air traffic flows directly, more efficiently to each cylinder so that your new Interceptor V-8 engine responds quicker, runs smoother . . . far longer . . . far thriftier, too! Ask your Ford Dealer for an Action Test.

PROVED AND APPROVED AROUND THE WORLD

58 FORD

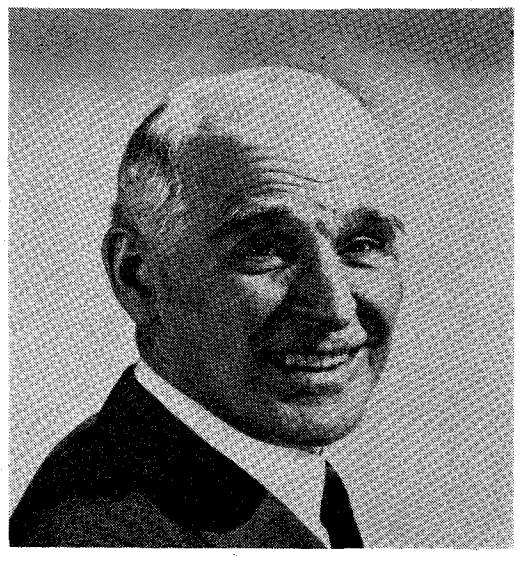
The first car ever to use the whole world as a test track

Stop and Go in San Francisco is a breeze for the Interceptor V-8, proved decisively around the world. With new styling, new feather-touch Magic-Circle steering, optional new Cruise-O-Matic Drive and Ford-Aire Suspension . . . there's nothing newer, nothing finer in the world!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Over and over again—It's the same old story...

Finally a formula that really works



"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"

I ALWAYS felt simply "run down." People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport." I didn't know why until my doctor put me wise. He told me that I acted like a man much older than myself, and explained *why* I felt "tired," *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away, *why* my friends and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man.

He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency in my diet could bring on these symptoms—rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep-building vitamins and minerals. Thousands of others had found new energy, new youth, new happiness by adding these essential factors to their diet.

Well, I put off doing anything about my condition—until one day I read the Vitasafe ad in a magazine offering a 30-day trial supply of high-potency Vitasafe C.F. Capsules! I figured *I had nothing to lose,* so I mailed the coupon. When my trial supply arrived, I began taking one Capsule a day. In a short time, I began to feel like a new man! My pep and vigor came back, I continued with the Vitasafe Plan—and I felt stronger—younger—more energetic!

Today, no one thinks of me as a "worn-out old man." I've got pep and energy to burn, and I have fun like a fellow half my age! *And you may, too!* Why don't you take advantage of this sensational trial offer to see for yourself whether you, too, can feel peppy and full of life! Accept this *no risk offer* as I did by mailing the coupon *today!*

"Thirty days ago I turned back the hands of time!"

IF anybody told me that a little capsule could make me feel 10 years younger in just 30 days . . . full of pep, energy and happy well-being, I would have thought he was joking. I felt like so many people around me, just all tired out by the day-to-day pressure of modern life. I could hardly keep up with my work. Everything seemed an effort. My friends and family said I acted like an old lady.

Then one day I came across a Vitasafe ad. It explained that many people nowadays may be well-fed and yet be under-nourished because of the lack or destruction of certain vital elements in their food due to storage, processing, freezing, cooking, etc.

It told how thousands of folks who have lost their full vitality because of this very common lack of balance in their diet, now enjoy full, rich, happy lives again—thanks to high-potency Vitasafe C. F. capsules.

Well, since they offered a 30-day trial supply of this high-potency nutritional supplement, I thought I might as well see whether it could help me. I sent in the coupon. *Believe me, that was the smartest thing I ever did.*

Now, I have the pep and healthy glow I last had years ago. And I enjoy my work, my family and friends more than I can ever remember.

If you just don't feel 100% up-to-par, you may also be suffering from this common nutritional deficiency. YOU would be smart to see how much younger and peppier you may feel by taking safe, pure Vitasafe capsules. So why not send for a trial 30-day supply, *right now!*

25¢ *just to help cover shipping expenses of this*

FREE 30 days supply High-Potency Capsules

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Cholinè, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C, and D —*five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1, and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, a remarkably potent nutrient that helps nourish your body organs. Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, a natural substance derived from wheat gluten and thought by many doctors to help nourish the brain cells for more power of concentration and increased mental alertness. And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid – the anti-cold factor that has been so widely acclaimed. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else *at any price!*

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

You can use these Capsules confidently because U. S. Government regulations demand that you get exactly what the label states—pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY – FREE!

So many persons have already tried VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES with such outstanding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours.*

AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of this amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. *You are under no obligation to buy anything!* If after taking your free Capsules for three weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy postcard that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low money-saving price of only $2.78 per month *(a saving of 45%).* Mail coupon now!

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS	
Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.
Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Calcium	75 mg.
Phosphorus	58 mg.
Iron	30 mg.
Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Copper	0.45 mg.
Manganese	0.5 mg.
Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Iodine	0.075 mg.
Potassium	2 mg.
Zinc	0.5 mg.
Magnesium	3 mg.

Compare this formula with any other!

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

VITASAFE CORP. **620**
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in this magazine.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ **Man's Formula** ☐ **Woman's Formula**

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

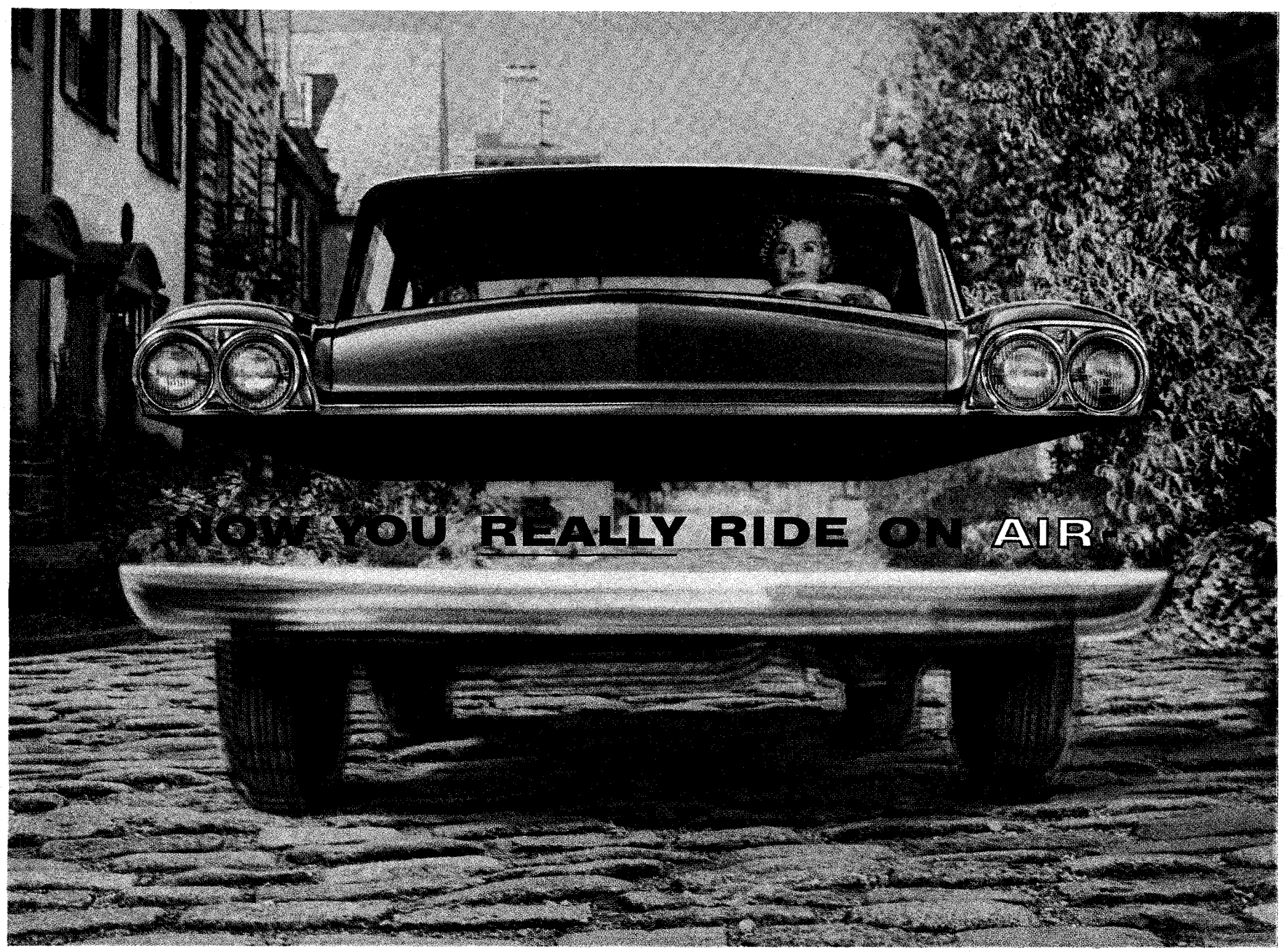
This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario

© 1958 Vitasafe Corporation

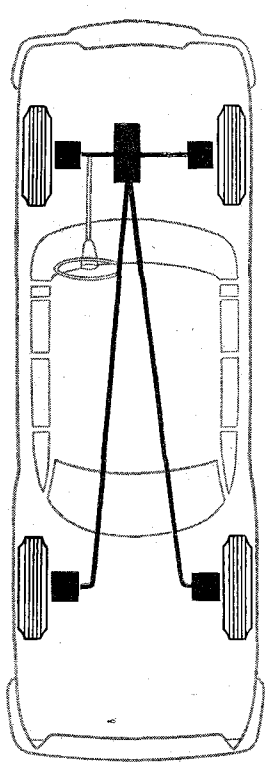
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You'll never know the bumps are there.

Air replaces steel in 1958 car springs!

It's Firestone Airide® Airsprings—new in passenger cars this year. Smooth almost beyond description, actually 60% smoother than the best previous ride. Ask your car dealer for a ride.



HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS: Amazing Airide Airsprings actually "breathe" the bumps away—and bring a buoyancy and stability to driving and riding you've never known before. These four rubberized nylon bellows or "airsprings" (shown in red) cushion you completely on rubber and air—float the "upper car" free and clear of the axles. Each is filled with compressed air which is given greater compression when needed, as a bump from below or added weight from above begins to flatten it out. You ride safely and smoothly level, regardless of uneven conditions in road or load. Simply—you ride on air. *It's an exhilarating experience—one you ought to try!*

AIRIDE

AIRSPRINGS BY Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on ABC television every Monday evening.

Copyright 1957, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull

IN THIS ISSUE

January 4, 1958 *Vol. 230, No. 27*

4 Short Stories

The Doctor Was Scared . . . . . *Vicki Catalani* 16
The Facts of Life . . . . . *Nord Riley* 20
He Never Had a Chance . . . . . *Steve McNeil* 24
The Boy Left Home . . . . . *John Randolph Phillips* 31

9 Articles

Ginral Lee, the Cunnel and Me . . . . . *J. Bryan, III* 13
I Can Always Escape . . . *Glenn Ford, as told to Jane Kesner Ardmore* 18
The Face of America: Bargain Month . . . *Photograph by Shelly Grossman* 22
How I Became a Reactionary . . . . . *Thomas Braden* 25
What a Way to Treat a Dog! . . . . . *Henry La Cossitt* 26
Operation Wildlife . . . . . *Corey Ford and James Perkins* 30
The Low-Down From Leo . . . . . *Harry T. Paxton* 32
San Francisco's Magic Fog . . . . . *John Wesley Noble* 34
Pablo Picasso: The World's Most Famous Artist
Text and Photographs by David Douglas Duncan 56

2 Serials

Death in the Deep (Third of four parts) . . . . . *Wolfgang Ott* 28
West of the Law (Fifth of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 39

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 36
Verse 44, 67, 70, 76
Keeping Posted 80

POST
A VISIT WITH LEO DUROCHER
GLENN FORD'S Big Story
The Private Life of a Great Artist PABLO PICASSO
12 PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

THE COVER

Five minutes of 12; 4 of 12; 3—2—1—Yeow! HAPPY N-E-E-W YEAR! There go the happy voices: Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne? Yes, sing of "old long since" (the good auld times), and a simultaneous cheerio to the good new times—yippee to 1958! With Mr. Electronics as her escort, glowy-eyed Mary Babysitter magically leaves the room without really leaving it, drops in at the Club Hullabaloo, and lifts her glass on high—here's looking right back at you, folks! Junior is awake, but Ben Prins thinks that after uttering a few of his first New Year's whoops, he will pipe down. Considering the untimely reading matter on that table, Mary should vow, "Hereafter I'll hit the books harder on school days—that but definitely is *my* resolution!"

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

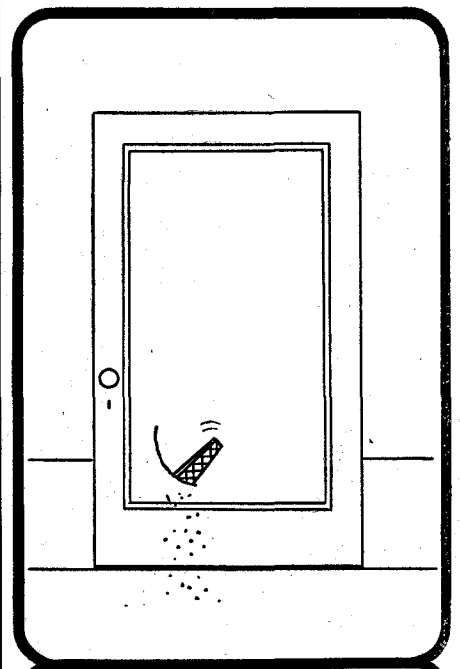
How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–58 or June 7, 1958; 9–58 or August 30, 1958.

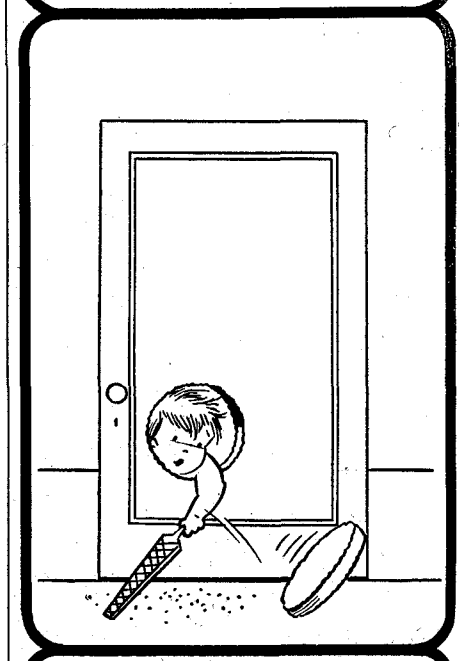
The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

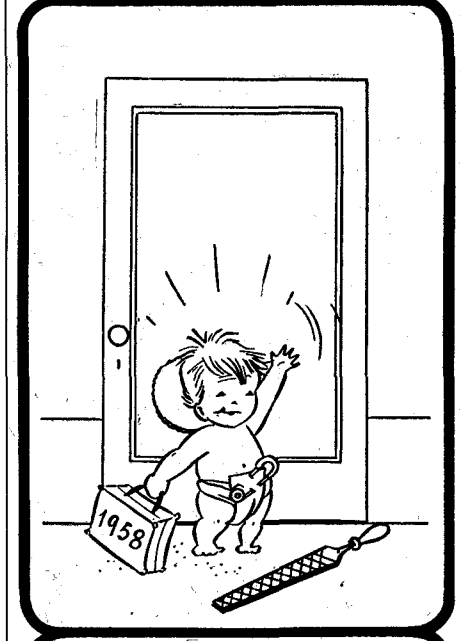
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.







Nicholson -- a file for every purpose*

Feel its crisp bite . . . and feel the urge to fix, make and sharpen things as never before. At good hardware stores.

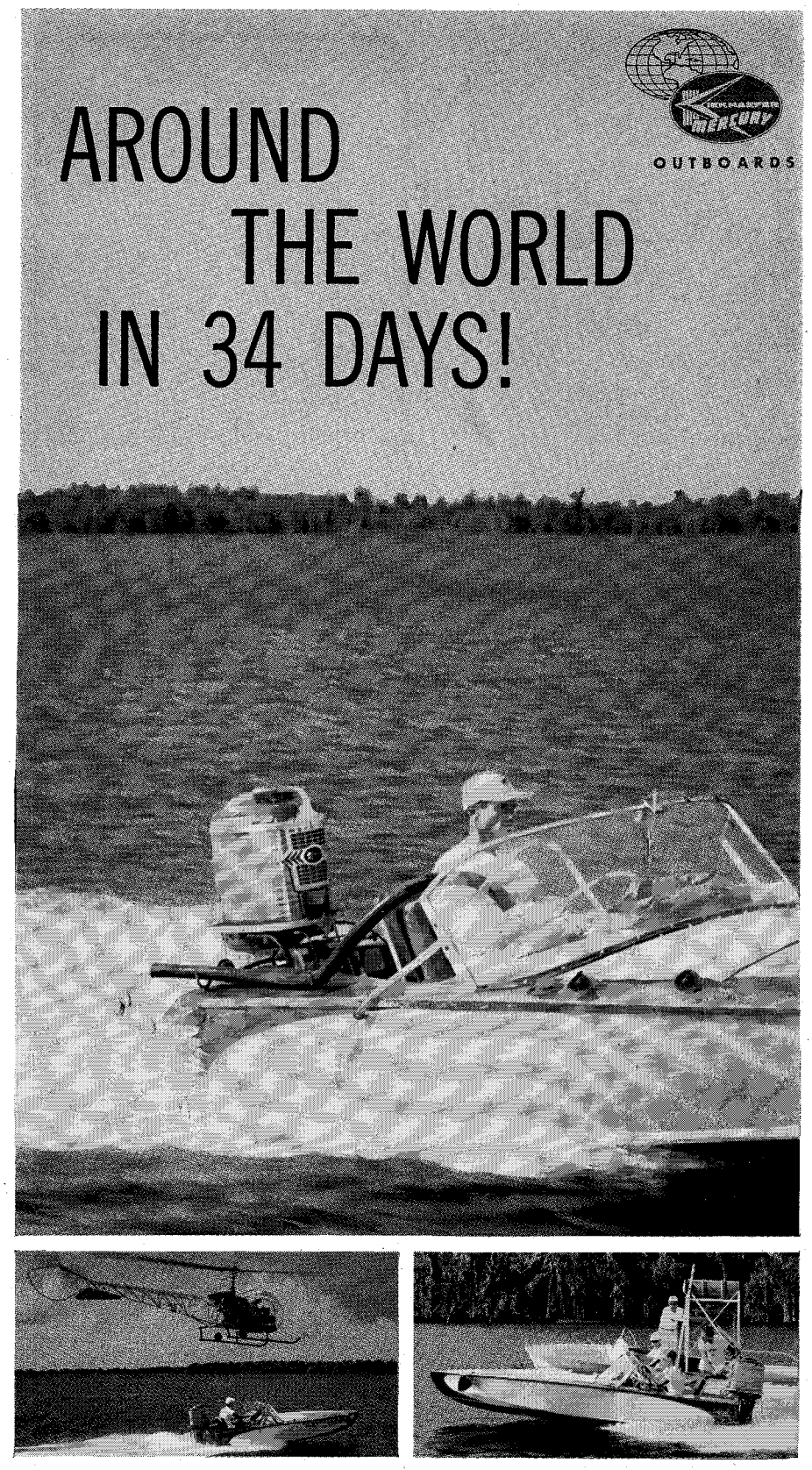
* Thousands of kinds, cuts and sizes

NICHOLSON U.S.A. and BLACK DIAMOND U.S.A.

NICHOLSON FILE CO., Providence 1, R. I.

(In Canada: Nicholson File Company of Canada Ltd., Port Hope, Ontario)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

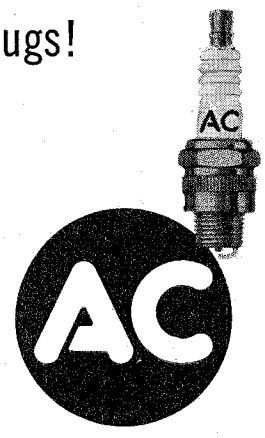


World record outboard run . . . sparked by AC Marine Spark Plugs!

Running continuously for 34 days and 34 nights—through fair weather and foul—refueling and changing drivers on the fly—two outboards circle a Florida test course at a 724 mile per day clip for the amazing total of 25,003 miles! This, the longest, most grueling test ever run on an outboard motor and its components, represents more than eight years of family boating use!

Total elapsed time—827 hours—47 minutes—5.4 seconds. Distance covered—25,003.286 miles. Average speed—30.2 miles per hour. Official observers and timers—United States Auto Club. Two boats started this run—both finished the run.

Get the extra power and reliability of new AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs—proved again in this unique run.



AC

HOT TIP MARINE SPARK PLUGS

WATCH WALT DISNEY STUDIOS' ZORRO EVERY WEEK ON ABC-TV

1908 GM 1958

AC THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Letters

John Foster Dulles—Sage or Blunderer?

Dear Sirs:

The most pleasing item to me among many in your issue of the 30th Nov. is the editorial: WEST CAN'T ACCEPT RED CONTROL OF THE MIDDLE EAST. I have long been disgusted and angered at the sniping that goes on against Mr. Dulles. He is to be admired for the enemies he has made, chief among whom is Comrade Khrushchev.

F. W. BRADLEY
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

I fully agree with your lead editorial heading. . . . However, the blame for Soviet Penetration of the Middle East should be placed where it properly belongs: on your country's incomprehensible, bumbling, blundering, brinkmanship policy, which in foreign affairs gyrates from expediency to expediency. . . .

If there is anyone who could possibly cure Mr. Dulles' inept incompetence in foreign affairs, let that person be heard! . . .

If the West is to accept United States Leadership the United States must find, if it can, leaders who can and will put faction behind them and work for the best interests of the United States, which are also the best interests of the West. The Western World has given a strong vote of non-confidence in the present Dulles-type expediency leadership.

A. WILSON HYDE
Toronto, Ontario

The Old Pros

Dear Sirs:

In your Nov. 23 issue, I enjoyed reading the story MY FORTY YEARS IN PRO FOOTBALL by George Halas. I noticed, in the picture of the 1920 Staley Starchmakers on page 118, a member of his

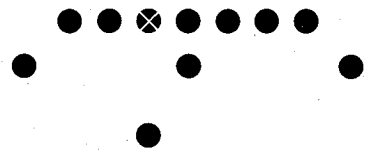
team whom you didn't identify completely. He looks like Chuck Dressen, the manager of many major-league baseball teams. I would like to know if my judgment is correct.

CHARLES BELLERO
Linden, N.J.

● *Reader Bellero is right. The player labeled in the photograph as "Dressen" is none other than baseball's Charley Dressen. He quarterbacked Halas' first pro team in 1920.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In Mr. Halas' article on the Red Grange era . . . he does not seem to give full credit to the genius of Pop Warner and Knute Rockne in developing new formations. Mr. Warner is credited with the single wing, but in the late 20's and early 30's he was much more famous for his double-wingback formation, which was then generally known as the "Warner System." The formation used a tight, unbalanced line, with a wingback just outside each end, close to the line. The



fullback was well in back of the center, and the quarterback behind the guard on the strong side, as shown in the attached diagram [see cut].

LAURENCE BURNS
Swampscott, Mass.

Trick of the Trade

Dear Sirs:

Stories with true literary quality seem few and far between in your magazine of late. However, your two-part serial KILLER BY TRADE, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Nov. 23–30) is a welcome piece, meeting high standards of writing accomplishment. Thank you. Let's have more like this.

VIRGINIA H. SKINNER
Princeton, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I believe author Nicholas Monsarrat is somewhat mixed up in his anatomy. On page 99, he writes " . . . a chopping blow across the throat which splintered the thorax and choked the victim." Well, it is a neat trick if it can be done.

FRANCIS J. TERRA
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Where reference is made to the "thorax" it is presumed that "larynx" is meant, since thorax is that part of the body between the neck and abdomen and larynx is the "voice box" situated beneath the chin, front of neck.

T. CHILDS
Calgary, Alberta

Dear Sirs:

Everything is higher! The thorax is now up in the neck! The possibilities are intriguing!

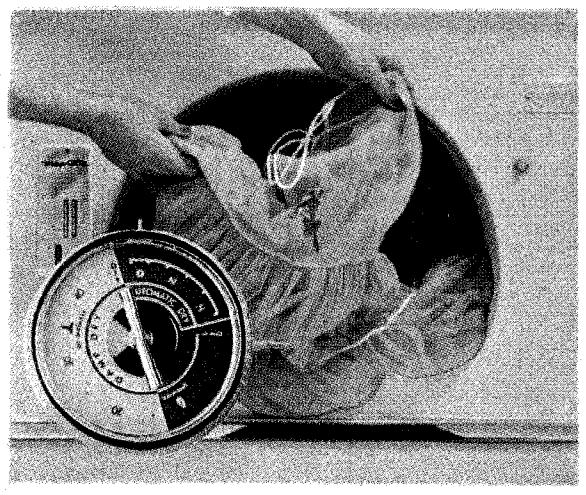
C. H. BEECHER, M.D.
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

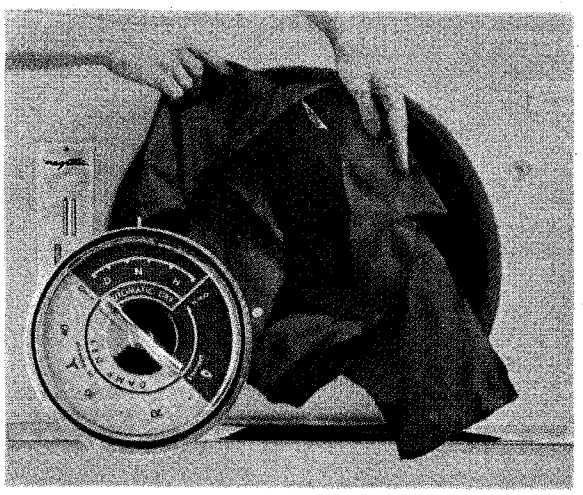
I am a lone woman in a big house, in Wisconsin, not far from Plainfield, where that ghoulish Gein committed all those murders.

Last night when the Milwaukee Journal came, those terrible headlines jumped at me, and in fancy I saw dried heads and chair seats of human skin. It gave me a nervous feeling and I stopped reading it, laid the Journal aside and took up the Post. Read Nicholas Monsarrat's KILLER BY TRADE, and that finished me. I was scared clean plumb through. I locked all doors and windows, checked over my will, took an aspirin and went to bed to dream of madmen, crushed thorax, and all the things that make nightmares. (Continued on Page 6)

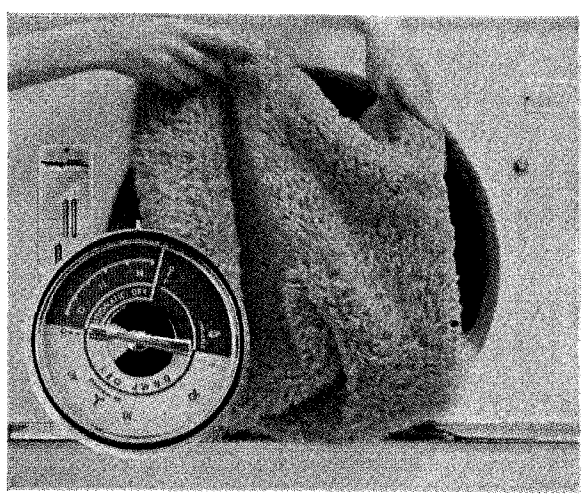
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



D is for delicates... precious silks and synthetics that will be perfectly dried in as little as 8 minutes . . . with never a worry about correct temperature or time! They'll be tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until every piece is dried just right.



N is for normal loads . . . cottons and linens that you wash most often. High-speed, low-temperature drying will have the average load dry—smelling breezy-fresh—in less than 35 minutes. And they'll be so smooth you'll iron less than ever.

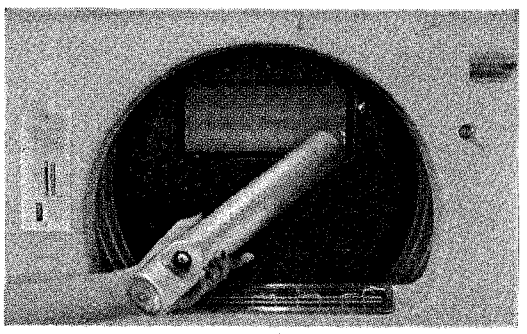


H is for heavy . . . hard-to-dry loads. Bedspreads, rugs, loads of towels or heavy jeans dry perfectly—clear through—without watching or resetting the dial. And you'll marvel at the softness of chenilles . . . fluffiness of terrys . . . velvety-smoothness of corduroys!

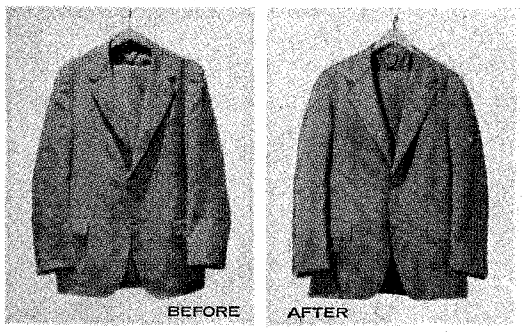
New 1958 General Electric Dryer Gives You Perfect, All-Automatic Drying for All Washables!

Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes

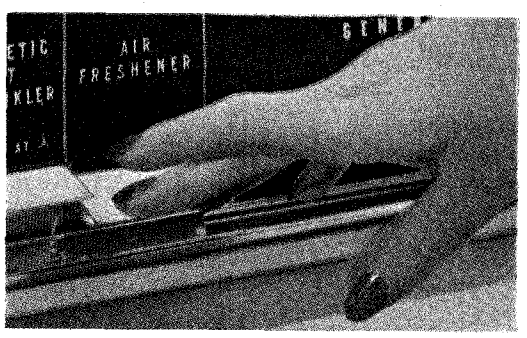
Model DA-920R General Electric Dryer illustrated about $2.80 per week.* General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Ky.



Automatic Sprinkler... dampens shirts, dresses, starched pieces . . . has them ready for easy ironing in minutes.



Automatic De-Wrinkler "tumble-presses" properly tailored synthetic garments —even smooths out wrinkles caused by wearing.



Air Freshener releases a gentle fragrance into air stream—gives clothes a fresh, breezy-day fragrance.

Automatically dries clothes so soft . . . so smooth . . . so wrinkle-free . . . you'll have much less to iron! Use on either 115 volts or 230 volts . . . the automatic control provides correct drying times and temperatures for every load. For high-speed drying . . . (times shown) . . . and automatic de-wrinkling of synthetic suits, use normal 230-volt installation.

Other features, Foot pedal opens full-width magnetic door. Lint Guard catches all lint. Smooth, porcelain basket protects finest fabrics. In beautiful General Electric Mix-or-Match colors and white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

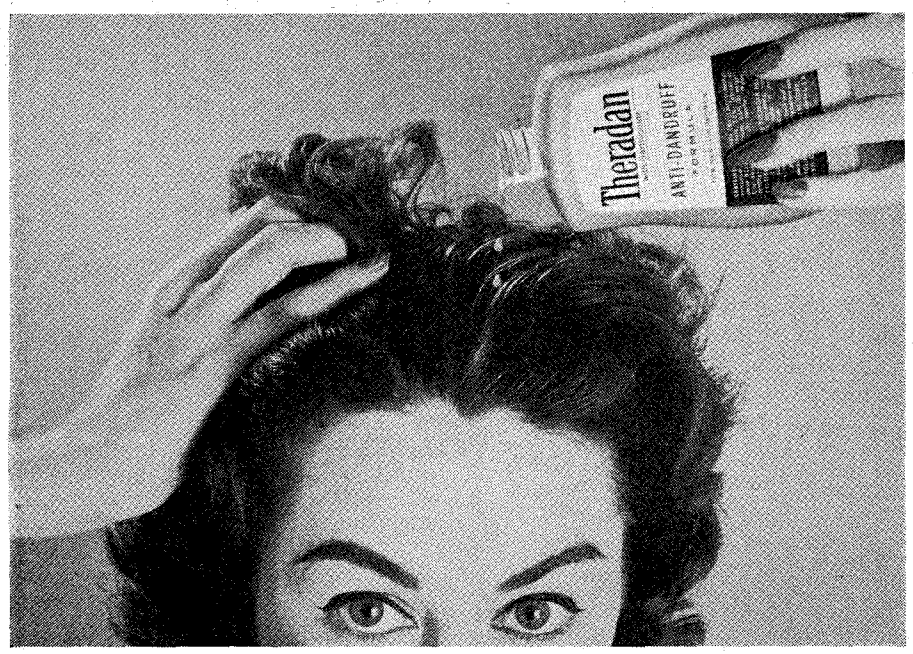
**After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can't just wash away dandruff...

Theradan medicates away dandruff and itchy scalp



with just 3 applications!

This new dandruff medicine works where shampoos fail because it stays on long enough to do a real long-lasting job!

Theradan is not a shampoo. It's not a "tonic." Mere shampoos and tonics only clean up *loose* dandruff. They can't get down where dandruff starts. Theradan can and *does*. It contains penetrating Sarthionate *to stop dandruff 1 to 3 months.*

Just 3 applications and even the worst kind of dandruff goes. Ditto the itchy scalp you get with it.

You put Theradan on for an hour or so . . . or leave it on overnight, if that's needed and convenient.

Gently, it penetrates and lifts off the layer of dead cells that sticks to your scalp and keeps forming new dandruff.

Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

Theradan is made by the makers of Bufferin.® Try Theradan today. It really works.

After it clears up dandruff and itchy scalp, many people use Theradan regularly, once a month or so, as a preventive. Why don't you?

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-181, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan[T. M.] clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

This should be considered a tribute to Monsarrat's vivid imagination, but I'm holding back till I get the next installment.

BLANCHE CROSS LOOMANS
Waupun, Wis.

Downtown Church

Dear Sirs:

I was amazed at the article THE CHURCH THAT WOULDN'T LEAVE TOWN [by Jerome Ellison, Nov. 23]. Out of the whole article I saw not one place where God was given any glory. It was as if men had done it all on their own—and perhaps they did. I see where many people were helped in various ways, but I did not read any record of any souls having found the Lord as their personal savior.

MRS. R. SETTLAGE
Kenton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The Christian-education program of the Ft. Wayne church, including the weekday kindergarten, the Sunday school, the after-school Adventure Hour, the young people's groups, the counseling with parents, was organized and developed over a period of six years by my son, F. Philip Rice, who not only is an ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church but has a master's degree in Psychology from New York University and the degree of Doctor of Education from Columbia University.

MRS. F. E. RICE
Bartlesville, Okla.

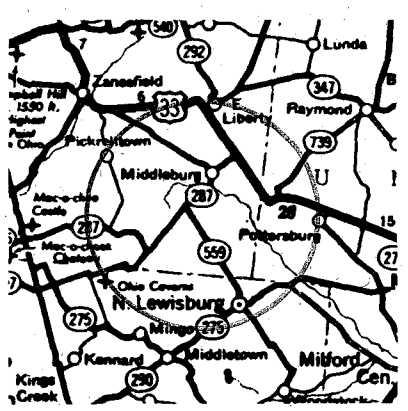
Lost in Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Attention Dorothy Joyce "Identification of States" [WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?]. Your #12 puzzle, Nov. 23, 1957 [see cut] must be wrong in giving answer as Ohio.

If this is to be successful, care must be given that answers are correct.

L. CONWAY
Hot Springs, Ark.



Dear Sirs:

After much study I finally solved Miss Joyce's maps of Nov. 23 issue. Particularly was Ohio the most difficult. Lewisburg nearly threw me, for it is North Lewisburg. That was a good one and you are to be complimented.

C. L. BEAVEN
El Paso, Texas

What's a Home For?

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your article, MILLION-DOLLAR DECORATOR [by Maurice Zolotow, Nov. 23]—Tut-tut, Mr. Pahlmann, has American cultural refinement reached the state of annihilation of children and animals? My impression of decorating is

to enhance living—not kill it with "perfection."

As an owner of three small boys, fourteen cats, a dog and a large "friendly" farmhouse, I protest!

MRS. BARBARA OSTERMAN
Churchville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

After looking at William Pahlmann's finished rooms, (and they should have been finished about fifty pieces before they were) I see what he means by "traffic patterns."

His arrangements resemble a furniture store that doesn't have a stockroom.

MRS. ALBERT CECCONESE
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Season's Greetings

Subject: Thanks.
From: Postmaster, Gibsonburg, Ohio.
To: SEP

Each year for the past 30 years I have intended to write to you regarding the following.

For two or three issues of the Post just prior to Christmas each year I have noticed that the Post is just about half the ordinary weight. I am hoping that the reason is partly to lighten the load of mail carriers. And, if that is the reason, believe me, it is truly appreciated by all of them.

C. E. FELKER

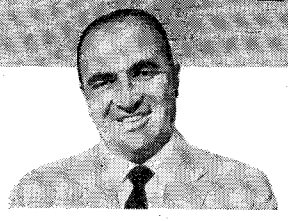
● *You're welcome. But really, some of the credit should go to the advertisers, who figure that, by mid-December, most folks have made up their minds about their Christmas shopping. Happy New Year.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4—Anonymous. • 6—Rand McNally & Co. • 13—Ollie Atkins. • 14—From Lt. Gen. W. O. Brice, S/Sgt. Douglas White, from Joe Bryan, Ill. • 15—From Joe Bryan, Ill, S/Sgt. Douglas White. • 16, 17—Peter Stevens. • 18—Sid Avery. • 19—Penguin, Sid Avery, three from Penguin. • 20, 21—Edwin Georgi. • 22, 23—Shelly Grossman. • 24—Earl Mayan. • 25—Sid Avery. • 26 Frank Ross. • 27—Three by Frank Ross; Hans Knopf. 28, 29—Noel Sickles. • 30—Bill Shrout. • 31—Robert Meyers. • 32—Larry Keighley, United Press. • 33—Wide World, Larry Keighley, International, N.B.C. • 34—San Francisco Examiner. • 35—San Francisco Examiner, two by Joe Monroe. • 39—Sam Bates. • 53—Frank Ross. • 56–63—David Douglas Duncan. • 80—Anonymous, Jimmy Manett (M-G-M), U. S. Navy, U. S. Air Force.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WILLIAM R. RILEY, VICE PRESIDENT
YELLOW TRANSIT FREIGHT LINES, INC.
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, SAYS:

"Hauling costs dropped sharply

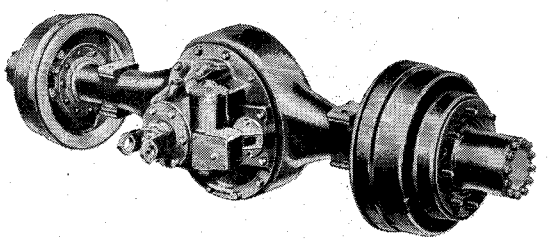
WHEN WE BOUGHT EATON 2-SPEED AXLES!"

"We have 255 Eaton-equipped trucks — Internationals and GMC's — on the short-haul phase of our operation," reports Mr. Riley. In the freight-carrying business, it's vitally important to keep operating expenses down. Because we now have Eaton 2-Speed Axles, maintenance costs have dropped considerably, and prompt deliveries to customers are assured.

"Ordinarily, in the freight-hauling industry older equipment that had been used for long hauls would be put on the short-haul city operation. But because we bought smaller new trucks equipped with Eaton 2-Speeds, we make city deliveries faster and more economically than would be possible with bigger units. By providing the right gear ratio for the road and load, an Eaton 2-Speed Axle minimizes engine RPM...cuts down the strain on engine, drive shaft and clutch—keeps the truck on the job.

"Then, too, there has been a definite reduction in fuel consumption since we equipped our fleet with Eaton Axles. These savings result from the lower engine RPM made possible by the Eaton 2-Speed. I'm sure that Eaton 2-Speed Axles have been a major factor in putting our operation on a smoother-running, lower-cost basis. To any trucker looking for the same results, I'd recommend Eaton Axles."

ONE OF YELLOW TRANSIT'S GMC TRUCKS on a delivery run. "When critical merchandise is involved, we can't afford breakdowns or delays," says Mr. Riley. "That's why we depend on Eaton 2-Speed Axles. Eaton's high-gear range assures maximum legal speed over flat stretches . . . keeps gasoline consumption low . . . helps us deliver a load right on schedule."

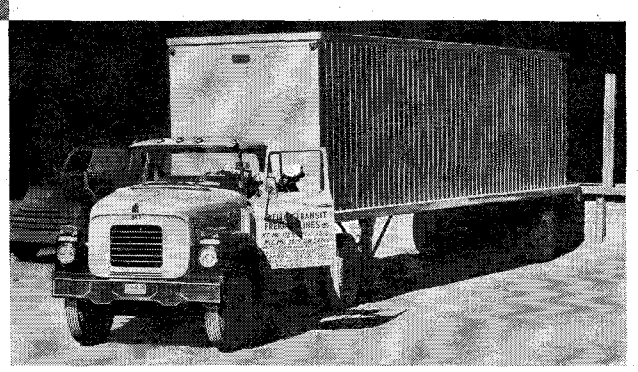


EATON

2-SPEED TRUCK AXLES

EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

MORE THAN 2 MILLION EATON AXLES IN TRUCKS TODAY



AN INTERNATIONAL TRUCK operated by Yellow Transit approaches a customer's loading dock. "With the low-gear range of the Eaton 2-Speed," adds Mr. Riley, "we can maneuver in loading areas smoothly — without bucking the truck, without wasting time. There's less strain on engine parts, less strain on the driver."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More people are getting more things they want..

The truck drives up—with something marvelous inside. Somebody flies for a knife to cut the tape. Everybody gathers around, glowing, expectant. To the oh's and ah's, it stands there before you—something the family has wanted—has saved for—and now triumphantly owns!

The things you want most in this world may not come in a box. Like a brand-new house, a car, education for the children. And especially peace of mind. But it's far easier to have the nice things you want today, the big things you want tomorrow, the Insured Savings a Loan way.

At the Insured Savings and Loan Association near you, regular savi have a wonderful way of growing. You get splendid returns on yc money; you get unsurpassed security, and your savings are insured to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporati an agency of the U. S. Government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Insured Savings and Loan way!

So successful and rewarding is this way of saving that 1957 was the biggest year in savings and loan history, when savers earned a record reward of more than $1,100,000,000 on their savings. Why don't you join the mounting millions of modern Americans who are getting more of the good things of life—now and for the future—the Insured Savings and Loan way.

Where you save does make a difference!

Look for this symbol of safety where you save

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10000.

©This message is sponsored by The Savings & Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 E Street, N. W., Washington 4, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

The Red World Squares Away For the Showdown

In a secret two-week Moscow meeting that resembled a congress of the old Communist International, a new trumpet call was sounded for a world-wide offensive against the United States and its allies. It consisted of a declaration of strategy by twelve Red governments and a fake "peace" manifesto by the Communist Parties of sixty-four countries.

The two documents were a strategic follow-up of the two Sputniks. And their immediate aim was to keep this country and its allies off balance, and to prevent them from strengthening the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The new Moscow documents reveal that Khrushchev has set up what might be called a semi-Comintern. It consists of the Communist Parties of the twelve Red regimes. Although there is no announced formal organization, delegates from these parties are to hold frequent meetings to "concert action in the joint struggle."

To a large extent these delegates will be the equivalent of the old ECCI—the Executive Committee of the Communist International, or Comintern. Stalin dissolved the Comintern during the Second World War, in order to soothe his allies, especially the United States. But in 1947 he created a smaller substitute, the Cominform. This in turn was dissolved after Stalin died.

Now Khrushchev has tightened Soviet control of world Communism. Mao Tse-tung, the Stalin of Red China, joined the heads of ten other Red regimes in acknowledging Moscow's preeminence. Their declaration hails "the Soviet Union—the first and mightiest Socialist power."

Tito of Yugoslavia played his usual game of upholding the Kremlin's foreign policy but abstaining from any loud damning of the United States. His representatives avoided signing the bitter declaration of the other Red governments; but they did sign the phony "peace" manifesto of the sixty-four Communist Parties, which, in fact, is a weapon in the Red campaign to weaken us for defeat.

At the celebrated twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in February, 1956, Khrushchev gave a large measure of home rule to Communist Parties elsewhere. He saw that there was too much centralization; Moscow was too far away to be the best judge of local conditions everywhere. So Khrushchev announced that every C.P. would be allowed a wide authority to choose its own tactics, and in a short while he dissolved the Cominform.

Stalin's veteran lieutenant, Molotov, opposed the new home-rule plan. Soon he was proved right. Khrushchev had underestimated the tendency of the various local C.P.'s to march off in different directions unless a tough top sergeant kept them goose-stepping together.

Within a few months the Polish revolution rocked the Communist world. Then came the Hungarian revolution, which captured the country until Khrushchev sent in the Soviet Army and murdered 25,000 Hungarian men, women and children. These two revolutions excited Communists in many countries. Demands were made for home rule, new tactics, greater individual freedom, and heretical revision of Marxist-Leninist doctrine.

Khrushchev now takes back what he gave. Through the declaration of the twelve Red regimes, he proclaims "a number of basic laws applicable in all countries" for Communist Parties. They must all adhere to these "basic laws"; otherwise they are guilty of a heresy, "revisionism."

The foremost of these sacred "laws" is "proletarian internationalism." This purports to mean that workers in all countries must stick together, but really means that they must always obey Moscow and must force their governments to do the same.

The twelve Red regimes also call for the strategy of the Popular Front. They seek a world co-operation of all Red governments, Communist Parties, Socialist Parties, labor unions, farmers, small businessmen, and even "national bourgeoisie"—that is, native businessmen in Asia, Africa, Latin America, and so on, who want to kick out foreign companies.

As Vice President Nixon says, the two Moscow documents are the signal of a new offensive for "world domination by nonmilitary means if possible, by war if necessary." We must answer with "military, diplomatic, psychological and economic defense. . . . We must be prepared for sacrifice and patient endurance."

WHAT'S SO "ILLIBERAL" AND "INHUMAN" ABOUT OUR IMMIGRATION REQUIREMENTS?

On September 11, 1957, President Eisenhower signed amendments to the Immigration and Nationality Act which will admit approximately 60,000 additional immigrants within the next two years. Despite this liberalization, the immigration law continues to be heatedly denounced and vilified.

Violent as this criticism is, it all boils down to one simple plea, namely, that more immigrants should be admitted. Perhaps yes, perhaps no, but in either case the argument should start not with emotional outbursts, but with facts.

The largest number of immigrants to enter this country in thirty years came in fiscal 1957, and only a few less in 1956, a total for the two years of 647,000. Since the close of World War II, 2,600,000 have been admitted, and since the much denounced national-origins quota system was permanently adopted in 1924, some 5,500,000 have entered. Records were first kept in 1821 and from then to now the United States has received 41,000,000 immigrants, over-all.

Those who attack the law talk as if every immigrant came in under the quotas based on national origins. But the quota system is only the basic premise under which we operate. Outside the quotas, 200,000 war brides and orphans were admitted after the war, and, since 1948, displaced persons and refugees numbering 600,000 have entered, all above and beyond the quota. Furthermore, one-third of all our immigrants now come from Western Hemisphere countries, to which quota restrictions do not apply.

Nor is this the whole story. The principle of family unification in the law permits wives, husbands and children to enter outside the quota and regardless of race, color or country of birth. This results in a sort of chain reaction, totals running to some 32,000 a year. Last year 4226 Japanese and 1553 Chinese came in under this family-unification provision.

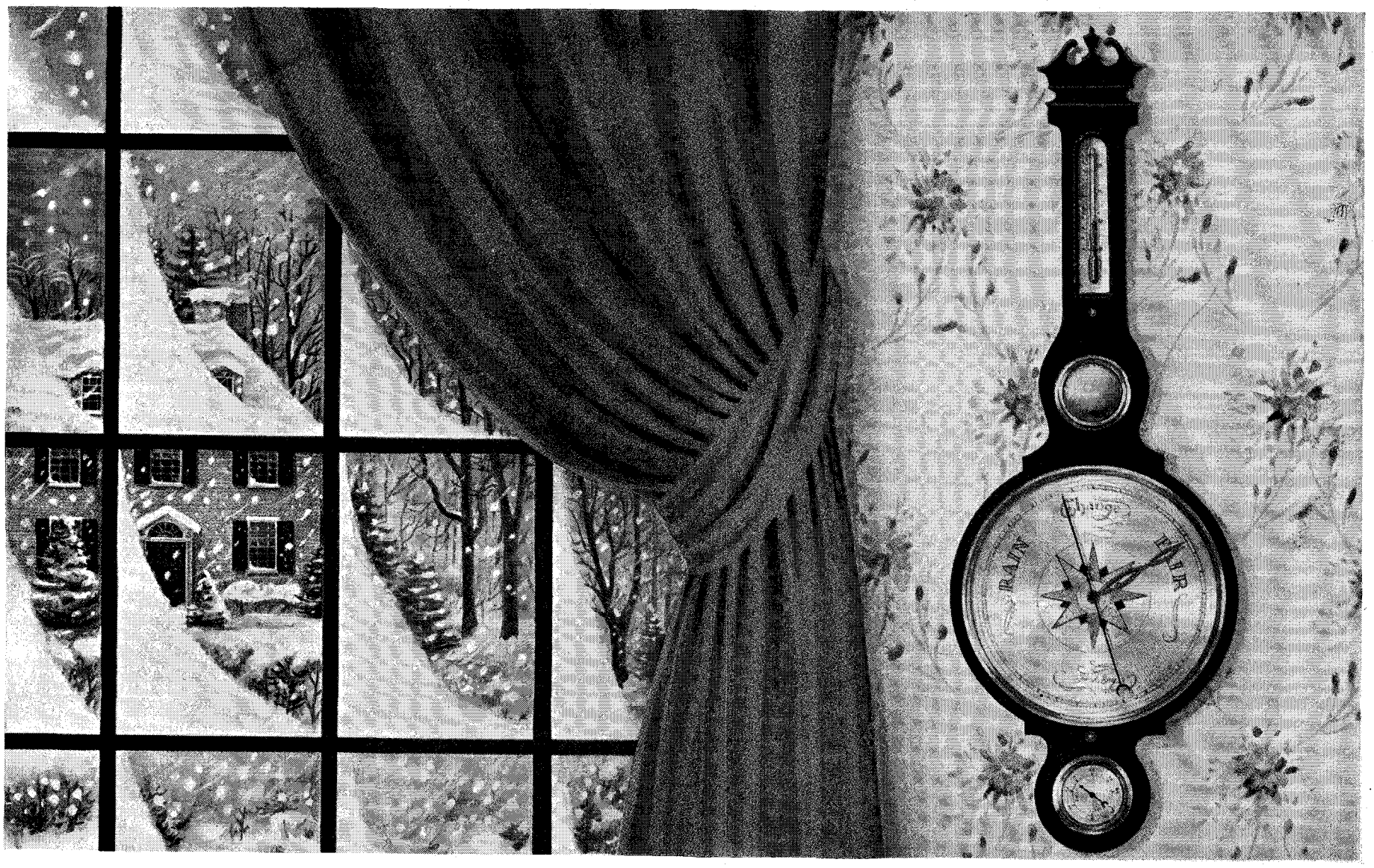
It is true we had no quantitative or quota restrictions on immigration for a long period in our earlier history. But that was when we had vast, unoccupied areas of free, fertile land and a far smaller population than now. Today there are 70,000,000 more people in the United States than when the numerical quotas first went into effect.

Canada, Australia and Brazil are the only other countries whose immigration even approaches that of the United States. Canada, the only country in the world whose immigration intake is comparable to ours, and Brazil both exceed us in area, and Australia is only a shade smaller. But we already have 54 inhabitants to the square mile as compared with Canada's 4, Brazil's 17 and Australia's 3. It hardly looks as if we had shirked our share of the world's migration burden!

Besides, if the present birth rate in this country and the present scale of immigration continue we may have nearly 40,000,000 additional population in only twelve or thirteen years from now. To provide housing, health, welfare, educational and employment facilities for our explosively expanding population is going to be a large enough task for even the richest of nations.

To open wide the floodgates of immigration could well depress our standard of living to a dangerous level without making more than a dent on the world problem of overpopulation. Is it wrong for us to consider first the interest and welfare of the American people?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Will you "weather the winter" in good health?

During the stormy, disagreeable winter months, the usual seasonal illnesses . . . especially colds, pneumonia and influenza . . . may strike with increasing frequency. And this winter brings another variety of influenza—"Asian flu."

The symptoms of "Asian flu" are much like those of other "grippy" colds . . . fever, marked tiredness, and aching, especially in the back and legs. Should these symptoms occur, call your doctor, go to bed . . . *and stay there until he tells you that the likelihood of complications is over.*

According to the Public Health Service, "Asian flu" has thus far been a relatively mild disease of short duration. Barring complications, doctors recommend home care rather than hospital treatment.

"Asian flu," like a severe cold, can lead to pneumonia. Medical science, however, has become increasingly skillful in treating pneumonia with antibiotic drugs. Today, all but a very small proportion of pneumonia cases are saved. But treatment must be started promptly by your doctor to bring pneumonia under control quickly.

How you combat any respiratory disease depends a lot on your physical condition. While it is wise to maintain your general health in every way, it is equally wise to take preventive measures which may help guard against all respiratory infections. Here are some of the things that authorities advise:

Keep away from crowds as much as you can.

Guard against chilling and dress warmly.

Avoid people who have respiratory disease.

Cover your coughs and sneezes with paper tissues.

Dispose of used tissues immediately.

Wash your hands thoroughly before eating. Wash eating utensils in hot, "sudsy" water, scald them in boiling water and let them drain dry or use disposable cups and dishes.

Isolate any member of your family who has cold or flu-like symptoms.

Your doctor may also advise vaccination against "Asian flu."

Be sure to stay in bed as long as your doctor recommends. Rest reduces the chances of complications. And if you stay "out of circulation," others will be protected from your infection.

Since sickness may occur at any time in any family, someone in every household should know the principles of home nursing. Metropolitan's new *Home Nursing Handbook* explains what you can do for a sick person's comfort, contentment and recovery. Use the coupon below for your free copy.

COPYRIGHT 1957—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

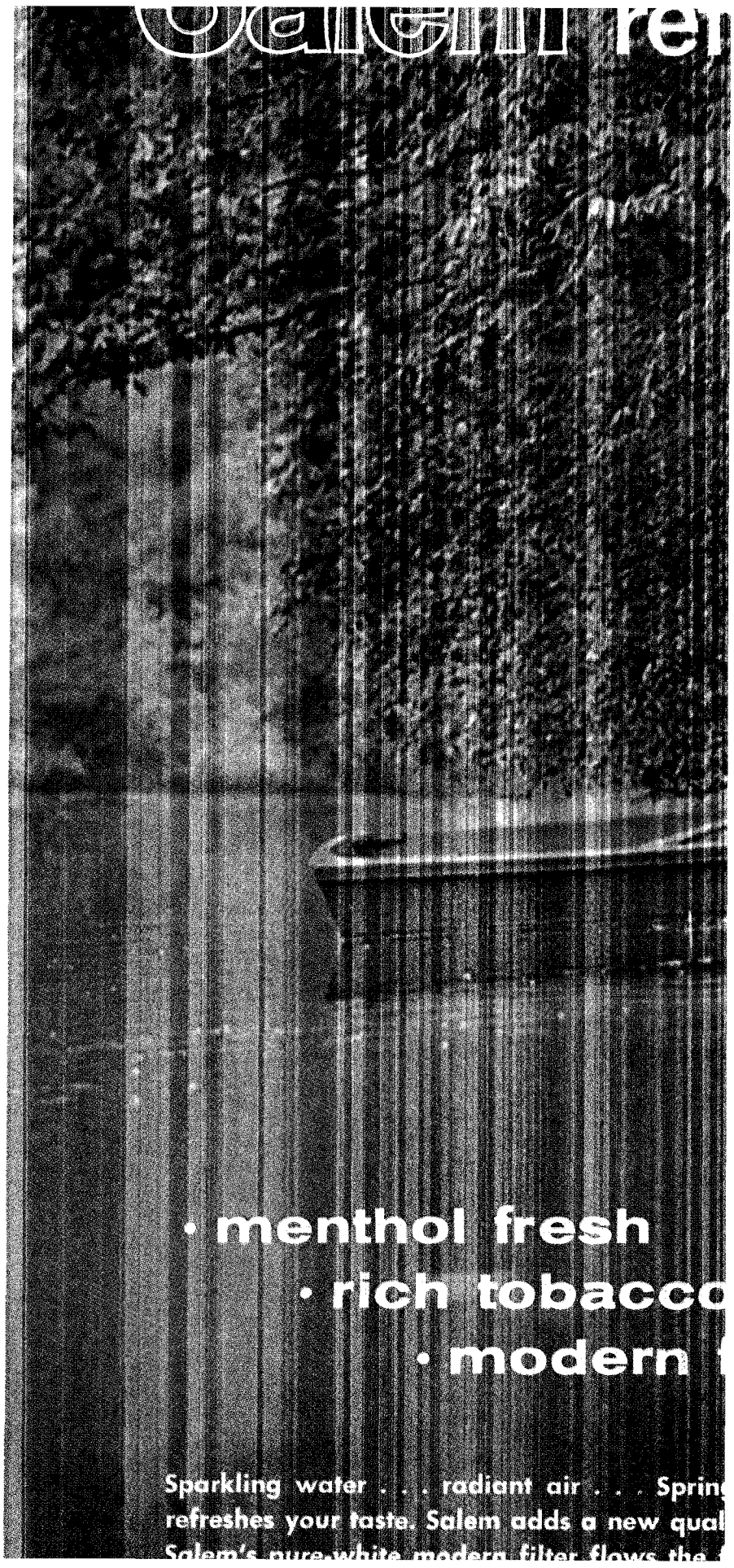
Please mail me a free copy of your booklet "*Home Nursing Handbook*," 1-58-E.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST

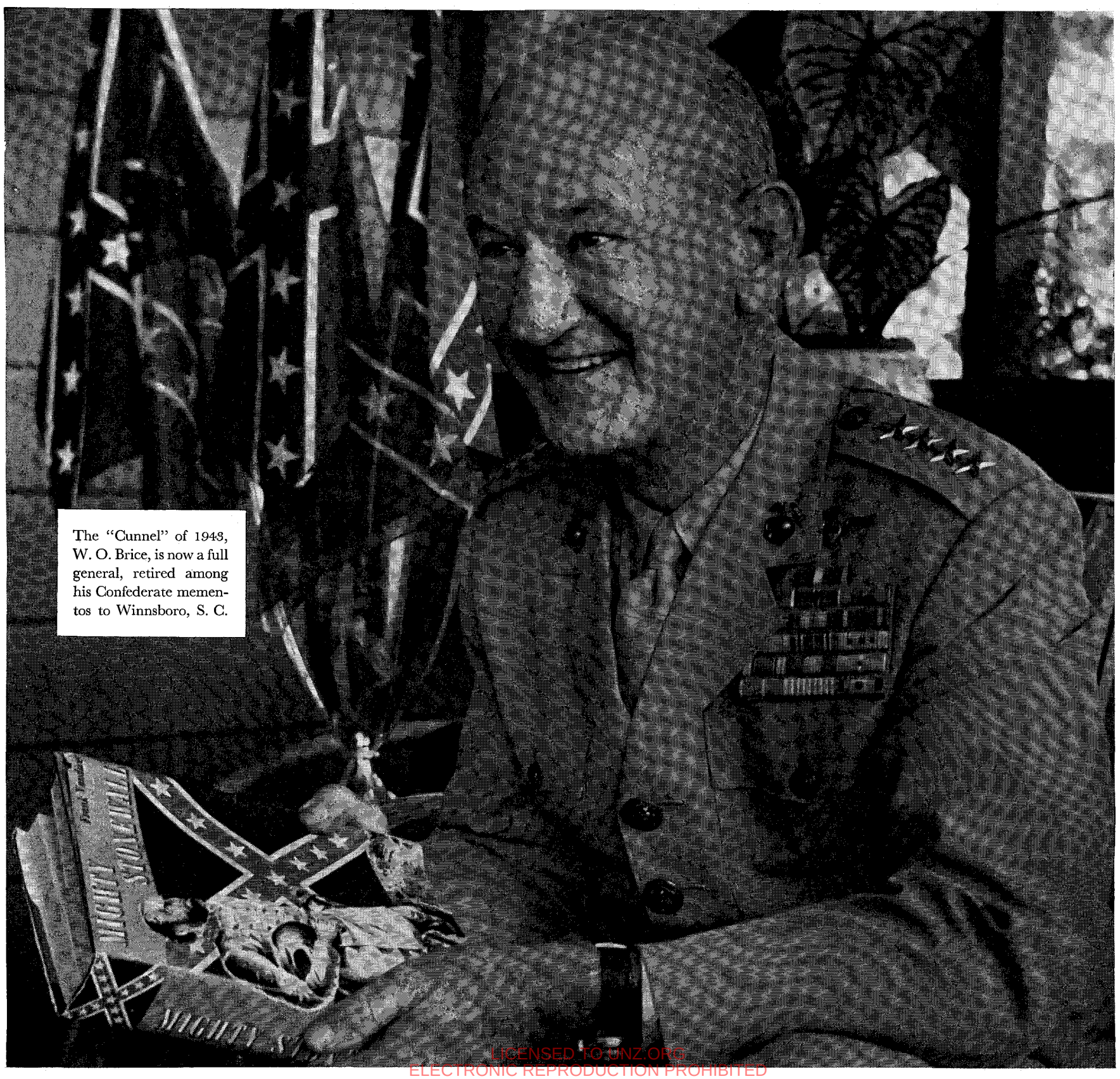
Ginral Lee, the Cunnel and Me

By J. BRYAN, III

The whimsical true story of World War II's "Confederate" fliers, and how they refought the Civil War when they weren't tangling with Zeros. Their battle cry: "Yankees fust, Japs second."

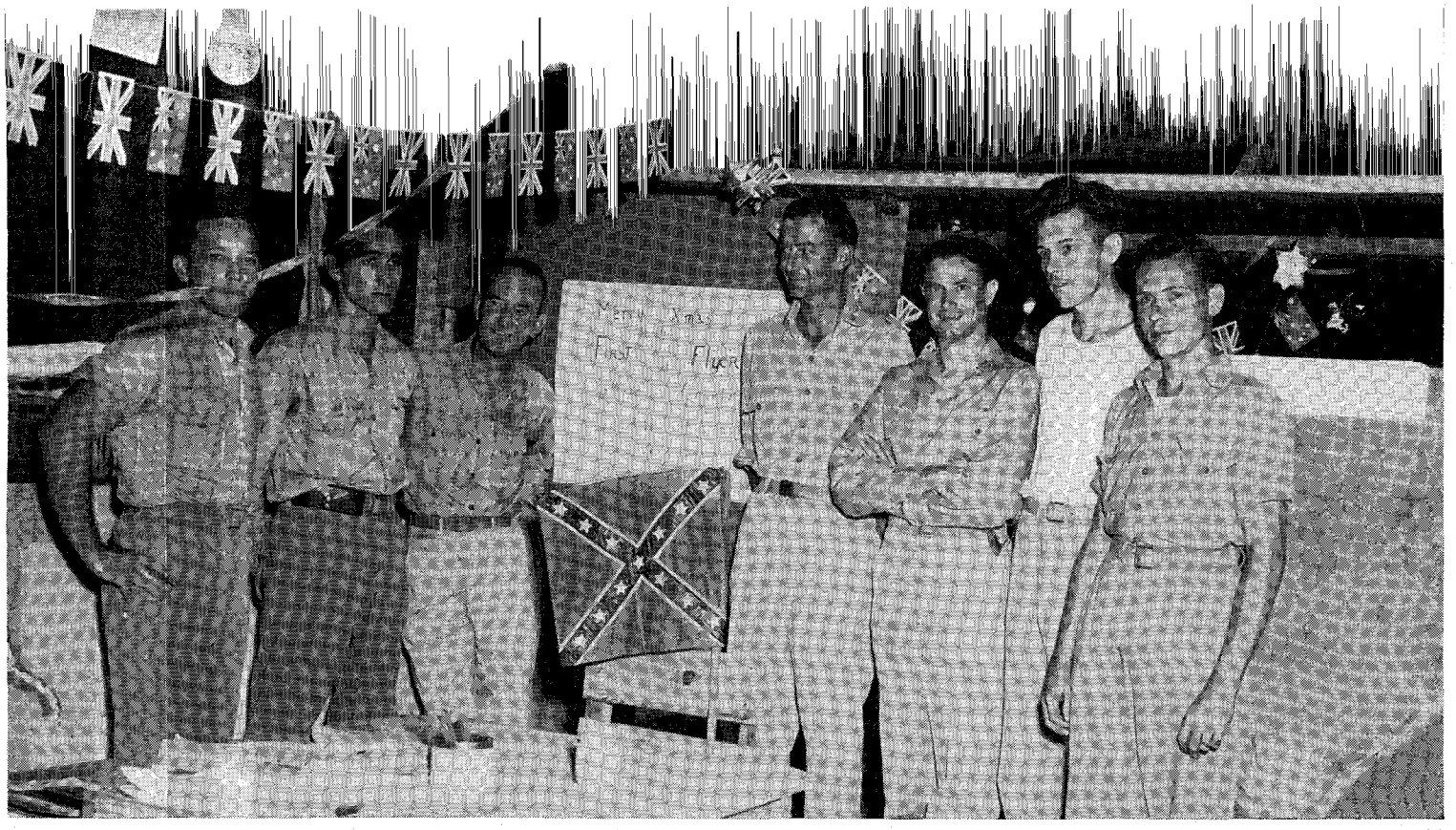
When the line of battle moved up to Bougainville in November, '43, it left us half idle back at Munda, and that's when the Confederate Forces of the Solomon Islands—Navy fashion, CONFORSOLS—really picked up speed. I remember this well enough, but I can't remember how it got under way in the first place. I asked the colonel—a four-starred general retired now—and he thinks it all started with that famous squawk of Steep Hill's:

"The Navy plucks me out of Atlanta, Georgia, and totes me eight thousand miles, and when it sets me down again, where am I? Right in Georgia and the South again! Only



The "Cunnel" of 1943, W. O. Brice, is now a full general, retired among his Confederate mementos to Winnsboro, S. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Christmas, 1943: From left, Staff Sgt. James L. Moore USMC (Mo'), Maj. Frank Porter USMC (Po'ter), Col. Brice (The Cunnel), the author, Lt. Col. George MacNeese, Sgt. Creed USMC, and Cpl. Charles Eden USMC.

this time it's *New* Georgia and the South *Pacific*. I should have stood in bed!"

Our outfit, the Air Solomons Fighter Command, was saturated with Southerners. Caldwell said—Lt. Caldwell Withers, USNR, from Columbia, South Carolina—"There's more to it than just the names, Steep. Look at these plantations—sure, they're coconut, not cotton or cane or rice, but they're still plantations—and look at all the Negro labor! Teach 'em to eat possum instead of each other, give 'em a banjo and some watermelon seeds, and, friends, it's Paradise Regained!"

The frail little fantasy might have expired right there, except that we were always hard up for censorproof news, and my next letter home to Richmond mentioned the new Southern outpost. Father passed the story to Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, General Lee's biographer, and the Doc sent me a small Confederate flag—it must have arrived around the end of September—with a "commission" to "claim and colonize in the name of Jefferson Davis." We tacked the flag to a dowel and stuck it in an old jelly jar, and the colonel kept it on the crate he used for a desk.

The colonel was William Oscar Brice, USMC, of Winnsboro, S.C. (It's hard to say which he was prouder of, the M.C. or the S.C.) The phrase "Marine colonel" evokes a picture as vivid and as standard as, say, "Apache chief." Marine colonels are whalebone-and-whipcord men. They are spare, Spartan, crisp. They have leathery faces and cropped gray hair and eyes like ramrods. That's the stencil all right, but whoever cut it forgot to show it to Colonel Brice. His expression was mild, even genial, and his face was roly-poly; the sun just turned it pinker. Spare? His hair was. Spartan? He would accept comfort, but only for lack of luxury. Crisp? He was as crisp as a man can be in a sun helmet and pajama pants.

Yet when Admiral Halsey, Commander South Pacific Area, entrusted his precious few fighter planes to Colonel Brice, he entrusted them to a professional officer, a crack exhibition pilot, a brilliant strategist and a fearless gentleman who was worshiped by his men.

The squadrons that made up Fighter Command were a motley lot—Army, Navy, Marine, New Zealand (always known as "New Zedland"). They flew motley planes—F4U's, F6F's, P38's, P39's, P40's and even PV-1's. And they operated from motley fields—Henderson, down on Guadalcanal; Segi; our home field, Munda; Ondonga; Barakoma, on Vella Lavella; and later, Torokina, Piva Uncle and Piva Yoke on Bougainville. Most squadrons came, fought for a few months, and went home. But one squadron—it was only a fragment, actually—had been in the Central Solomons almost from the start and it stayed through the whole campaign. There was desperate need for its handful of pilots, and they alone had the stuff to fill the need. They were Navy: the redoutable night fighters of Comdr. William J. Widhelm's VF(N)-75. Since they furnished CONFORSOLS' hard core and also its hard opposition, I'll introduce some of them now.

The hard core consisted of the skipper himself, "Gus" Widhelm, of Humphrey, Nebraska; his flight officer, Steep Hill, of Atlanta; and

S. C. Man Raises Confederate Flag In Solomons

SOMEWHERE IN BRITISH Solomon Islands—(AP)—The Confederate flag hangs high at this base.

It's some distance south—and west—of the Mason-Dixon line, but the bonnie blue banner flutters as gaily as she did in old Georgia four score years ago.

She's the only flag in the Solomon islands that's displayed 24 hours a day. She's the pride of a nest of Southerners who find themselves together in one office here—in the fighter command island base.

Commander of fighter planes in the Solomons is the title of Marine Col. William O. Brice. The colonel hails from Winnsboro, the seat of Fairfield county, S. C. You don't have to have a Southern accent to work under Colonel Brice, but it helps.

When the Rebs got write-ups at home they were told by Washington to "dismember."

The Cunnel with his flag and a South Pacific Christmas tree at the CONFORSOLS HQ.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the Munda Point airfield, seized from the Japanese in August, 1943, which became the southernmost stronghold of the Confederacy. By the time CONFORSOLS was formed most of the fighting was way up in Bougainville.

From left, Danny O'Neill, a Yankee; Steep Hill, of Atlanta; Gus Widhelm, an adopted Southerner.

his operations and intelligence officer, Art Chamberlin—better known as "Senator Flannelmouth"—of Seattle. The opposition was Gus's exec, Danny O'Neill, of Berkeley, California.

How Danny and the rest of the squadron fought the Japs, he told in The Saturday Evening Post for August 26, 1944: We Shoot Shadows. But how he fought the rest of the squadron, he didn't tell. That's what I'm going to tell now.

Fighter Command's headquarters was an old Jap tunnel cut into Kokengolo Hill. At night, when the one entrance was closed to keep the light in and the bombs out, the tropical heat made it smell like a goat's nest. The standard welcome was "Set and sweat!" Land crabs were always sliding down the wall—they were worst during the full moon—and getting underfoot and then they smelled too. But the Japs had built the tunnel well. They had faced it and braced it with coconut balks, until even a near miss did nothing worse than shake down coral dust. Communications had the rear, away from the roar of the airstrip just outside. Fighter Command had the front, with some ammo boxes for chairs and three crates for desks. We ground officers worked there—I was a lieutenant, USNR, in Air Combat Intelligence—stripped to the waist against the heat, painted with gentian violet against the crud, and wearing brow bands of blotting paper to keep the sweat from dripping onto our reports.

The fighter pilots checked with us here before and after missions. The tunnel also did a big transient business, during air raids and when Tokyo Rose was broadcasting. Everybody who came (Continued on Page 72)

Life on New Georgia, as in the other Solomons, was never luxurious. These Marine pilots are shown in their "ready room" at the Munda airfield.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maureen

THE DOCTOR WAS SCARED

Failure had shattered his nerve. He operated with fear at his side . . .

By VICKI CATALANI

Fred Dietrich's fingers drummed an obstinate rhythm on the table. Maureen was mad. She was screaming mad at him. He did not look at her. There was no use listening; her arguments were stale. He watched his hands, his cowardly surgeon's hands, tap the boom-ta-ta-boom of a kindergarten march forgotten for twenty—no, twenty-five years. When Maureen paused for breath, he'd look up quickly, braced for a quick exit. But she was not going to let him off easy from their date. Not today, not on New Year's Eve.

Time had been when a quarrel with his sturdy little wife had been a joyous occasion, a happy upheaval ending in stormy love-making which freshened mutual appreciation. But there had been no love recently, nor any bright arguments, nor any joy at all. How could he be her man? He wasn't a surgeon any more. He watched his fingers play the Bears' Parade.

"Will you stop your drumming and listen to me?"

His fingers froze. "I'm listening," he said dully.

"Will you take time off from that stupid job and take me to Doctor Stimson's party?"

"That stupid job pays the rent. Mighty kind of them to give it to me."

"But just for tonight," she said. "The hospital won't need a supervisor on New Year's Eve. You yourself said the wards are half empty. Everybody who could has gone home. You were there on Christmas Eve and Christmas night!"

"You were with your folks," he said. The Bear Cubs started drumming again.

"We won't talk about that," she said. "Look, Stimson used pull to get you that job. He wants you tonight. It isn't a big party. Just him and his son and wife and Doctor Frame and his girl and you and me."

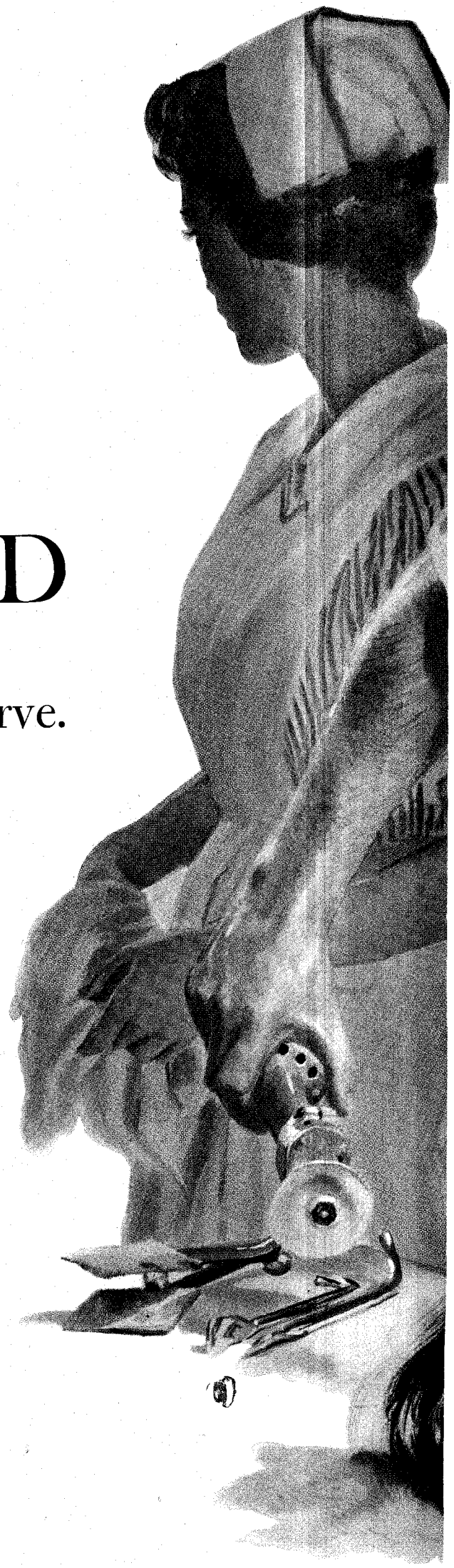
"You go," he said.

Maureen's face turned flaming red. "No!" she screamed. "I'll stay home by myself! I'll be the only woman in Chicago to spend New Year's Eve alone. I'll sit in the middle of the floor in my new dress, wait out the year by myself with a glass of water and an aspirin, and ask myself why—why ——"

That was too close. She knew it was too close. She knew it was unfair. Everybody knew the why. It had been in all the papers. His drive from the meeting at South Bend late at night. The speeding, the head-on crash, the woman in the other car folded up with her femur coming out of her thigh in five separate splinters, the gushing arteries; her husband writhing in terror and vomiting abuse on him while, with hands jerking from the shock, he, the doctor, had tried and could not—and tried again—and tried again—and tried—and had not been able to. And had seen her die.

His fingers raked the tablecloth and the sweat sprang from his pores, drenching him. Maureen's voice had stopped on a cry. Her arms were around him now, holding him hard against her. "No, no!" she cried. "Freddie, don't! Oh, darling, don't let me hurt you! Darling, don't! Listen to me!"

(Continued on Page 38)



Defeat rode his slumping shoulders. "Go on, go on!"

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Can Always Escape

A famous film star tells his own unusual personal story, and why, in Hollywood, he holds to "a way of life most actors don't have."

By GLENN FORD as told to Jane Kesner Ardmore

When I was a stage-struck kid, acting in high-school plays and working nights with five different little-theater groups, my dad made a deal with me.

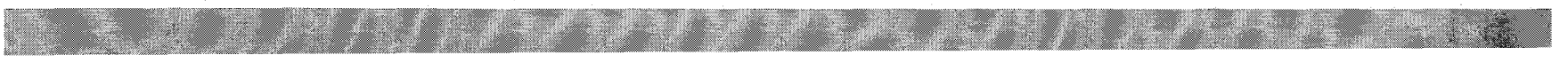
"Gwyllyn," he said (my real name is Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford), "it's all right for you to try to act—if you learn something else first. Be able to take a car apart and put it together. Be able to build a house, every bit of it. Then you'll always have something."

Dad didn't object to the theater. He just knew that the chances were a million to one against me, and he didn't want me to forget I had hands. He could fix or build anything. He'd been a railroad man with the Canadian Pacific for twenty-five years. When we moved to Santa Monica, California, and the depression struck, dad's skill with his hands always found him a job. He'd moved to California because he thought it a place of opportunity, and he wanted me to be ready for that opportunity.

His tools and workbench were in the garage, and I was free to use them so long as they were put back in place and kept clean. I have the same rule now for my boy Peter. When I was eight, dad started showing me how to fix electrical connections and how to change tires on the big old Willys-Knight. I bruised my fingers, and sometimes the tire patches peeled, but I learned. He used to take me down to Ocean Park to the place where you pounded a four-inch nail into a log for prizes. I got so I could level that nail in two blows, and the concessionaire wouldn't let me play any more. Dad was proud, I could tell. His pride meant a lot to me.

So, when he said, "It's all right to try acting *if* ——" I accepted the deal. Thank God! For learning to work with my hands has given me a way of life most actors don't have. It tided me over during the years I was trying to crash

The author and his son, Peter, 12, at work in the workshop of the Fords' home in Beverly Hills. "What balances your life," says Glenn, "is not play but hard manual work."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

October 23, 1943: Glenn, then in the marines, at his marriage to dancer Eleanor Powell. She subsequently gave up her own career.

The Fords today. "When Eleanor felt that our marriage and our son needed her at home, she became not merely a lady of the house but a true housewife, one who does her own cooking and housekeeping."

the theater, when I worked as a weather-stripper, a roofer, a glass cutter. It gave me a creative outlet during the years when I was making dreary B pictures. Let me tell you, building a good table helps compensate for the frustration of playing some phony character. And now that I'm finally playing intense and valid characters, it's great to be able to have physically taxing building projects as a release from the emotional tension of acting.

As a matter of fact, the only reason I'm acting at all stems from my dad's advice. I got my break in the theater not as an actor but as a sort of junior fix-it. My professional debut was as twister of the searchlight on top of the Wilshire Theater at 14th and Wilshire in Santa Monica. Fridays and Saturdays this movie house also ran vaudeville. On some week nights there were previews. My job was to twist the searchlight, so that the public would know something special was on hand. On bad nights I'd stand up there in dad's overcoat in the rain and fog, twisting the light. It's a potted planter now. I bought the searchlight, planted it, and it stands in our back yard; that's how sentimental I am.

There were always things going wrong at the Wilshire. The curtain came off the trolley. I fixed it. A couple of times I rewired spotlights. Once a new projectionist broke the film and didn't know how to splice it. The show stopped while an usher came up to the roof. I'd fooled around in the booth a couple of times, so I tried. I fixed it, and that night Mr. Wells, the boss, said, "Kid, you're through standing up there on the roof. You're the new stage manager." I was fifteen and I had myself quite a job. We played all the big acts from San Francisco and from the L. A. Orpheum. Actors would toss me (Continued on Page 50)

DON'T MISS THE SPECIAL FEATURE IN THIS ISSUE

An exclusive picture story on the private life of PABLO PICASSO,

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ARTIST

By David Douglas Duncan

Begins on Page 56 of This Issue

Ford is 41, has been acting for 19 years. As a jealous lover, above, in Affair in Trinidad (1952), he clobbered Rita Hayworth.

Teahouse of the August Moon (1956): The blandishments of Lotus Blossom, his gift geisha, got Glenn in trouble.

Don't Go Near the Water (1957): At left is Italian actress Gia Scala.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Facts of Life

To her, he was an ill-bred slob. But his kisses were first class . . .

By NORD RILEY

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

One of the unwholesome habits Spike O'Leary brought back from the Air Force was that of getting up early, and because of another embarrassing quirk, sobriety, he couldn't get over it. Up at his boss' summer palace on Lake Winnebago, where he was the favored guest of Claire Burkhalter, the boss' daughter, he felt pretty bizarre until about nine or ten, when everyone else got up. So this morning, with tackle box and rod, he slipped down to the dock and cranked up the outboard on E. J. Burkhalter's runabout. Three days of his vacation had already been shot on bridge, cocktail parties, barbecues and romancing Claire, and he hadn't yet fished. He headed across the lake to a patch of reeds he'd spotted with glasses.

The reeds stood in a bay behind a point. Spike was crossing the point about a hundred yards out when suddenly he sat up straight, like an enchanted gopher. A woman with almost no clothes on had risen out of the slight surface mist and was wading ashore. Four seconds later, Spike, with rapture on his face, hit the sand bar, going twenty-two miles an hour. The outboard tilted into his lap in sudden impotent rage. The boat crunched to a stop with a rock through its hull. Spike shut off the howling motor, which allowed him to hear the girl. She was laughing. He looked in at her. There she was, rubbing herself with a striped towel and laughing.

"Hey!" He grabbed the gunwales as the boat settled over. "Hey, I'm sinking!"

The girl took off her cap, releasing a cascade of golden hair. She fluffed it out, laughed irresponsibly again and started into the woods behind her.

"No, no; wait! I can't swim that far!"

She stopped and called over her shoulder, "Wade!"

"Wade?" He put his foot over the side, found bottom and stood up. It was knee-deep. "All the way?"

"All the way, sonny!" And with that she bounded off.

Spike ran his hand through the red bristles on top of his head, incredulous. Not until she'd disappeared did he turn to E. J. Burkhalter's runabout. He had time to rescue the tackle box before the boat slid off the rock into seven feet of water.

In a way, what the girl had said about wading in was true. A six-footer on tiptoe with his chin up could make it. Spike, at five-feet-nine, lost the tackle box and his cap in the first hole. His cap just floated off his head as he went under.

Ashore, he sat on a rock, wiping water from his brow, blowing his nose and sizing up the situation. By water it was a half mile to the Burkhalter house; by road around the lake probably six or seven. He peered across the lake at the big house, hoping one of that pack of gay dogs was up; none was. In the cold Minnesota dawn his teeth began to chatter. His mind came back to the merry Circe who had wrecked him, and he shook his head, appalled. Her indifference to human suffering wasn't incredible; it was Hitlerian. Spike had the hard glint of outrage in his eyes as he got up and followed her trail.

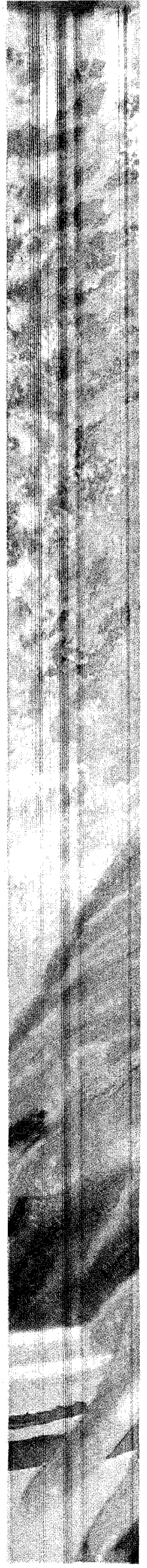
The path led through birch and maple, poplar and chokecherry to a farmyard. Before him stood a two-story white frame house with an ell, a long red barn trimmed in white, a spiffy chicken house with barred Rocks around, a hog house and a couple of immaculate buildings for handling milk. Spike approached the back door of the house and a great timber wolf of a dog jumped to his feet, roaring that if he didn't stop he'd eat him. Spike stopped.

The girl appeared behind the screen door. "Peter, be quiet." She came out, dressed, aproned, her golden hair up. She was young, statuesque and cool. "What do you want?"

"What do I want? My boat sank, I'm all wet and I'm cold." He rattled his teeth at her. "I'm lost too."

"Do you see the road right there? Follow it. Six miles to Burkhalter's Gomorrah." She went back into the house.

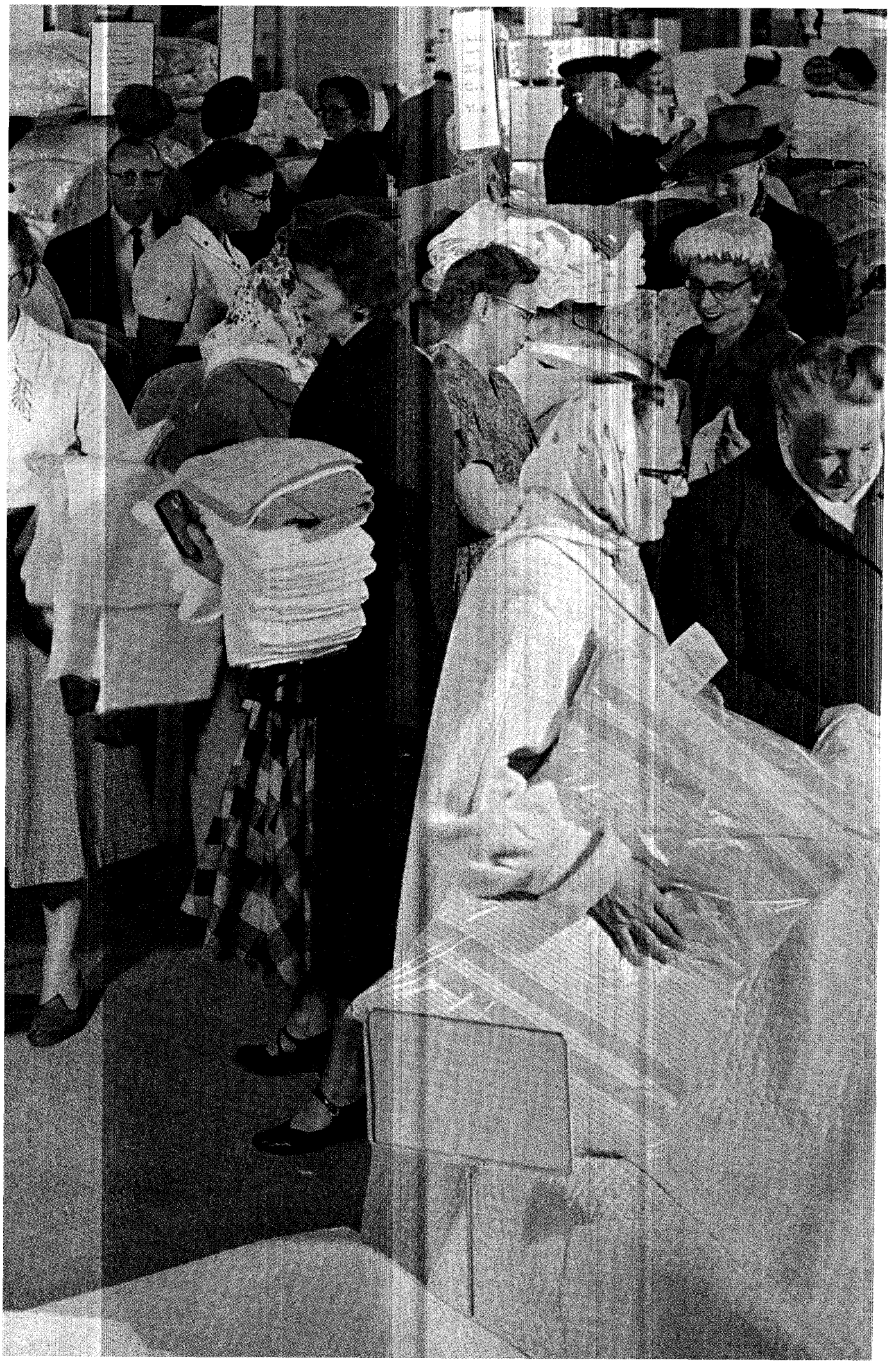
(Continued on Page 64)



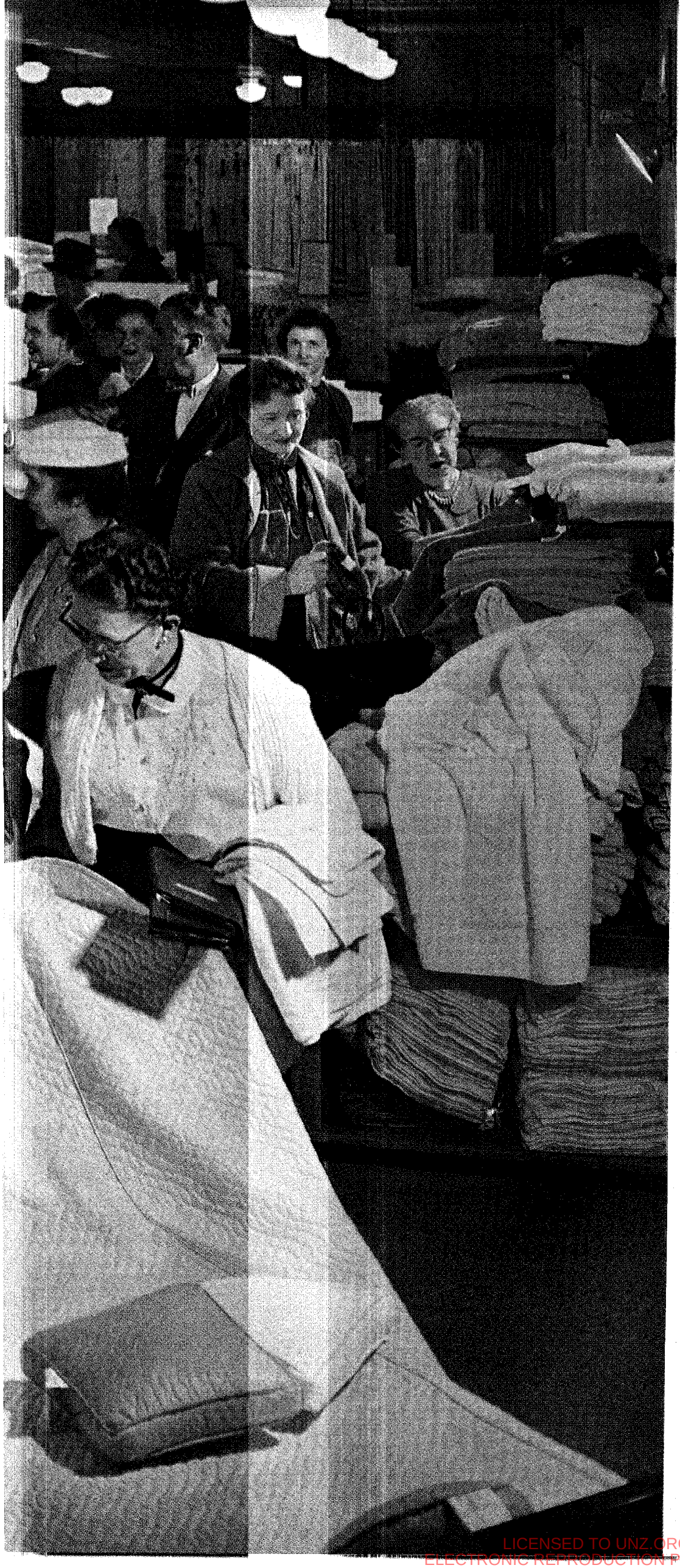
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spike waited until she had a spoon in one hand and the bowl in the other before he kissed her. It was marvelous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Face of AMERICA

Bargain Month

As every woman knows, January is the time of "white sales" across the land, when exhilarating bargains can be found in bed sheets and pillow slips, towels and tablecloths. Why are they called "white sales"? Traditionally because linens and other products made of white cloth were the principal offerings. But that was in an older, less colorful day. Witness last year's sale at Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, Inc., in St. Louis: There's some white, to be sure, but more pinks, mauves, lavenders and blues. The women, oblivious of such technicalities, ignore pulsing feet and aching backs as they doughtily sort the wares, ever hopeful. The scarcity of men is traditional too. Few males are courageous enough to brave a department store during a women's sale. ● Photograph by Shelly Grossman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Never Had a Chance

How could he fight back against a boss who bought and sold men like machines?

By STEVE McNEIL

At seven-thirty, Harold Fleming came awake to the sounds of preschool activity. He lay on his back, stared at the ceiling and smiled inwardly as he heard his son, Norman, using his tired tactics to get into the bathroom, now occupied by his sister, Jill.

"Fifteen minutes," Norman was saying, "are long enough to get that junk on your face. Come on, Jill."

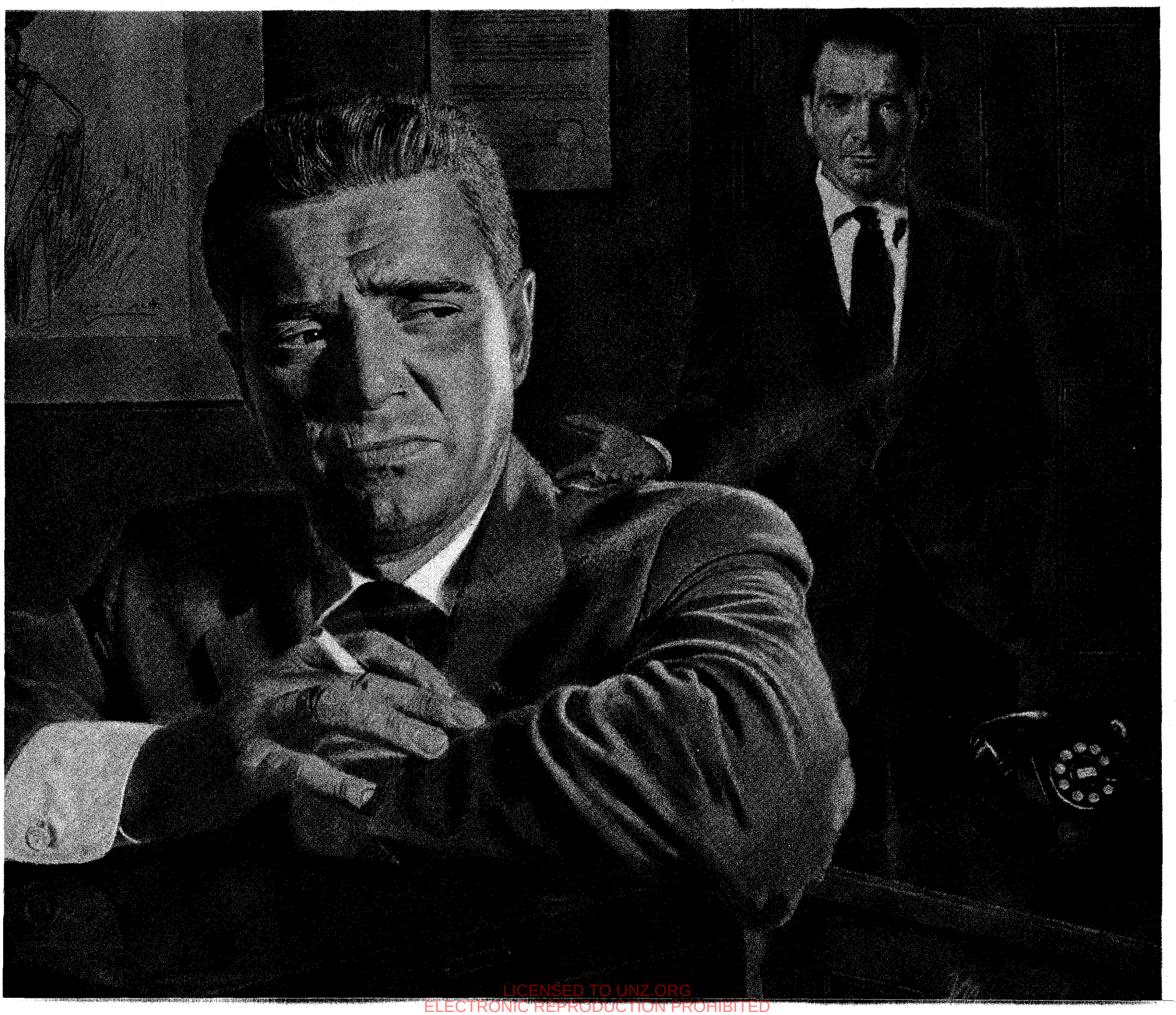
No answer from Jill.

"All right," Norman yelped, "so I'll be late. So for an excuse I got a sister who camps in the bathroom all morning. I have some rights around this house."

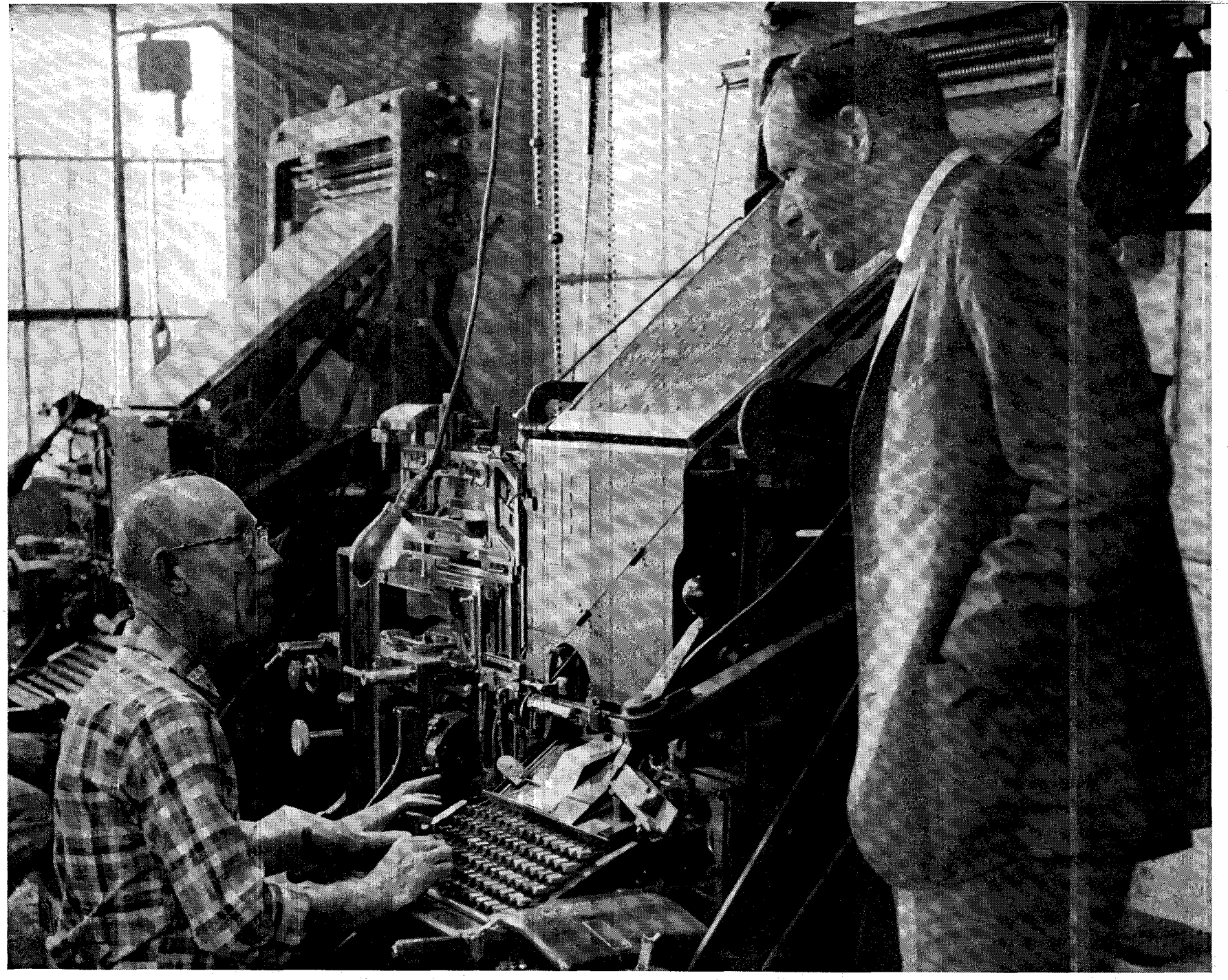
Harold threw the covers back and put his feet on the floor, ran his hands through his hair and looked at himself in the full-length mirror on the door. He saw a man with closely clipped hair, salt-and-pepper at the temples. He had brown eyes, a firm mouth. There were few marks of trouble on his countenance. He had been twenty-four when World War II started, and he had flown his fifty missions in a B-17. The scar on his leg, where he had been brushed by a piece of flak, was now nearly invisible. The cut over his right eye, which was caused over twenty years ago by the knuckles of a kid by the name of Eddie Wiley, was now just a thin white line, and an interesting subject for conversation.

He went into his bathroom, pulled off his pajamas and got into the shower. When he finished showering, he shaved, put on his underwear, then lighted a cigarette, guiltily, because he had promised Ellen that he'd not smoke before (Continued on Page 74)

"What's a man to you, Bob—something to be tossed in the scrap heap when he has served his purpose?"



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The author (right), owner and editor of the Oceanside, California, Blade-Tribune, in his paper's shop. At first, Braden nearly lost his shirt as a businessman.

How I Became a Reactionary

As a bureaucrat he had a civil-service sinecure. But he traded the cozy life for a shaky venture into private enterprise—and since he met his first payroll, he's never been the same.

By THOMAS BRADEN

I have been trying to remember the exact moment when I became a reactionary. I remember very clearly when I was first called a reactionary. It was in the coffee-and-brandy period after a Washington dinner party. The company was congenial—I'd known most of those present when I'd worked for the Government, when we'd all shared much the same liberal views.

Someone mentioned the name of a new Government appointee, who was to work in the higher echelons of the foreign-aid agency. I knew nothing about him, and I asked a question, "What's his background? Has he ever met a payroll?"

There was a moment of stunned silence, as though I'd made some unseemly abdominal noise. Someone gave an embarrassed little cough. It was then that my host turned on me with the air of a man who has suffered enough. "What in hell," he asked, "has got into you? Ever since you bought that lousy little paper you've sounded like a damned reactionary."

Well, I didn't become a reactionary the moment I left the Government. It took longer than that. I think it happened one Sunday about a year ago, when I was lying in bed in Oceanside, California, reading "that lousy little paper," the Oceanside Blade-Tribune. I was reading it (Continued on Page 77)

"One Sunday morning it suddenly dawned on me that the object, the whole object, was to make money."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a Way to Treat a Dog!

Does your pet need a mink stole, a nylon nightie or an outfit for a costume ball? Here's what the well-heeled spend on finery for their poodles.

By HENRY LACOSSITT

The fashion arbiter of dog land, Joan Kruger (center) of Poodletown, with customers. Her mission: to keep New York's pooches from looking the way dogs are supposed to look.

In canine beauty parlors, the captive clients submit to all the torments of fashion. This poodle has just been put through a tooth brushing, a bath and a spell in the drier.

At the corner of Eightieth Street and Park Avenue, in one of New York's more gilded neighborhoods, there is an elegant beauty salon and accessories mart which caters to the canine carriage trade. It is called Poodletown. Here, in two small rooms, the establishment's proprietor, pretty, red-haired Joan Saunders Kruger, sees to it that snobby dogs are correctly groomed and pedicured and provided with a suitable wardrobe. This remarkable business shows a gross profit in six figures every year and is still growing.

When Grace Kelly was preparing her trousseau prior to becoming the Princess of Monaco, she also stopped in at Poodletown to outfit her miniature black poodle, Oliver, with collars, leashes and various garments to match her own clothes. When Elizabeth Taylor decided that a sapphire-mink coat was necessary for one of her toy poodles, she went to Miss Kruger's unusual establishment and got it. Tommy Rockefeller, a cocker, and Toby Rockefeller, a Welsh terrier—of the Laurance Rockefellers—go to Miss Kruger's for bathing and trimming, to have their teeth cleaned and their nails done. When a Houston oilman wanted his dachshund to have a couple of fancy smoking jackets to match his own—one velvet and one plaid—he naturally ordered from Poodletown. And so did the Dallas oil wife who decided on a Louis XV bed for her poodle to match the furniture in her own suite.

From this it will be seen that Miss Kruger's canine clients are not ordinary; most are Junior League, Social Register, twenty-four-carat-upper-crust dogs, equipped with formidable family trees, and well-heeled. Most are poodles, as the name of the place would imply, but all dogs are welcome—even mutts. And, as indicated, Poodletown can supply them with almost anything their owners—and Miss Kruger—*can think* up.

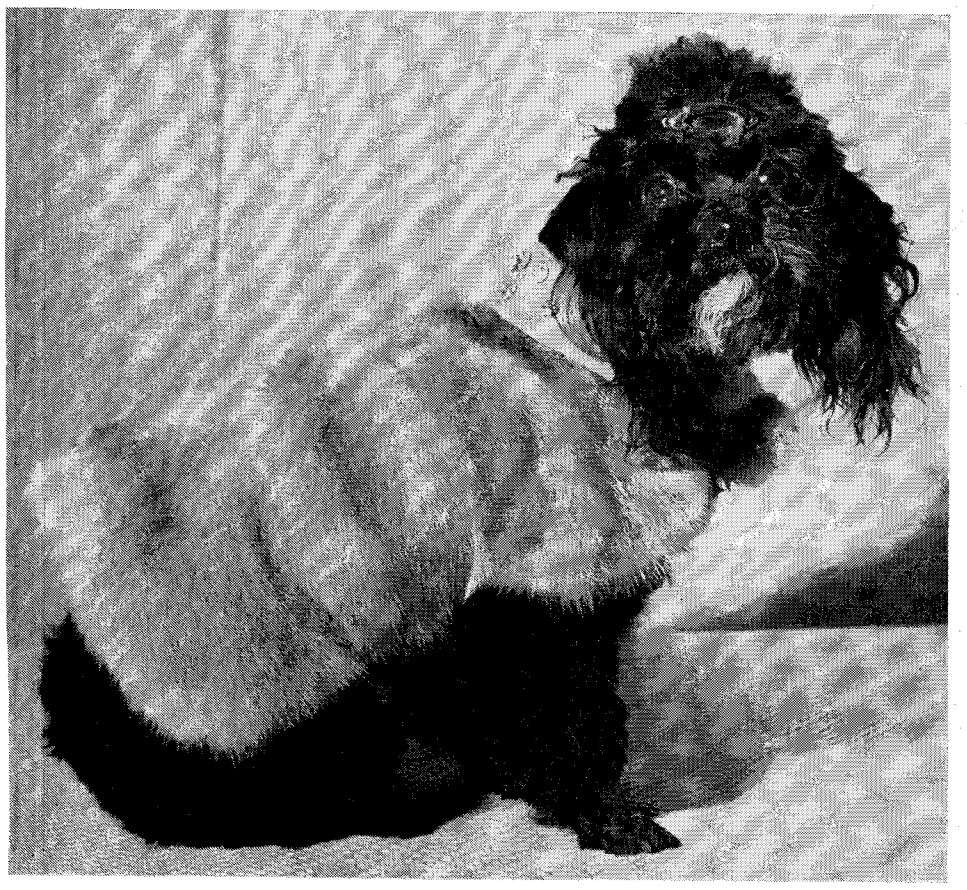
There are pajamas starting at $12; bathrobes from $20; nylon raincoats and rain hats beginning at $15 and gabardines at $25; suède sports coats from $40, black lace collars and matching hostess aprons—the aprons for the poodles' mistresses—for $17.50 a set; smoking jackets for $25; place mats to go under a dog's food dish at $1.50 apiece; and other items, including mink coats starting at $275.

Sometimes, of course, an owner comes to grief because of overspecialization. Anka Crane, for example, is famous at Poodletown for a garment she ordered for her miniature poodle, Scoompie. Miss Crane is well known as the proprietor of the Boutique Shop in New York's Hotel Plaza. She had Miss Kruger

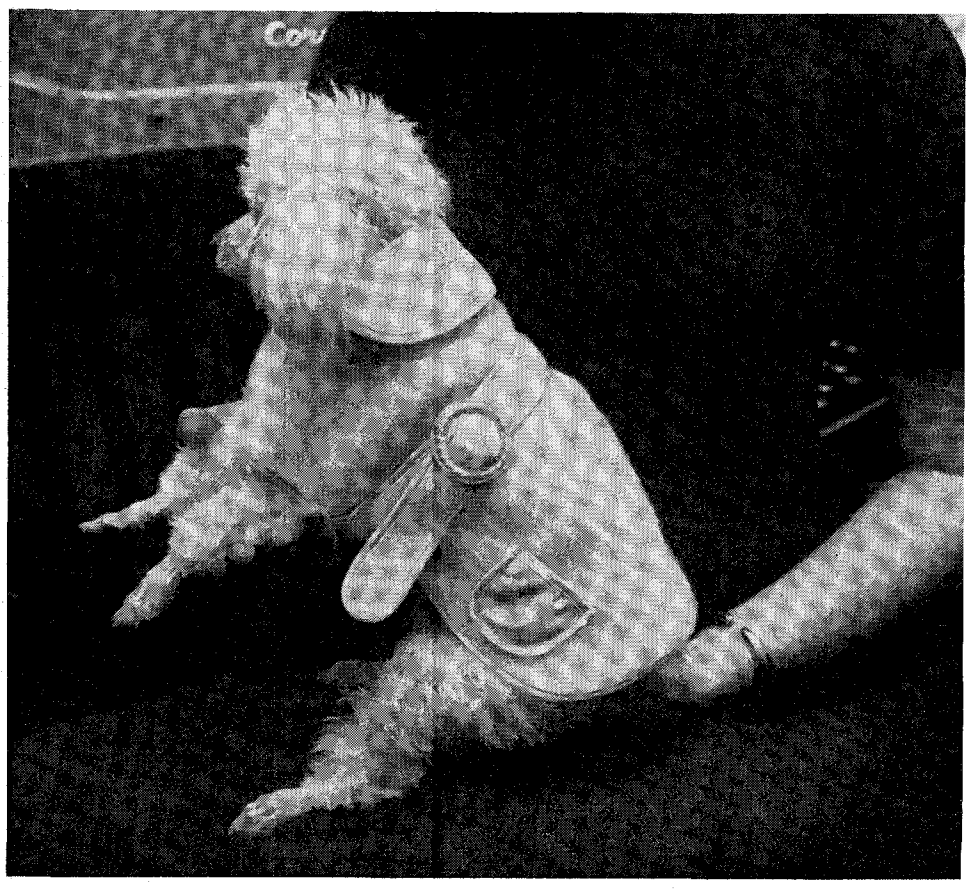
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People pay $12 to $30 for nylon pajamas, without consulting the pup on wearing them.

This poor dog, a water retriever at heart, has to wear a raincoat and boots.



One fur coat used to be enough for a dog. Today she wears mink. Price: about $300.



When winter breezes get nippy on Park Avenue, a topcoat is considered cute.

make a leather-and-tweed coat for Scoompie. And put a pocket in the coat. When Scoompie accompanied Miss Crane around Manhattan's night world—as usually she did—she always carried a dollar bill in the pocket. The dollar, says Miss Crane, was "mad money." But one night in a cocktail lounge some bounder stole the dollar. There was a scene. Miss Crane reported the theft to the police, but nothing has come of it.

Elizabeth Taylor had something of a come-uppance with a sapphire-mink coat she ordered. Accompanied by her husband, Michael Todd, who was conferring with Edward R. Murrow, the TV commentator, she arrived at Poodletown one day in Mr. Todd's Rolls-Royce—the one with the bar and telephone. While the men sat in the car talking business, Miss Taylor went into the shop. She looked around in fascination.

There was the darling array of doggy accessories and all looked wonderful for her three toys, so she ordered the works—from pajamas to the sapphire-mink coat, an order in excess of $600. It was a day to remember, even in Poodletown, but it was too good to last. Mr. Todd found no amusement in the mink coat. It was returned.

Pajamas, by the way, are an innovation of Miss Kruger's and are of utilitarian origin. The first pair was made for an elderly Welsh terrier that slept on the floor. With advancing age he contracted aches and miseries because of the cold and damp. Miss Kruger suggested pajamas, which solved everything. They keep the dog warm and comfortable. She now makes them for other customers. The materials are nylon, terry cloth and flannelette, and are washable. Patterns are handsome. For dogs with French names there are white *fleur-de-lis* on a blue field; for a dog named Shakespeare there are gold drama masks on a scarlet field, and so on.

Poodletown's doggy garments are handmade, and (Continued on Page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death in the Deep

By WOLFGANG OTT

Lüttke aimed his flashlight at the depth gauge. The needle had hit its lowest stop.

The depth-charge attack went on, and one by one the crewmen began to crack. . . .

In the spring of 1943, Midshipman Hans Teichmann returned from his second combat patrol on the U-boat commanded by the relentless Lieutenant Lüttke. During this voyage in the North Atlantic, both the vessel and its crew suffered severely from the strain of the savage war beneath the sea. For Lüttke gave no quarter to the enemy nor to his own men. He alone seemed impervious to the terror of the destroyer attacks which drove the worn submarine to depths which threatened to crush its steel pressure hull. Among the members of the crew who were killed on this cruise was Midshipman Stollenberg, Teichmann's closest friend. But now, ashore on the coast of occupied France, the young German experienced the strangeness of a respite from the cruel months of desperate struggle.

© 1958 by Pantheon Books, Inc.

III

It was almost noon when Midshipman Hans Teichmann caught a bus to the U-boat pen at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The captain gave an order to Teichmann. He hit the control chief and knocked him out.

La Pallice. Heading for a seat in the back, he ran into Ramer, a classmate from submarine officers' school. Ramer's face was bloated and he had developed a paunch; he said he was the flotilla's assistant administrative officer.

"You like the job?" Teichmann asked.

"I can't complain. First-class food, first-class liquor."

"How many missions you got?" Teichmann had returned from his second U-boat mission the night before.

"None, so far. But don't get that look on your face; I work hard. Papers, papers, red tape! But for you I'll shut up shop. Get hold of Stollenberg; we'll have a reunion party."

"Stollenberg's dead," said Teichmann.

"How did ——"

"Killed at sea. We brought his body back in a torpedo tube. A bos'n's mate, too, in another tube. I'm going to the pen now to remove them."

Midshipman Ramer volunteered to help.

When they reached the submarine, a pharmacist's mate was waiting. He had brought a small saw, various knives and forceps, and an enormous instrument that looked like a chisel.

"It's a waste of breath," he said, "telling submarine captains not to put stiffs in the torpedo tubes; it ain't the captains that have to get them out again."

Teichmann told the man to mind his tongue. They began to work, speaking little. Ramer, who was working on the body of the boatswain's mate, said, "It's stuck tight. How far have you got with yours?"

"Hell," said Teichmann.

After three hours of toil, the tubes were empty. Not clean, but empty.

Then they set out for the officers' brothel. Ramer had spoken of a woman called La Jaune; she was supposed to be a cross between a Malay and a mulatto.

"Just what I need," Teichmann said.

When they entered the place, Ramer led the way to a parlor. But he stopped in the doorway.

"Somebody got here ahead of us," he said.

Teichmann looked over his shoulder. "That woman has class," he said, "but the character with her is my captain, Lüttke. We'd better come back later."

They went for a stroll. Ramer lit a cigarette. "What are you going to write Stollenberg's parents?"

"I won't say anything about the amputation. I'll write that he was killed on deck and say he died instantly."

"What date are you going to give? I've got to know because of being Deceased Property Officer."

"The right one. April 20, 1943. As long as they don't open the coffin, it'll be all right."

"I don't think they'll open it. I'd —— Say, who's the officer on the corner?"

"Puts your eye out, eh? A most handsome man: His Excellency Ehrenfried Berthold Prinz von Wittgenberg-Weissenstein."

"How do you know him?"

"Our exec," Teichmann answered.

Wittgenberg came striding up, every bit the prince. He wore a blue uniform of the finest serge; his weather-beaten neck was framed in a resplendent white shirt with an open collar. In his left hand he held his officer's cap like an opera hat, and in his right he swung a cane. On the breast of his jacket there was a delicate gold embroidery representing the German Cross; and the Iron Cross, Second Class, dangled on a long black, white and red ribbon from his topmost buttonhole.

"No ovations, gentlemen," said Wittgenberg. "I know how I look. . . . How did you spend your first night ashore, Teichmann?"

"I read a book."

"Splendid, splendid! And now, if my eyes do not deceive me, you have been frequenting a distinguished house."

"Yes, a nice place," said Teichmann. "But nothing came of it. Do you know La Jaune?"

(Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Operation Wildlife

Hunters and fishermen are reaping benefits from this new Air Force program, which converts waste space on mammoth bases into game refuges and recreation sites.

These 40-day-old Coturnix quail, raised in incubators at the Maxwell Air Force Base rod-and-gun club in Alabama, grow plump and hearty in a holding pen. They will be freed to roam within a few days.

Penny Howard, 14, and other children of service personnel at the Air University at Maxwell learn how a good sportsman handles a gun. The Air Force provides instructors, but trainees bring their own rifles.

By COREY FORD
and
JAMES PERKINS

Last year the 4004th Air Base Squadron on Matagorda Island, an S.A.C. bombing range in the Gulf of Mexico off the coast of Texas, showed one of the highest re-enlistment rates in the Air Force. This is surprising, because the 4004th's small manning table offers little hope of promotion, and airmen signing over for a second tour forgo their chance to advance in grade. Still you couldn't blast them off the island with a 500-pounder.

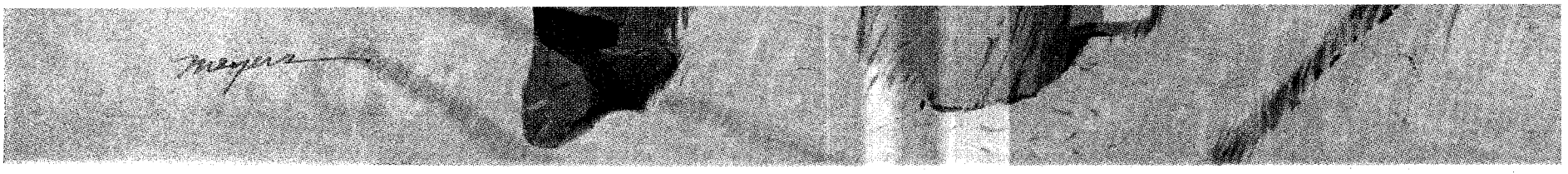
It is even more surprising when you visit this wind-swept and treeless salt spit, fifty miles of open water away from the bright honky-tonks of the Texas mainland. Matagorda offers neither wine nor women nor song, and the only residents are several thousand cattle browsing morosely around the whitewashed target markers and occasional bomb craters that pockmark the stubbled range. Grazing rights are leased to private ranchers on a calculated-risk basis; if a bomb scores a direct hit on a steer, the owner is notified to come and gather up what's left, if anything. The sand grits in your teeth as you drive, and the cactus crawls with diamondback rattlers; several enterprising airmen augment their incomes by snagging oversize specimens for the Lincoln Park Zoo. "I been struck so often," Airman 3rd Class Robert Lenendusky, of Scottdale, Pennsylvania, told us, "that I don't dare bite my own tongue or I'll sting myself to death."

Airman Lenendusky was crouching inside a small wire enclosure, setting out some tiny seedlings. We had seen a number of these mysterious oases on either side of the road, carefully fenced off from the ubiquitous cattle. "Multiflora rose," he explained, tamping the seedlings into the dust with the broad toe of his Size 12 boondocker. "We just bought ten thousand of 'em to put out all over the island. They make the best quail cover." He sauntered over to an adjoining enclosure and kicked at a thornbush, dislodging a medium-sized rattlesnake and seventeen plump bobwhite quail. "Look at them cute little buzzards," he remarked with paternal pride.

Our eyes tracked the covey rise to the top of the hill. A dozen wild deer were silhouetted on the slope, foraging contentedly on an acre of newly planted oats. More deer and quail scattered before our jeep as we bounced across the hummocks toward a man-made excavation, too deep to be a bomb crater, filled with rain water; a flock of redhead ducks splashed off the surface of

(Continued on Page 54)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Boy, did you run away from home?" said Mr. Swain. "No, sir, I just—left."

The Boy Left Home

Does every son break his parents' hearts at least once before he becomes a man?

By John Randolph Phillips

Sometimes I think it began the day I came into the world. Sometimes I feel certain I was born to follow him through the mountains, follow him in desperate chase until he had beaten me and I was dead on my feet. The Still Run Buck, we called him, and there was never another deer like him.

He was a massive, magnificent twelve-pointer and he walked like a king. Bucks in our Southern mountains seldom run as heavy as two hundred pounds. The Still Run Buck must have weighed considerably over two hundred. But I don't know for sure, because I never weighed him. I stood at last with my hand on his lifeless head, but I never weighed him.

Maybe I'm wrong and it didn't begin the day I was born. Let's say it began the day I broke with my father. That was the day I rode a bus the ninety-six miles from the city to the place we called the Crossroads. This was as far as the bus went. But a winding road climbed from the Crossroads toward the blue, wonderful mountains beyond Swain's farm in the valley of Swain's Run.

I walked every step of the seven long miles to Henry Swain's mailbox. There I turned my back on the highway and followed the narrow road dropping off the ridge to the valley below. It was late afternoon of a hot day in September and I was eighteen years old, tall enough for my age, but skinny, with blue eyes and darkish hair, and my name was Jim Hastings.

Long before I reached the house I was breathing hard, from excitement rather than exertion. It was a solid, weathered old frame house that had started out long ago as a log cabin. It was not much to look at, I suppose, but it was a comfortable place and had about it an unmistakable air of welcome. I began to walk very fast and the two Irish setters raised a tremendous clamor (Continued on Page 66)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo (left) and the author. "I hate to sit here and say to you that I would never go back to managing. I'll answer it this way: I'll never put the uniform on again for a salary."

Durocher with his wife, Laraine Day. "When I decided to retire, she cried for a couple of hours. I thought she was upset, but she was crying for happiness."

The Low-Down From Leo

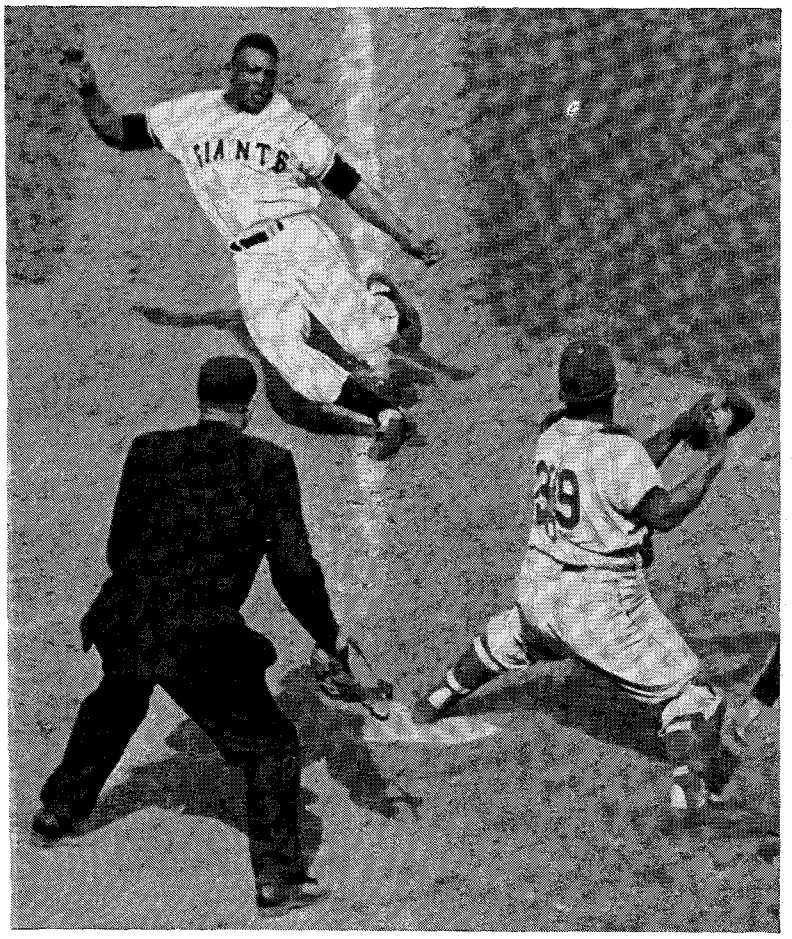
By HARRY T. PAXTON

A Post editor reports an intimate conversation with Durocher the TV performer, pal of Frank Sinatra and other stars. Leo frankly tells what might bring him back to baseball.

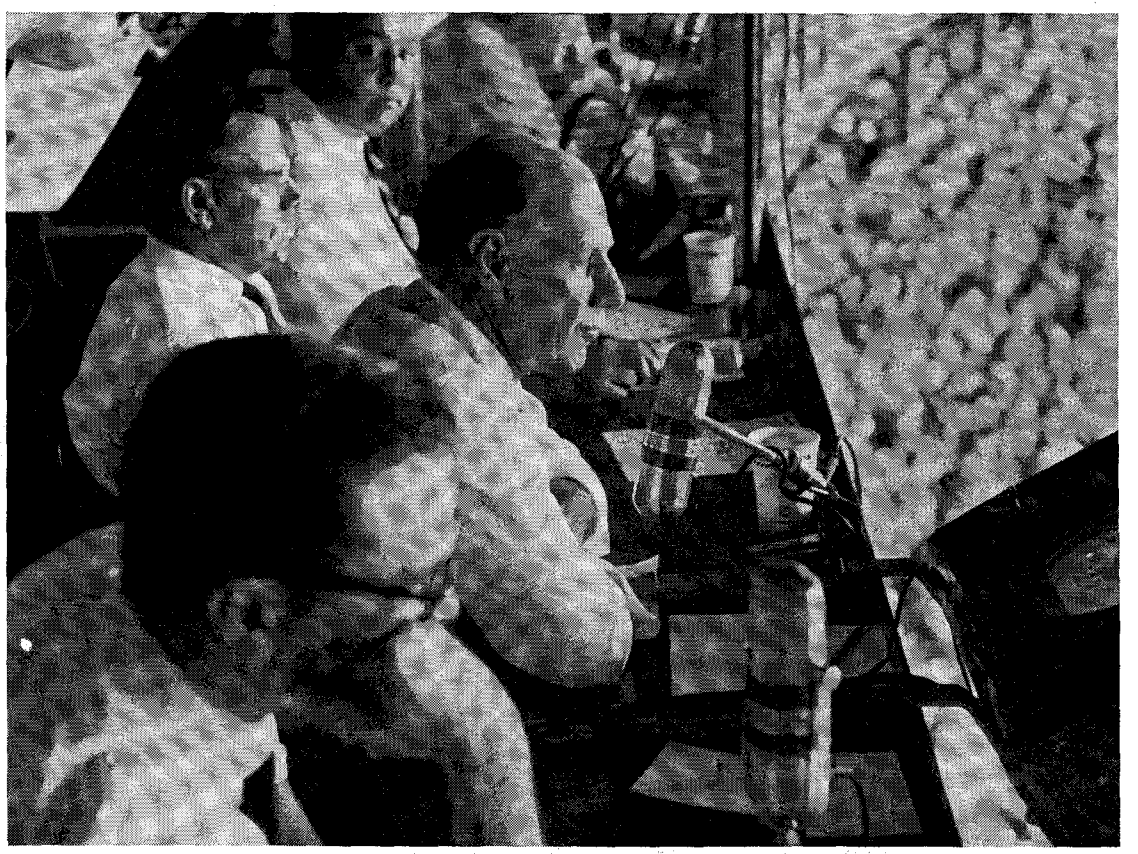
Leo Durocher, always dapper even in lounging clothes, was wearing a gleaming white bathrobe when he opened the door of his Chicago hotel suite to this visitor. He had checked in from the airport only a few minutes before, and already a trayful of refreshments had been delivered to his room—six frosty bottles of soft drinks. Leo never has needed anything stronger to keep him in high gear.

Two seasons have passed since Durocher bowed out after thirty years in baseball—the last sixteen of them as one of the most colorful and controversial managers in the game. Fans in major-league areas may be vague as to what Leo is doing nowadays. To a great many fans elsewhere, he has become a more familiar figure than ever. During the 1957 season he appeared each Saturday afternoon with Lindsey Nelson on N.B.C.'s baseball Game of the Week telecasts. Although not aired within fifty miles of any big-league city, the program was carried by more than 100 stations and attracted an estimated national audience of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Willie Mays (above), long Leo's special favorite, still rates with Durocher as baseball's most versatile player.



Nowadays Leo makes his comments not from the bench but from the broadcasters' booth. Last season he telecast baseball for 26 consecutive Saturdays on N.B.C.

At fifty-one, dynamic is still the word for Leo Durocher. However, for some years he has seemed considerably mellower than the younger Leo the Lip, who, in a 1946 comment on Manager Mel Ott, of the Giants, coined the enduring phrase, "Nice guys finish last."

During Durocher's later seasons as a manager, the baseball writers found it increasingly hard to prod Leo into making critical comments. That was always the experience of this writer, who has talked to Durocher in connection with various Post baseball articles on a number of occasions since 1950.

Now that Leo is out of the business, what does he have to say about the game and the people in it? What did he think of the 1957 season, and what does he expect to happen in 1958? Will he let down his hair—definitely a figurative expression in Durocher's case—about his ups and downs in television? And is he really through in baseball?

These were some of the questions I had in mind as we settled down for a tape-recorded conversation in the drawing room of Leo's hotel suite.

For a while we talked about the 1957 World Series. "Did you expect the Braves to beat the Yankees?" I asked.

"I did once I heard that Mantle and Skowron weren't in good physical shape," Leo said. "The only World Series that Casey Stengel ever lost before"—to the Dodgers in seven games in 1955—"was without what he calls 'the big

(Continued on Page 48)

The Lip of old, who, tradition says, would stop at nothing to win. Here he rips into umpire Jocko Conlan in the blistering manner that earned him his nickname.

After retirement in 1955, Leo (bow tie) appeared briefly and unfortunately on N.B.C.'s Comedy Hour. He said afterward, "I'm not an actor or an emcee, and I don't want to be."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

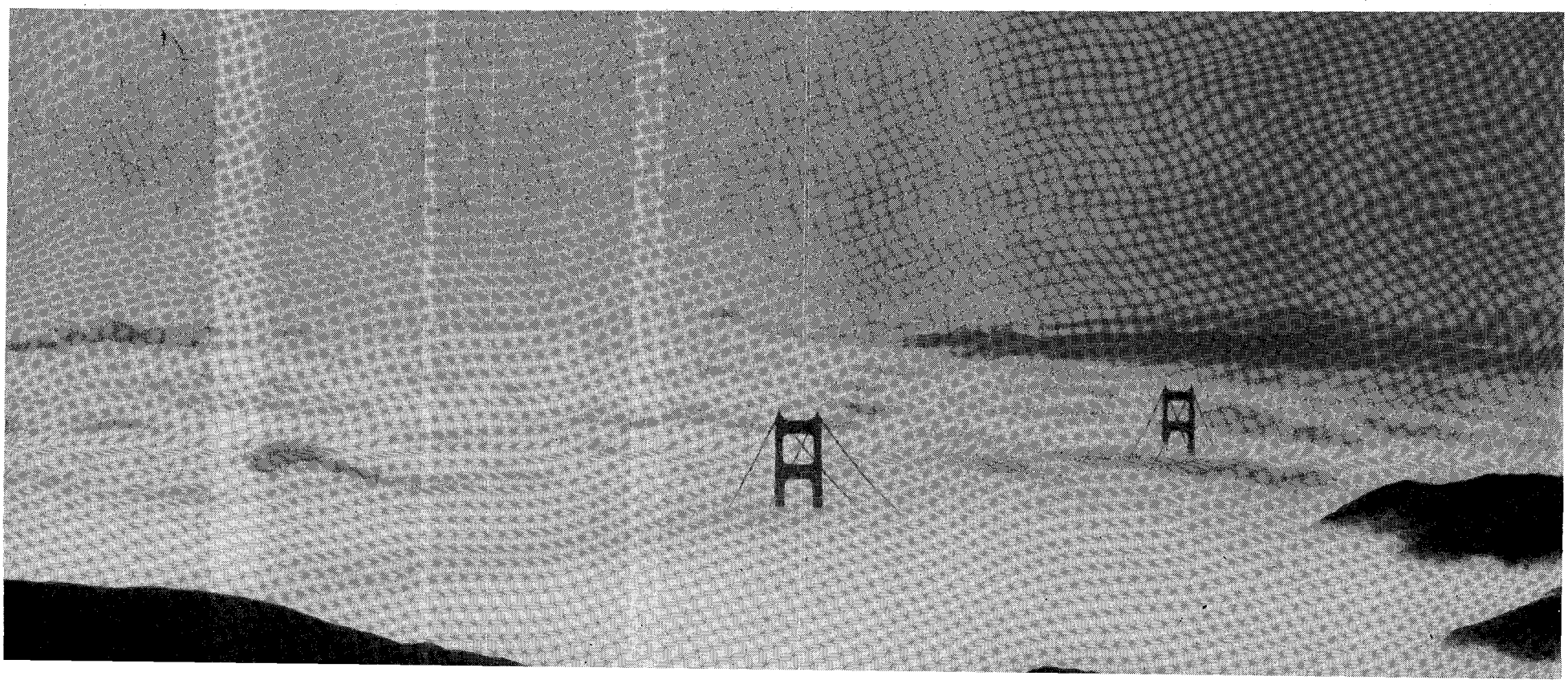
Rescuers bring in a victim of the 1950 crash between the Navy hospital ship Benevolence and the SS Mary Luckenbach. Twenty-three lives were lost in the fog.

San Francisco's Magic Fog

Tragedy, comedy and melodrama take place simultaneously and unseen under blankets of mysterious mist: These strange things happen when the Golden Gate is socked in.

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

An impenetrable mass of fog from the Pacific rolls lazily over the Golden Gate Bridge and up into the bay, immobilizing autos, planes and ships.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

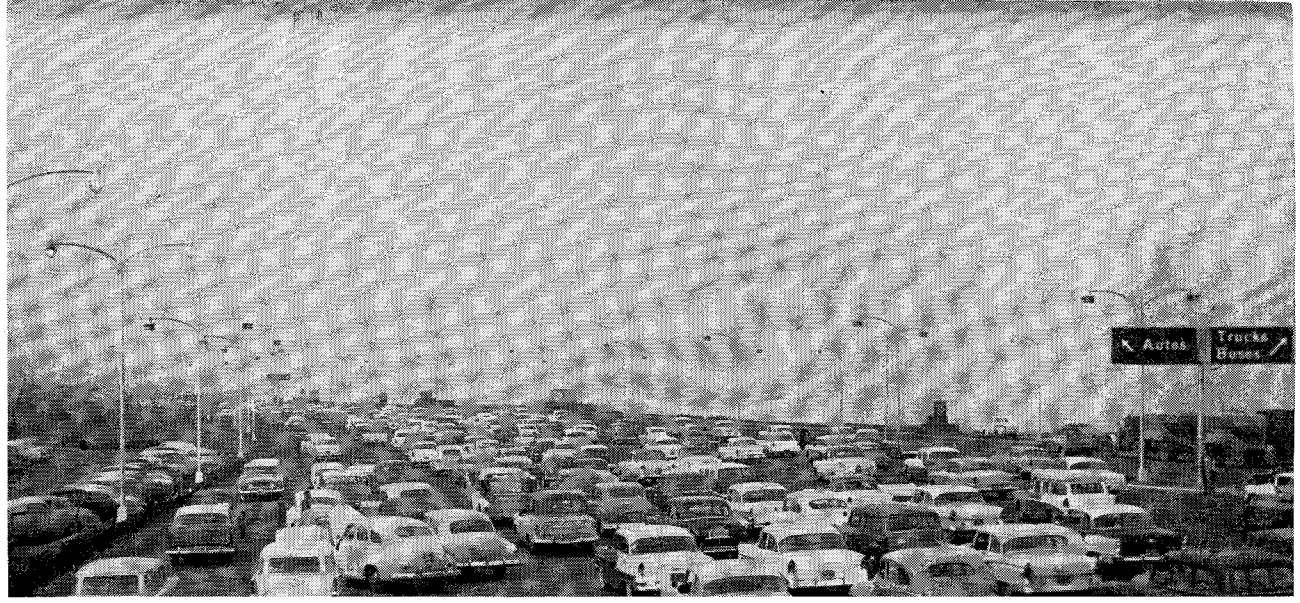
In all the bright spectrum of San Franciscana, the most remarkable single phenomenon seems often to be the city's own lighthearted flair for rhapsodizing moot endowments like earthquakes or fogs.

Consider fog. To anyone else, it is a cold, wet mass of ambulatory atmosphere and a most forlorn bundle to be dumped on a seaport's doorstep. To lyrical San Franciscans it is magical stuff which "comes on little cat feet," a sort of picturesque wraith, if you please, without real force or substance, come just to wrap their beloved in "wistfully curling tendrils." This is purest hyperbole.

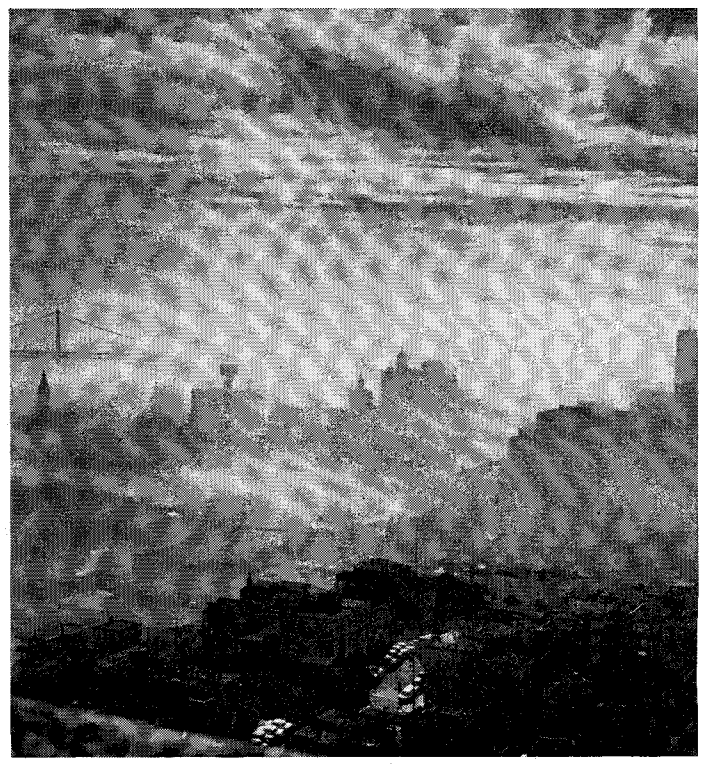
San Francisco's famous fogs, while scientifically unique and unquestionably scenic are about as wistful as a loaded cannon. One woolly finger of the stuff, a mile wide as it crowds through the Golden Gate, totes 35,000,000 gallons of moisture in its vapor-locked belly tanks. Creeping slowly over the bay-basin cities, it builds into a suspended pool of more than 1,000,000,000 gallons by United States Weather Bureau estimates. This is not to say that a sudden puncture would release a deluge—it actually would register only about .1 inch on rain gauges—but when the damp gray cloud hides the sun, things of a material nature do follow.

Big corporations note an abrupt upswing in use of gas and lights, as well as changes in profit and loss. A camera shop with a $20,000 inventory of filters, mostly fog-cutting yellows, finds itself in a brisk trade with camera-carrying tourists. Visitors and natives awake to a sudden need for topcoats; department stores echo to the jingle of cash registers, and the San Francisco woolens industry—born of fog—continues its annual $30,000,000 harvest. Office girls, late to work because of fog-slowed trains and buses, feel permanent waves go slithering, and duck into drugstores for home-waving kits.

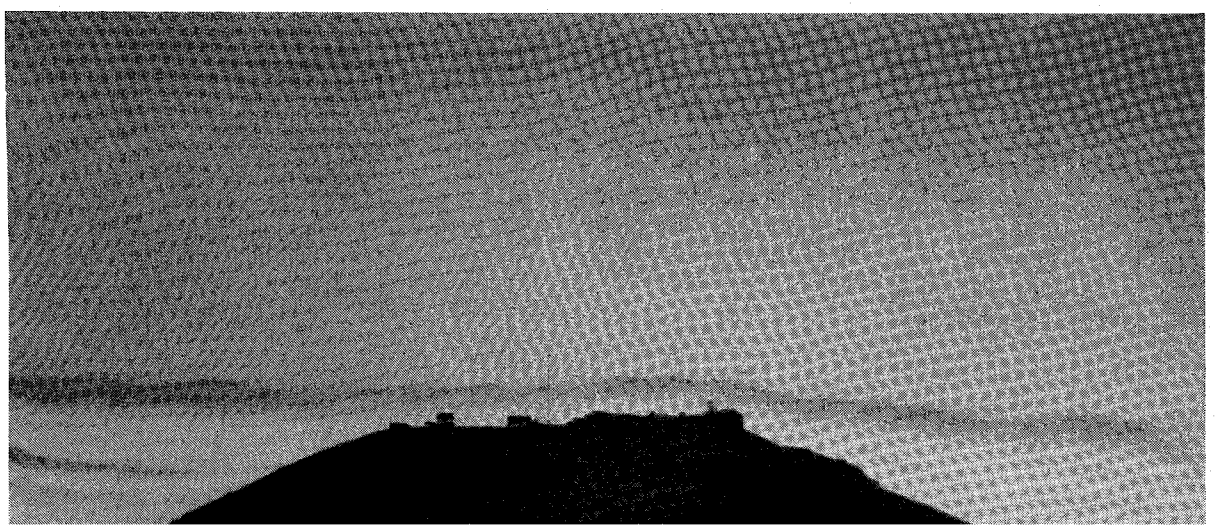
(Continued on Page 76)

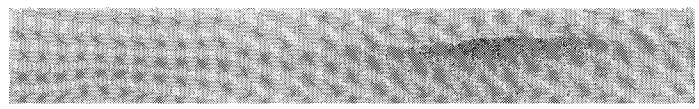


Fogbound traffic: These motorists, backed up on an approach to the Bay Bridge, are snarled in a common commuter hazard. Despite millions of dollars spent on antifog devices over the years, they can only sit and wait.



The fog picks its own hours, coming intermittently all year round and always changing the climate.





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

I'm Not Very Fast on the Draw!

So many Westerns fill my screen
There's almost nothing in between;
I'm up to here with wild Comanche,
Saloon and stagecoach, jail and ranchey;
Were all the other shows outmuscled?
Dry-gulched perhaps? Bushwhacked or rustled?
Each evening it's my doleful practice
To seek a channel lacking cactus;
Alas, each one I set the dot at
Reveals somebody getting shot at;
It's gotten so I just don't care if
The bad guys' leader shoots the sheriff!
In short, I've seen too many mesas;
I'd like to look at other plesas.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

Advice To a Lonely Maiden

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Catch a bachelor by the toe,
If he hollers,
Let him!

RUSS KING

Here are the Results of Our Neighborhood Outdoor-Lighting Contest

FIRST TO SHOW — Went to Dudley Jones, with Dud throwing the main switch on his display at exactly six P.M., November 24. It was a split decision, though, since it was pointed out that Jones, who never took his lights down from last year, had been seen flashing his MERRY XMAS sign on July 4th. The rules committee will straighten this out next year.

MOST ELABORATE — To the Fred Hinkles and the Ervin Ramspaks, split-level neighbors who entered together. Using two miles of wire and 537 colored bulbs, they spelled out "Merry Christmas & Love Thy Neighbor" in letters five feet high. Unfortunately, there was a beef over the power bill, and the last I heard, it was Ramspak vs. Hinkle in court.

MOST ORIGINAL — The Walter Schuberts won, decision unanimous. Walter screwed an electronic eye to his coachman's light, so that every time a car drove by it, a big fat sign flashed on Walter's roof, reading BEST WISHES FROM MIAMI BEACH—WALTER AND SUE. Certainly was effective against their darkened house.

A. R. SWINNERTON

Of Mink Revisited

She wanted mink, but had to agree
With her spouse that mink was a luxury
She could easily skip at the current price.
So to ease the pain of the sacrifice,
She bought a bonnet by Mr. John,
And a couple of nighties in black chiffon,
And a clutch of little Carnegie frocks,
And a darling muff of silver fox,
And new slip-covers of English chintz,
And the loveliest pair of Renoir prints,
And the lowboy she'd wanted for many a year,
And a silver pitcher by Paul Revere,
At a total cost that was not much greater
Than the mink would've been.
And she'll get that later.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Sleepyhead

We are always finding out something new about sleep. (Maybe YOU'RE not, but that's why I'M here!) For example, by the use of brain-wave tests, muscle-sugar reactions and plain common sense—a new development in science, by the way—it has been discovered that there are two kinds of people. I mean two types of sleepers: Those who wake up and those who don't.

Let me clarify that a little, if you're not going anyplace right away. There are people who wake up awake, and then there are those who wake up still asleep. See? One group, which I call Anti-morpheustic or Bloody Bores, wakes up promptly, full of get-up-and-go. They bound out of bed quivering with *joie de vivre*, singing loudly and lustily, waking everyone else up and very rarely getting invited to spend the night at my house.

These people are usually half-dead about eight o'clock at night and are as likely then to trump your ace as not. They form the hard core of party spoilers who always want to go home and sleep as soon as things start getting lively.

The second group, the Promorpheustic or Good Joe bunch, is more or less the reverse. They wake up feeling as if it is extremely unlikely they'll live. They feel in the early morn as if they had been digging trenches all night, instead of sleeping. Nevertheless, this group does most of the world's important work since it really comes to life about cocktail hour, and from then on, let 'er rip, boy!

The difference, science says, is a matter of metabolism and stuff. If your body temperature zooms up beginning in the early morn you will awaken about seven A.M. fresh as a daisy and ready to wake decent people who are still sleeping, up.

If, however, your sluggish body temperature hits around absolute zero at four A.M. and then budges only slightly as the dawn comes up, you arise—if you do arise—ready to go back to bed again until noontime.

You can't change your type any more than you can change the color of your hair. (Hey! what am I talking about?) You can't change your type any more than you can change the stripes on a zebra.

Actually, though, a great deal of sleep isn't necessary. Thomas Edison only got four hours a night, and when I was living upstairs over that night club I never got any.

Experimentally, people have been kept without sleep for a hundred hours or more. It didn't harm them physically. Of course they were irritable, irrational, confused and mean-tempered.... But then, who isn't?

ROBERT FONTAINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

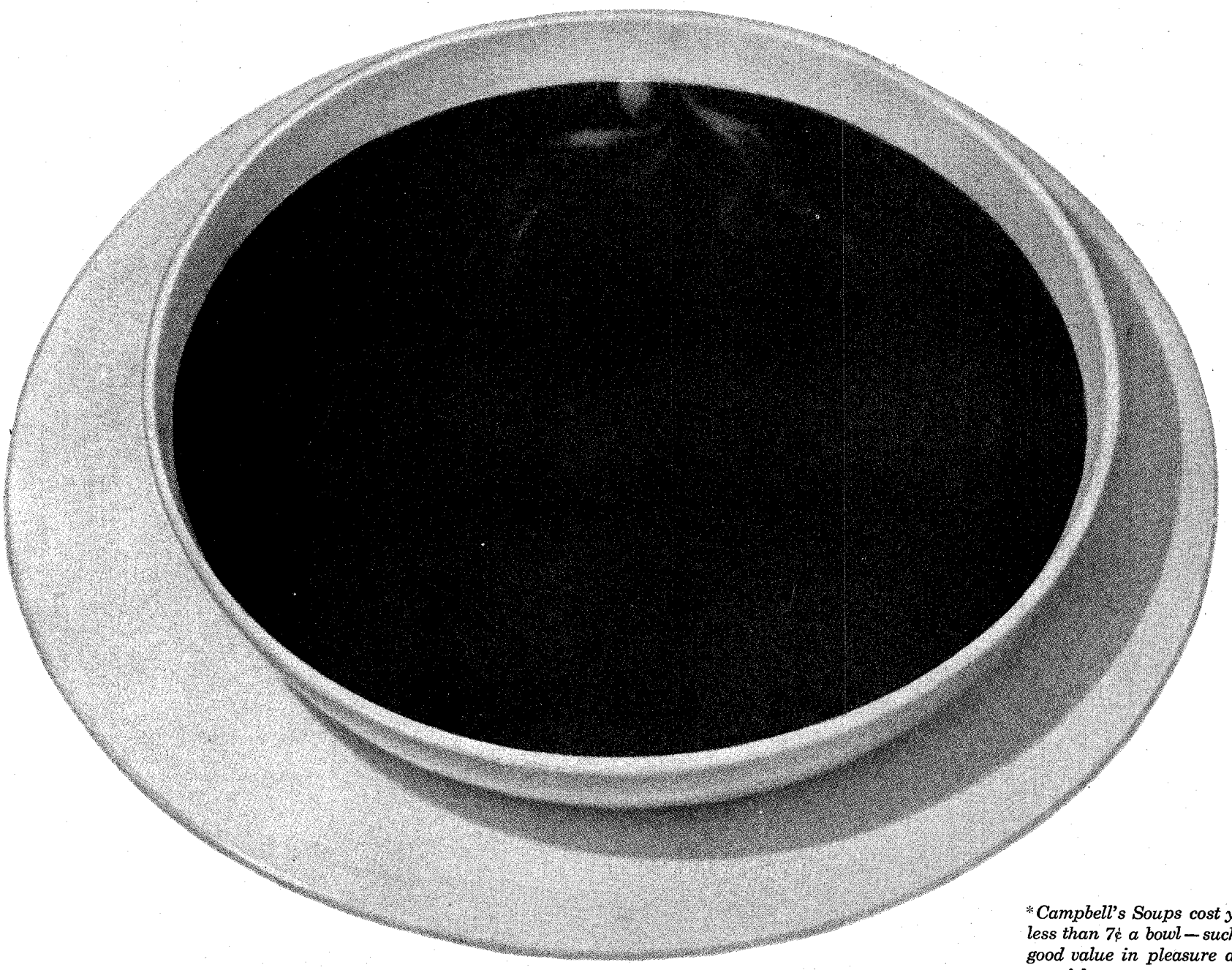
So good to come home to

Soup, of course. Campbell's Soup . . . always a welcome bowl of goodness. The goodness of vitamins, proteins and minerals—the pleasure of good taste.

Warm up tonight with a soup you love. Campbell's Tomato Soup, red and glowing with all the flavor of that special Campbell Tomato . . . ripened in the sun, picked at its best. Try it sometime with a pat of butter on top. Delicious!

Tomato is only one of Campbell's 21 kinds of soup. Take your choice, and get the happy, healthy habit . . . once a day . . . every day . . . soup! What could be a better buy!*

Have you had your soup today?



** Campbell's Soups cost you less than 7¢ a bowl—such a good value in pleasure and nourishment.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Doctor Was Scared (Continued from Page 17)

He kept himself tightly controlled. He stared his hands into quiet. He forced his breathing to slow down. He slackened his throat, his shoulders, his whole body. When the spasm had spent itself, he sighed and turned to his wife. After a moment, after she had wiped his face, he rose, got his coat, touched her hair briefly, but could not speak, and left. His job as night superintendent began at five o'clock.

Mr. Alfieri, chief superintendent, was waiting for him. He had a pleasant evening ahead and his jovial Latin face glowed in anticipation. A young man was with him, a bright young fellow in a well-cut suit. Alfieri kept on his smile when Fred entered, but something cautious suddenly veiled his eyes.

"Ah, yes, Dietrich," he said—he had dropped the "Doctor" since Fred had taken the night job—"come in, come in. This is Edward Barton. I want you two young men to know each other. Mr. Barton is a graduate student at the Hospital Administration School. He'd like to find out what he's getting into. The seamy side, ha-ha! Yes."

He paused while they shook hands; then went on again, "Show him what he wants to see. Emergency, the morgue, the psycho ward—all that sort of thing."

Grimly, Fred watched him leave the office, then turned to Barton. The young man had a pleasant face. Fresh. Unscarred. The son of a friend of Alfieri's, no doubt. *And out for my job*, thought Fred. *Yeah, and where'll I go from here?*

"Smoke?" said Barton.

"Thanks," said Fred. "Not here." He hated that room. Five years ago he had entered it for the first time, brashly proud of his record in med school. He had met Alfieri for a quick briefing which acquitted him of his duties toward the administration. Forever, he had thought. Now, as every evening, he came in for his orders. He picked up the memo on the desk.

Mr. Callander, transfer to Psycho. Watch for smooth handling.

Keep an eye on housekeeping personnel for New Year's spirits.

Children's ward understaffed tonight.

Rules on long-distance calls after ten o'clock relaxed for tonight.

New interns on Ortho, Urology and Pediatrics. Be available for advice.

Oxygen therapist reported ill. Find substitute.

Barton, unlighted cigarette in his hand, watched him. "Let's go," said Fred, pocketing the memo.

"Where to?"

"On the prowl. We've got to find a substitute for the oxygen therapist. He returns empty oxygen tanks to the basement locker, brings in full ones, adjusts tents. Out of four hundred patients, maybe twenty get oxygen. The night shift is critical."

They crossed the hall to the elevator.

"Twenty-two," said Fred. And to Barton, "The interns' quarters."

A nurse entered on twelve and smiled at him. "Slaving again? Stop in at midnight, Doctor Dietrich. Coffee and doughnuts to celebrate the New Year."

On the interns' floor, Barton turned to Fred. "'Doctor Dietrich'? You're an M.D.?"

"Yes," said Fred.

"But this is a layman's job! Or does this hospital require a physician for supervisor?"

Barton looked worried. *So he is after this job*, thought Fred. *I should let him stew awhile.* Then he shrugged his shoulders tiredly. "No. You're better off without an M.D."

"Why do you say that?"

"Less bother," said Fred. And to himself: *Yes, better off crawling. You can't fall so far.*

"May I ask a question?" said Barton. "If you're a physician, why ——"

"I was a surgeon," said Fred. "Assistant to Stimson until six months ago. I had an accident—no, not in surgery—on the road. I lost my nerve. Stimson didn't want to see me sell shoelaces on street corners, so he got me this job. Anything else?"

"I'm sorry," said Barton. "I wish I'd known."

"O.K.," said Fred, and knocked on a door. "Dietrich," he announced and waited, giving the boys inside time to straighten up. A moment later, "Come in," said a voice.

"Mr. Barton, administration student. Doctor Jenkinson, Doctor Hart, Doctor Fein. The oxygen therapist's off tonight, boys. Can any of you handle his shift?"

"I can," said Jenkinson and Hart together.

"I'm on Anesthesia now," said Fein. "Night duty."

"That leaves you out," said Fred. And to the others, "Five dollars for the shift."

"I'll take it," they said again together.

"Split the shift," said Fred. Then, seeing their fallen faces, "Five bucks each anyway. I'll leave a note at payroll."

The monotonous drone of the loudspeaker suddenly took meaning: "Doctor Dietrich. Doctor Dietrich." . . . *Maureen*, thought Fred. He picked up the phone. It wasn't she. It was Stimson, the chief.

"Just talked to your wife," he said. "I had the devil of a time convincing her that we want her, with or without you. What are you trying to do—make a hermit out of her?"

"That's fine," said Fred. "Glad you convinced her."

"Watch out, Fred," said the booming voice, the voice that had taught and corrected, scolded and advised him, a voice which now he had come to dread. "We've played along with you, put up with your notions, but you can tease a piece of tissue too long."

"Yeah," said Fred. "Yeah. Well, thank you."

"Until it turns black and necrotic," the implacable voice went on. "Love's like that, too, Fred."

Fred put down the receiver and gestured Barton out of the room. He was sweating again. In the hall he took a deep breath, then scratched the oxygen note off the list. "Mr. Callander next," he said.

"Who's he?"

"Former board member. Senile. Swallows things—spoons, cuff links, safety pins. He had surgery to remove the hardware. To be transferred to Psycho. And handled with gloves. I'll introduce you as President Eisenhower."

Barton smiled. "Shall I act the part or would they give me his room?"

"Forty dollars a day. Can you afford it?"

"I can think of a number of things I could do with that money," said Barton.

"Yeah," said Fred. "So can I." But what could money buy that would wash from his eyes the sight of that man holding his dead wife in his arms? "Fifth floor," he told the operator.

Mr. Callander, proudly displaying his yellow silk gown, was euphoric. The trip to the Pavilion with three suitcases, five potted plants, a television set and an overloaded four-foot Christmas tree was effected without incident.

"Switchboard," said Fred. Then later, "The morgue." Barton didn't flicker an eyelash. "The physical plant."

Around eleven o'clock, "What about a snack?" asked Barton.

"Sorry. I forgot," said Fred. "I'll leave you at the cafeteria. I'll eat later."

Now, for a few minutes, he was free. He could go to the library and, in the accounts of surgery accomplished by the masters, he could live his profession without the struggle and the challenge. Without the hideous fumbling, barehanded, in the dark; without the dread of the torn arteries; without that scream in his ears. O Lord, would he ever hold a scalpel in his hand without hearing that scream, without shaking again? *I'll go to the children's ward*, he thought. Children were not judges. He could meet their eyes without support. He was rid of Barton for a while. Would Barton in time get rid of him?

Miss Brenneman, in charge of the ward, was a motherly woman, severe but kindly. He liked Miss Brenneman. Maureen was training under her when they had first met. He used to come at night and check the kids with her. Where was Maureen now? Eleven-fifteen. At Stimson's, no doubt. Talking about him, or rather, carefully avoiding any reference to him. Doctor Frame was getting married next month and Stimson would probably give him the assistantship that had been Fred's. Young Stimson's wife was pregnant. Two happy young couples. And Maureen, alone.

"Good evening, Miss Brenneman." He glanced around him. "Your Santa Clauses are looking the worse for wear. How's the ward?"

"Pretty quiet," she said. "We've got five cases, that's all."

She took her flashlight and Fred followed her into the darkened cubicles where the cleft-palate baby was lying, his operative wound healing nicely now, the appendicitis case sleeping off his strong-smelling ether, the little Chinese girl hugging her doll, and the pneumonia infant under his oxygen tent.

They entered the last cubicle. The scoliosis case, Paola, nine years old, black-haired, black-eyed, watched them, fear tightening her face. "Don't come near me," said the child.

"Honey," said Miss Brenneman in a reasonable tone, "I've got to take your temperature. Open your mouth—that's the girl." Then, to Fred, "We have a tough sleeping problem here."

"At home ——" the child began.

"Hang on to the thermometer," said the nurse. The child's mouth clamped shut.

"Here, here," said Fred. "Don't bite it off, youngster. Just let it sleep in your mouth."

"There are two younger sisters at home," said Miss Brenneman. "Paola has been the little mother this past year."

"That's quite a job," said Fred.

The nurse slipped out the thermometer, tucked a blanket over the heavy cast which held the child prisoner from the chest to the hips. "Close your eyes, honey," she said, "and say your prayers. No cheating now; say them all."

"I haven't said them in four days," said Paola. "I won't say them again. Not until I get home."

Miss Brenneman leaned over her and spoke softly. Fred was at the nursing station reading Paola's chart when, after a moment, Miss Brenneman came out. "I don't like it," she said. "She was fine at first, but there's been a steady rise since this morning. Look. Ninety-nine point two. One hundred and one. One hundred one and three fifths."

"Ear, nose and throat?"

"No," she said. "Nothing there. Chest clear. No tummy ache. Urine O.K."

"How about a blood count?"

"The resident has ordered one. First pop in the morning."

"Who's her doctor?"

"The chief," said Miss Brenneman. "Doctor Stimson."

"He knows what he's doing," said Fred harshly.

"My feeling is that it's a psychological problem."

"That's right," said Fred. "Psychosomatic fever in a child of nine!"

"Paola lost her mother a year ago. The father has just remarried. A nice woman. Fond of the three kids. She's the one who noticed Paola's twisted back and insisted on taking her to the best specialist. Paola feels she's been thrown out of the house, and right at Christmas too. She's aching to get back."

"Jealousy," said Fred. "That's a tough problem for a little kid. But time will heal it."

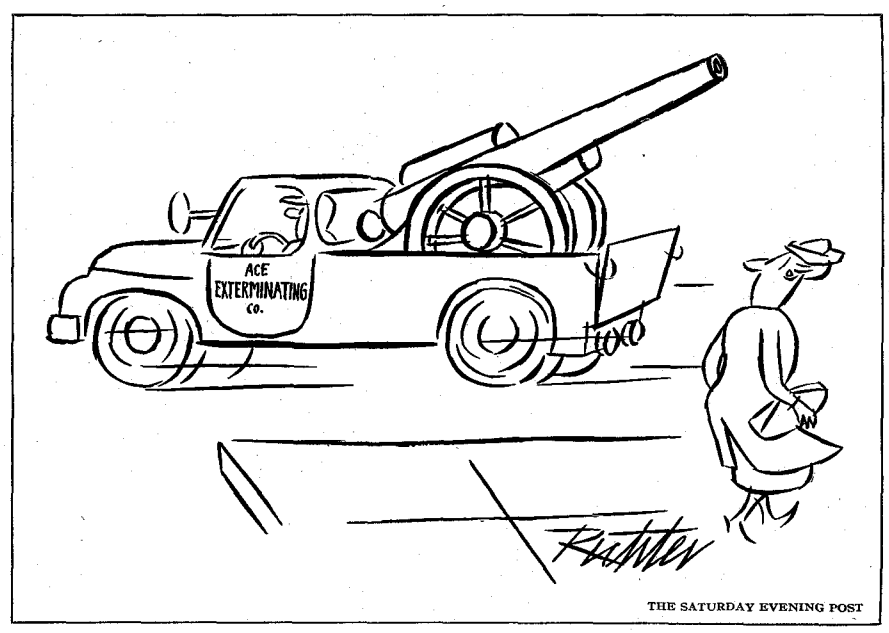
"Time and love," said Miss Brenneman softly. "How is Maureen, doctor?"

"How should she be? Happy and proud, of course. Well"—he turned away from the compassion in Miss Brenneman's eyes—"I'll leave you to your charges. I have one of my own somewhere. An administration student who is out for my job."

"Drop him in the morgue," said Miss Brenneman. "It might cool him off."

"I've tried it, but it didn't work," said Fred. "So long."

With a wrenching of the heart, he left the desk. For (*Continued on Page 42*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEST OF THE LAW

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Someone was arming Indians to shoot white men—and the law, it seemed, backed him up.

Bednigo threw himself on the grass as the blasting powder blew the shipment of rifles sky-high.

Rifles for the Indians! Crate after crate of them, loaded on flatcars, addressed to Wesley Maury.

Bednigo Claypool, right-hand man of the Union Pacific's chief engineer, General Dodge, had long ago spotted Maury as the author of every dirty act that threatened construction of the great transcontinental railway. Maury had tried to murder Bednigo. Maury's aid, the dazzling Potter Nourse, had offered Bednigo a bribe to spy on the general for Durant, the profiteering New York financier. And Maury's thugs had promised to wreck the restaurant of Bednigo's friend, Mrs. Beebe, unless she paid "protection money."

Now these rifles. If Maury wasn't stopped, the whole railroad project would collapse in a bloody war with the Indians.

V

There was not as much finesse or diplomacy in the four hundred and fifty pounds of bone and gristle composing the burly bodies of the Casement brothers as there was in Grenville Dodge's little finger. They knew but one method of meeting an emergency and that was to lower their massive heads, bull-like, and charge. Bednigo found himself faced with a delicate problem, which he must solve alone.

The action he had taken already on his own responsibility would not be upheld. He had ordered Maury's carload of rifles to a distant siding and had refused to permit railroad employees to unload the weapons. The law was not on his side. Maury had powerful contacts in the East, not the least of whom was Tom Durant, vice president of the road; and the Secretary of the Interior would uphold the man's activities. Bednigo was sure his orders would be countermanded as soon as Maury could communicate with New York or Washington. He shrugged his bulky shoulders. The most he could hope to accomplish was delay—to hold the shipment of guns until he could contrive some plan to prevent those firearms from being delivered to hostile Indians.

He stood watching the scattered guns from the broken case as they were gathered and piled back in the boxcar. So intent was he, so concentrated upon his problem, that he did not notice the approach of a Herculean personage whose massive legs were thrust into rough boots and whose torso was covered by a flannel shirt. There was a stubby chin beard at the lower end of a granite, scowling face.

"What goes on here?" the man rumbled.

"General Casement," Maury said—he had followed the general to the spot—"Mr. Claypool refuses to let your men handle my shipment."

Jack Casement turned steel-gray eyes upon Bednigo. "Who gave you authority to meddle with shipments?" he demanded roughly.

"No one," Bednigo answered.

"You took it on yourself?" Casement asked.

"I did," answered Bednigo.

"Good for you!" Casement roared. He swung belligerently upon Maury. "Guns to murder white men!" he bellowed. "Get off this right of way, ye runagate, before I smash ye to a pulp!"

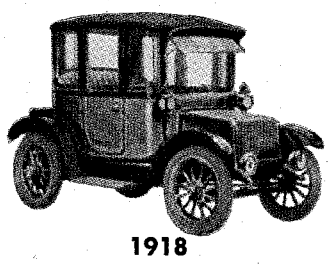
Maury backed away from the giant. "I'm within my rights, Casement," he said. "Interfere with me at your risk."

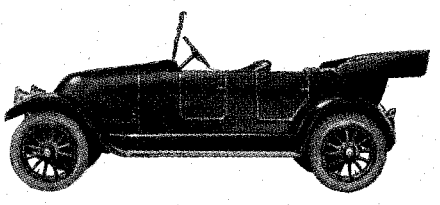
"You!" Casement continued to give full play to his stentorian voice. "You and your measly, crooked, bribe-taking politicians!" He waved a hamlike hand at a telephone pole. "If I dangle ye from that, what politician'll get here in time to cut ye down?"

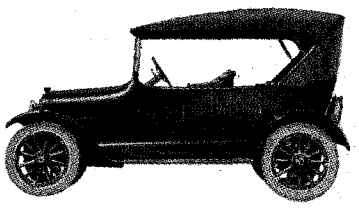
Bednigo knew this was a threat the general might well carry out if his temper mastered him, and he (Continued on Page 69)

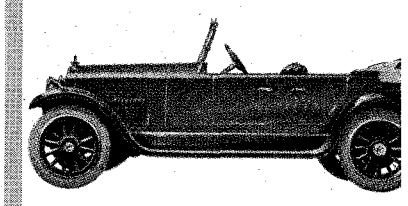
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

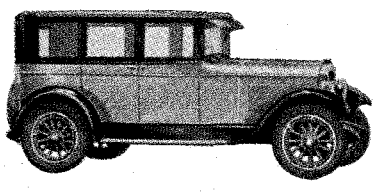
Again... one of the most remarkable votes o public confidence in the history of Ameri

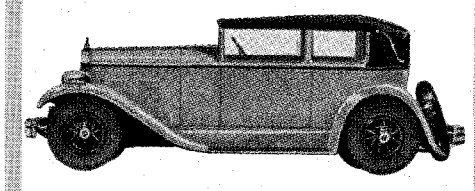

1918

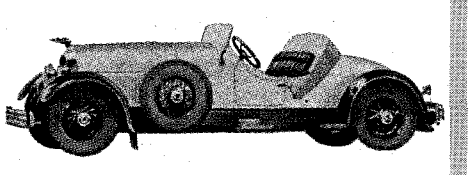

1919

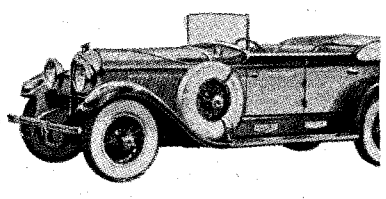

1920

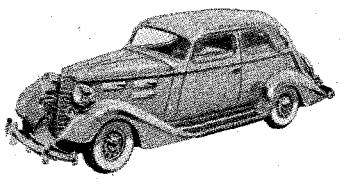

1921

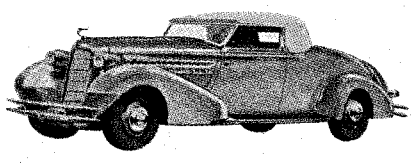

1926

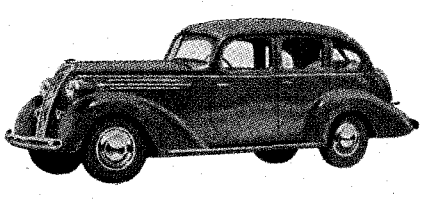

1927

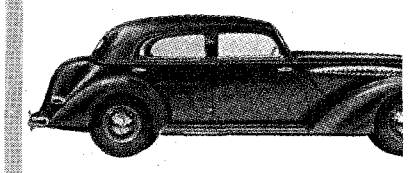

1928

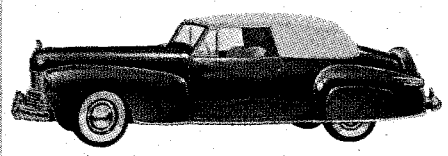

1929

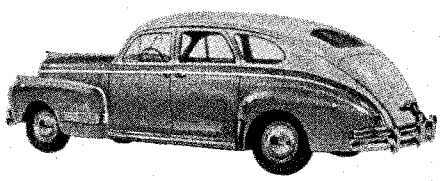

1934

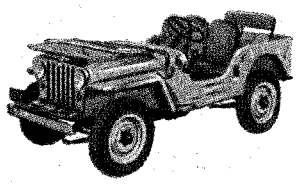

1935

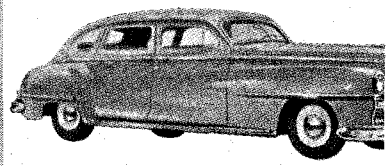

1936

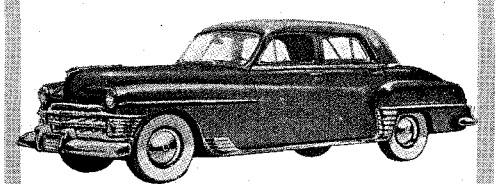

1937

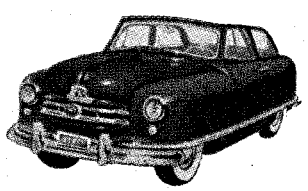

1942

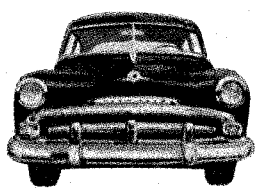

1943

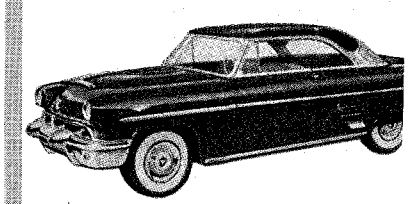

1944


1945


1950


1951

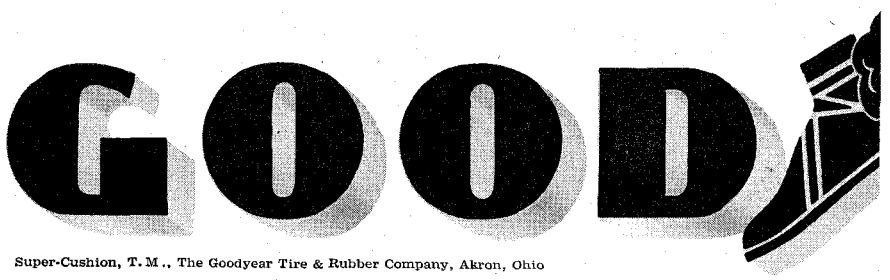

1952


1953

Again in 1958...as in every single year for 43

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN

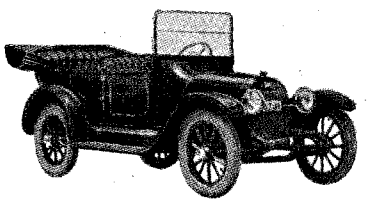
Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values ... better tire care ... convenient credit terms.

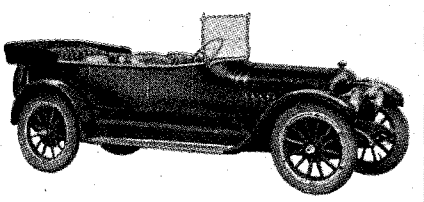


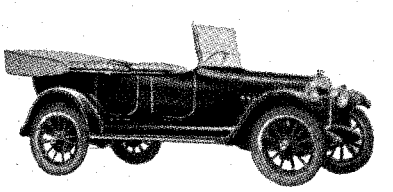
Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

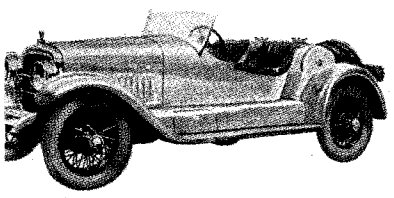
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

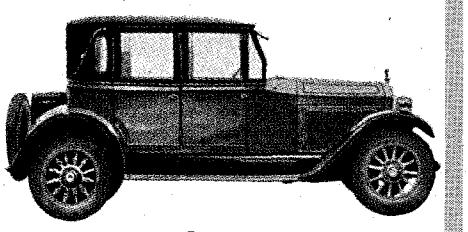
industry

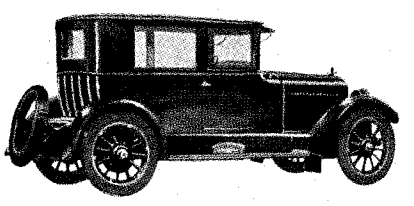

1915

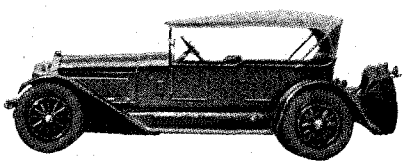

1916

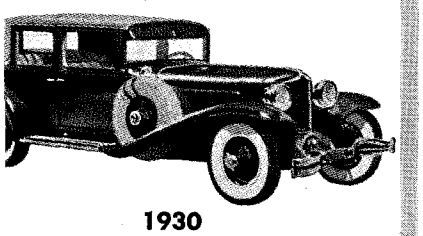

1917

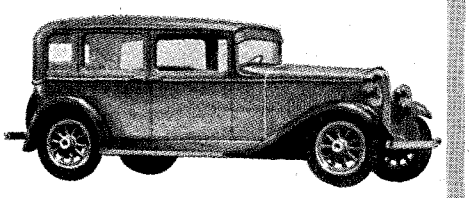

1922

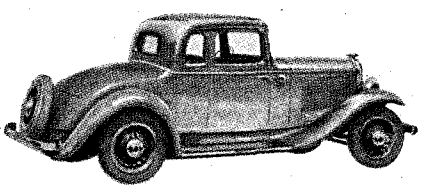

1923

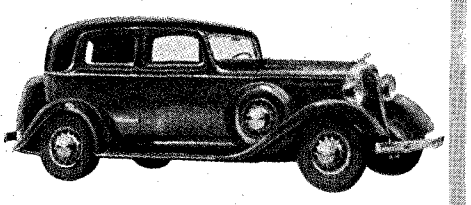

1924

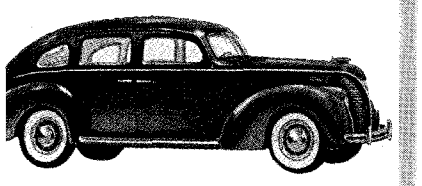

1925

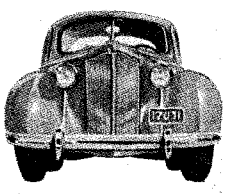

1930

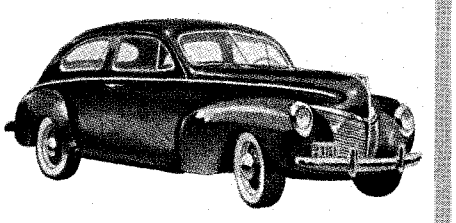

1931

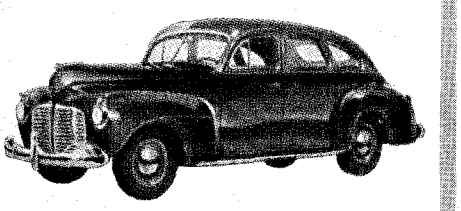

1932

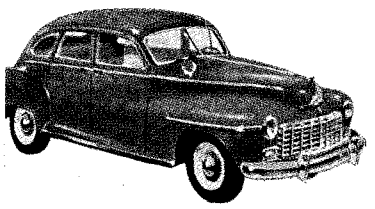

1933

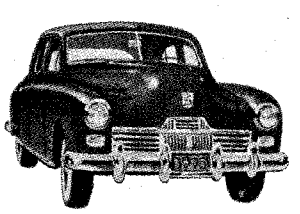

1938

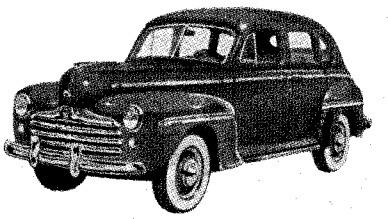

1939

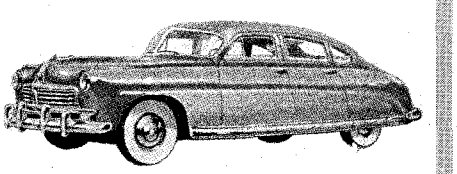

1940

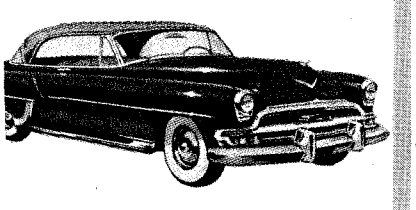

1941

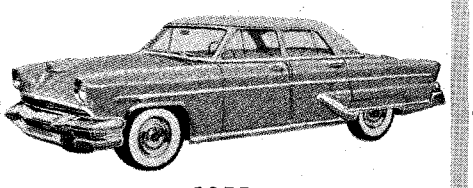

1946

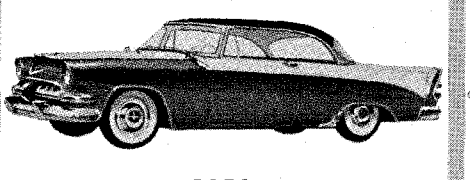

1947


1948


1949


1954


1955


1956

1957

secutive years

ANY OTHER KIND

'EAR

ear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

For 43 consecutive years, so many people have put their trust in one tire name, it must have something extra.

Goodyear's famous tubeless Custom Super-Cushion gives you greater protection from blowouts and punctures . . . while the Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord body and Twin-Grip Tread make riding smoother and safer . . . give you many more miles of wear.

It is just one more reason why Goodyear remains the world's leading manufacturer of tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 38*) ten minutes, the familiar feel of the ward had made him enter the past again. The bluish night lights, the quiet discussion with a capable nurse, the wondering at the struggle of the twin forces of nature, the need to live and the death wish. What was it the child had said? "I haven't prayed for four days."

He turned back to the ward. "Miss Brenneman," he asked, "what happened to Paola four days ago?"

"Four days ago? Right after Christmas, wasn't it? Yes, that's the day her father got remarried."

The guessing and the scrutiny. The search for small clues—under the microscope, on the agar dish, on the X-ray plate, in the shape of the blood cell, on mute lips, in anguished eyes. Almost, for ten minutes, a doctor again. Yeah, but what about Barton? He must have finished off his ham and eggs by now.

"Well, you'd better call Stimson pronto," he said, and rang for the elevator.

In the cafeteria, Barton was drawing peacefully on his pipe. He got up quickly when Fred entered. "Something big is happening in Emergency!" he said. "A whole bunch of residents dashed off on the double."

"All right, let's go," said Fred dully, and led the way.

"The usual thing for New Year's Eve," said an orderly, bringing in a cart. "Two carloads met nose to nose, another comes in broadside. A triple header, you might say."

"Ah-h," Fred's voice was thick.

Barton looked at him with momentary curiosity, then said in an eager voice, "Let's view the damage."

Silently Fred put on a surgical gown, cap and mask. While he helped Barton with his, the X-ray technician came out of the darkroom with films dripping hypo.

Doctor Jones, chief orthopedic resident, took them from her hand and examined them; then, turning to Fred, "We've got five cases, doctor. Three must be fixed at once. A boy's jaw, a neck traction and a hip. Can you give us a hand?"

"Sorry," said Fred, after a painful silence, "I have my job."

Doctor Jones, a sturdy young man with hard blue eyes, let his glance dwell on Fred with open contempt, then he lifted the phone. "Send three anesthetists to Emergency," he said. Then, looking at Fred's mask and gown, "Why the disguise if you aren't even going to hold a retractor?"

Fred let his anger lie deep in his chest. "Mr. Barton is making his way in hospital administration," he said. "Mr. Alfieri wants him to have a full night of it. Will you let him watch?"

"If Alfieri wants him to watch, sure, let him come," said Doctor Jones, starting to scrub. He pushed the pedal for a jet of liquid soap. "Only if you must faint," he said to Barton, "don't fall in the soup."

"I'm an ex-marine," said Barton amiably.

The boy with the broken jaw was wheeled in. Fred looked away. "Shall I alert the Blood Bank?" he asked.

"The nurse's up there already with the blood samples," said Jones. "Look, I'm busy now. If you can't help ——"

If you can't help, then beat it, Fred finished to himself. Five years ago, when Fred was an intern, Jones had been his subclerk. Today Jones was throwing him out of the operating room. Well, good for him. What else could he do with a man who could only offer wet, shaky hands when they needed him? He stumbled to the lockers and tore off gown and mask. His job. He'd better get on with that famous job.

Fred checked the housekeeping department with deliberate care. In the switchboard room he dealt firmly with the young woman on 20 South who, after triumphantly announcing her broken ankle to friends in Los Angeles and Houston, was now insistently demanding a wire to Paris.

Then the night was his. One o'clock. He could go home and find it deserted, the Christmas tree aloof in its glory of brilliant trimmings. . . . Were they getting along all right in Emergency? . . . Or he could find a bed here, as he had too often recently, and lie there, eyes fixed on the window, waiting for the dawn. Paola would be asleep now. Insomnia was practically unheard of in children. A slow upsurge of fever, a steady upgrading of the curve and no symptoms, only sorrow.

Sorrow did not produce a febrile reaction, he said to himself on his way up to bed in the interns' quarters. A loss of vitality rather, a temperature drop. Something was brewing there. In children, infections flared up with terrifying speed. But an infection under a cast put on by Stimson?

I should call Maureen, he thought, stopping on the stairs. *I shouldn't let '58 start without a word. But Stimson might want to give me more of his advice. Let it go*, he thought tiredly. *She'll understand. Or pretend she does. She's getting awfully good at pretending. Still, I should* ——

He was wandering up and down the stairs like a drunk, like a man lost. Down to the fifth floor and the telephone, up to the sixth and the children's wing. Should he run down to Emergency again? Arrange the surgical lights for Jones? Not even that. His very fear would contaminate the operative field. He hesitated on the landing between floors, gripping the banister. "Make up your mind," he said aloud. "Up or down, it doesn't matter which. Nothing matters now but the outer form and the gesture. And to look like a man."

Shock therapy, he thought suddenly. *That's what I need. Maureen can't take it much longer. I must find a psychiatrist and put myself in his hands for shock.*

The thought was a stab and a relief. The thing against which he had fought blindly was now revealed, its terror faced and accepted. Harsh though it was, it was a decision. *Tomorrow*, he thought, *I'll tell Maureen. She was a nurse. She'll approve. Oh, Maureen*, he begged silently, *be patient. Someday I'll make you forget this nightmare. Not now, but someday. After it is rooted out of my brain.* The sigh came, and the shudder; then slowly he went up the stairs.

Miss Brenneman had her hand on the phone. "Doctor Dietrich," she said, "I'm glad you came back. I can't get a resident for Paola, and the pediatric intern is on her first night's duty."

"I can't help you," he said. "You've got to find a doctor."

"I have found one," said Miss Brenneman severely. "Come in."

This time she turned the light full in the child's room. With a cry, Paola covered her face and turned her head away. Fred let down the bed rails and sat beside her. "Paola, look at me. You hurt someplace? Where is it?"

"No," said the girl. "No, no!"

"She got pretty used to her cast," said Miss Brenneman. "To begin with, she wanted out, but she's not a baby any more, are you, hon?"

Paola whimpered. Firmly Fred pulled her hands away from her face. The lips were dry, the eyes, tightly closed, were circled darkly. He lifted the blanket and examined the cast. The awkward plaster corset wound over a cotton shift kept the slight body twisted to the left. "December 11, 1957" was written in red ink over the front. Three weeks, he thought.

The cast was held in place by a plaster sleeve around the left thigh. Tight enough to hold, loose enough to permit circulation. The pulse in the feet was strong, the toenails of good color. And yet, something about this cast was not quite right. The flannelette lining was rolled up too high over the cast sleeve. It was preposterous to think it, even, but the leg below the sleeve looked a little swollen. He looked it over carefully and tried to roll down the lining.

"Go away!" Paola cried. "Leave me alone!"

And then he knew. The edge of the cast above the congestion was nicked deeply. "Paola," he said quietly, "what happened to the cast?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"It's been chipped, hon," said Miss Brenneman. "Did you do it?"

"Go away!" cried the child. "Go away, both of you!"

In the room nearby, the cleft-lip infant began to wail. Miss Brenneman left precipitately to investigate.

"Paola," said Fred, "we're pals, you know. You chipped this cast; you tried to get it off. All right, I won't scold, but how did you do it?"

"Man! It's getting colder than a . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Leave me alone," said Paola. "My head aches. Turn off the light."

"Not now," said Fred. "We'll have to take off your cast. Won't you like that?"

"No," said the child. Her pulse, in anger, fear or fever, was racing now.

Fred replaced the coverlet and left the ward. "Until the cast is off, we can't tell what is wrong," he said to Miss Brenneman.

"A mild sedative?"

"To begin with, yes."

"The residents are still in Emergency. Will you please sign the order?" Miss Brenneman's voice was too casual.

He did not answer. She wanted him to say it; she wanted him to measure the depth of his abasement or make the gesture that would restore her faith in him. He could not make that gesture.

"Get the pediatric intern," he said at last.

A moment later, the intern came in, a slender girl, her hair in pin curls under the quickly wrapped bandanna.

"What is it?" she said. "The appendix?"

Miss Brenneman pointed to Paola's chart. "Infection under the cast, according to Doctor Dietrich." Her voice dwelt heavily on the title. "We need a sedative first and then a good look-see."

"Who's her doctor?"

"Doctor Stimson."

"Well," said the girl reasonably, "I'll sign for a sedative certainly, but gosh, I'm not going to saw off a cast put on by the chief." She disappeared for a moment into Paola's room. When she returned, her young face was serious. "Why don't you get the Ortho resident? That's a sick girl you've got there."

"The Ortho residents have their hands full," said Miss Brenneman. "There's been a car pile-up."

"Well, then, call Stimson."

The older woman snorted. "I have, of course. No answer."

"Well, gee, I don't know," said the girl. "I just can't saw off a cast—a cast Doctor Stimson put on. I don't like her looks at all, but—well, gee ——"

Fred took Paola's chart from the girl's hands and, in a voice that rose harshly over the clamoring of his nerves, he said to Miss Brenneman, "One hundred thousand units of penicillin."

Miss Brenneman handed him a pen. Relaxing his painful grip on the metal sheath of the chart, Fred opened it. The first words wavered on the page, but he wrote his name with the firm, jabbing strokes that had signed the charts of six months ago.

Then, handing the pen to the beaming nurse, he said steadily, "Order a cart. Put in a call for Fein. We may need anesthesia. I'm taking Paola to surgery."

The operating room was ready when they got there. A student nurse assembled the electric burr and the cast scissors, and fixed the lights. The pediatric intern, in sterile clothes, was there too. And Doctor Fein was lounging in the entrance.

Fred Dietrich scrubbed. His hands, now unaccustomed to the harsh bristle, reddened as fast as during his first year in surgery. He watched them with detached interest. He connected the burr and then spoke to Paola. "It's going to make a lot of noise, but it won't touch you at all, Paola. Maybe I won't need to take off the whole cast."

"No," she said, "no." But her voice now was faint, almost indifferent. The sedatives were working.

Fred selected the smallest burr and began slowly to cut the plaster over the left hip. *This is going well*, he thought. *My hands are calm. It's working all right.*

Suddenly the burr zigzagged out of control. He stopped, transfixed by panic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was he becoming spastic? Was there no control left at all? Grimly he started again, more slowly, with anguished curiosity. The burr jumped again and he took his foot off the current pedal. Taut in every muscle, he looked up. Doctor Fein and the intern were staring at him in surprise. He could not let go. With desperate application, he started from the opposite end of the semicircle and carried the cut close to the first opening. And once more the burr jammed.

He put it down, defeat riding his slumping shoulders. *Go on, go on,* he thought. *This kid's got to have help now. The time is past for backing up. I've begun and I must finish.* Cautiously he slipped the blunt edge of the cast knife into the plaster cut. Paola gave a piercing cry, and its terror and anguish became one with the dying woman's scream that had rung in his ears for the past months. Again and again the wild screams filled his ears—whether Paola's or those of memory, he did not know. Out of the swirling black chasm into which he was falling, he heard his own voice, thick and guttural, his voice trying still to be the voice of the doctor, saying over and over, "Ether, ether, please." He gripped the edge of the table and bent his head and shoulders.

Fein's voice came from far away, "What's that? What did you say? What's wrong?"

Fred could not, in the shrieking chaos of his mind, find the words again. He stared into blackness, into the desert of the road where a woman was screaming her death scream—no, not a woman, a child—Paola, a child he had to help, that he could—that he must help.

After a timeless interval, the clamor in his brain subsided and in the stillness he became conscious of his breathing and clung to its pattern, out—in—out—in, steady and deep. The blackness faded and at last he could lift his head and look into Doctor Fein's staring eyes. He raised his hand and found it steady. He looked at Paola and suddenly everything was clear. Something was there, imbedded in the plaster. That explained the jamming of the burr and the sudden cry. He had to get it out. Now.

He nodded to Fein. "Ether, please."

"Ether?" said the young man, coming closer. "For a cast removal?" He looked at Fred dubiously. "Is the kid psychotic or are you?"

It had been thought before, but no one had said it. And now, at the moment of its being said, it was no longer true. He spoke to Fein again, "Give her ether, and do it quietly. Don't let her get excited."

Fein's eyes met his for a measuring second; then, obviously satisfied, he drew a stool under him with one foot and sat down. "All right. You're the doctor." He uncorked the jar of ether and let a few drops fall over the mask. "Sniff it a bit, sister," he told Paola. "It doesn't smell good, but it feels wonderful after a while."

"You'll hurt me!" cried Paola.

"I couldn't," said Fein. "Not you, sweetheart. Come on, keep on sniffing. It takes a while before you enjoy it."

Fred left the table and sat down. Nothing to do but wait. This room, reflecting the surgical lights on the gleaming white tiles, would not be the scene of another defeat. The steady, functioning brain of the surgeon he had thought lost forever took over and he began to plan the operation.

"The girl's under," said Fein at last. "It's O.K. to begin."

This time Fred started carving a larger semicircle into the plaster and continued it until a ten-inch plaque was loose. The burr worked smoothly now. The scissors cut through the stockinet and then he exposed the hip.

It was not he who cried out, but Doctor Merrill, the intern. In the flesh of the hip was a nail file, half imbedded in a festering wound. A nail file with which the little girl, desperate in her loneliness, had tried to cut off her cast and run away. In horror, he looked at the pitiful wound.

"We'll have to do a *débridement*," Fred said. "I think the hipbone is still sound. A little more and we'd have osteo."

"Or general blood poisoning," said Doctor Merrill. "Don't you think so, doctor?"

He did not answer. He had the nail file in the grip of his forceps and, with a firm hand, he started to excise the dead surrounding flesh.

"Ten minutes after two," wrote Doctor Fein on the operating sheet. "Skin sutured, ether anesthesia discontinued. Patient in good condition." He inflated the blood-pressure cuff once more, jotted down a figure; then turned suddenly as the operating-room door banged open.

"Hold everything, Fred!" boomed a voice. "Let me look at your handiwork!"

Fred, about to apply the gauze dressing on the incision, stopped midway. Doctor Stimson, in surgical gown, holding a gauze mask over his face, entered the operating room.

"Here it is," Fred said, nodding toward the basin in which the nail file was placed. "I've never found anything like this under your casts!"

Doctor Stimson glanced at it and shuddered. Gently he lifted the child's lids, then felt her pulse. "All right, wise guys. . . . Finish the dressing, Fred, and get her back to bed. The parents are here. Let them see her safe and sound and send them home."

When the anesthetist had wheeled out the child, Fred said, "I didn't know you were coming. I would have left it to you, sir."

Stimson laughed. "You didn't think I'd sit and carouse with your wife while my boys had their hands full, did you? I was too rushed to sign in, but I've been in Emergency for hours."

"Did they pull through all right?"

"Sure, why not? I was there, wasn't I? That is—we lost only one. A big guy, an administration student. He passed out and had to be dragged to the hall by his heels."

"Barton!" Fred laughed. "The ex-marine. Well, he met his breaking point!"

"You're through here. Why don't you get out?" Stimson said gruffly. "You and I have a full surgery schedule. And tomorrow you'll have to study up on my cases."

"Who? Me?" said Fred stupidly.

"Sure," said Stimson. "New year, new shift, you know. And Maureen is outside the door, chewing her fists off."

"Why?" said Fred; then suddenly he remembered. Astounded, he extended his hands, fingers outstretched. They were strong and steady. He peeled off his gloves and looked at his palms. The talcum powder adherent to them was dry. He ripped off his mask and ran out of the operating room. "Maureen!" he cried. "Maureen!"

She was at the door, her curly hair framing a face full of determined hope and trust. "I've operated," he said, "and the child is all right. Maureen!"

She put her arms around him. "I knew it—I knew it, doctor! Oh, Fred, look, it's two o'clock and you haven't said it yet!"

"I love you," he said, and kissed her wildly, happily.

Behind him Doctor Stimson cried, "Don't muff your lines, Fred! What you're supposed to say is 'Happy New Year!'"

THE END

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

Death in the Deep (Continued from Page 29)

"I have not yet had the pleasure."

"Our captain is talking to her right now."

"Really?" The exec rubbed his chin. "Why don't we go and watch him?"

When they entered the brothel parlor, the exec headed directly for La Jaune. Ignoring his captain, he bowed to the woman and said in French, "I am very pleased to meet you, madame."

La Jaune nodded. Wittgenberg introduced Ramer and Teichmann. For the first time Teichmann saw his captain at a loss. Lüttke could only glare at his exec.

"Permit me, madame, to sit beside you," continued the exec in French, and sat down beside her. "But I have forgotten to present my captain."

"What did he say?" Lüttke asked.

"He introduced you to the lady, sir," said Teichmann.

"None of your insolence, Wittgenberg," said the captain.

"I didn't mean to offend you, sir," said the exec. "But if you need an interpreter ——"

"*Mais votre prononciation est excellente*," said La Jaune to the exec.

This went on for an hour. The captain spoke German; the exec and La Jaune, French; Teichmann translated and Ramer just listened. They drank sticky peppermint liqueur that La Jaune ordered. She was enjoying herself immensely. From time to time a middle-aged air-force major came over and drank their health. Then he went back to his table, which he shared with a plump brunette.

Finally, La Jaune turned to Lüttke. "*Bon soir, mon capitaine*," she said.

"What?"

"Madame wishes you a very good evening and a restful night," the exec translated.

Lüttke muttered, took his hat and left. La Jaune seemed annoyed at his departure. She had expected the captain to take up with one of her girls.

"Gentlemen," said Wittgenberg, "this is probably the only time our captain has ever beaten a retreat. Let us raise a glass to his health and honor."

"Time to throw the dice," said Teichmann.

"I don't think such an important matter should be left to chance," said Ramer.

"But what can we do, in view of the fact that the lady prefers me?" Wittgenberg said.

La Jaune, who had been sitting silent, suddenly opened her mouth and said in German, "Gentlemens, it eez for me to shoose, no?"

"Why, certainly, madame," said the exec.

"*Bien*. I vwood like zis one," she said, pointing to Teichmann.

When Teichmann left early the next morning, the town of La Rochelle was still asleep. A spring mist hung over the empty streets, refreshingly cool. Suddenly Teichmann felt a cold puff of wind in his face and a small hard object hit him in the chest. It didn't hurt particularly. And then he heard the shot.

He flung himself to the ground. *The bullet just grazed me*, he told himself. There were two men. Teichmann lay still. They ran toward him. *I'm unarmed*, he thought. *I'll play dead.*

One of the men stood over him. With a quick sweep of his arm, Teichmann knocked the man's feet from under him. He fell, cursing. Without reflecting, Teichmann slammed the man's head against the cobblestones. Then he ran after the other man.

The Frenchman was small and quick as a greyhound. He was running for his life, and that gave him extra speed. In two or three minutes Teichmann had a violent stitch in his side; as he ran, he noticed that the neighborhood was unfamiliar. *Maybe he's drawing me into an ambush*, he thought, and slowed down. Unexpectedly, the Frenchman turned about and ran toward him, as though he suddenly felt strong enough to attack.

The man swung his blackjack before Teichmann was within reach. When he tried to strike again, Teichmann seized the upraised arm from below. It was the simplest of all judo holds; the blackjack fell to the street. The Frenchman went stiff with terror. And then Teichmann attacked with his big fists.

"That's enough, boy. There won't be anything left of him." Teichmann felt himself pulled away. "Excuse me, sir, what happened?" a voice asked.

It was the night patrol—a petty officer and a seaman, first class. They picked the Frenchman up; he was knocked out and they had to carry him to a car. The other Frenchman was dead. His revolver lay nearby. It was a German make; there were still five shots in it. Teichmann knew he had been lucky.

He was under the shower at the Prien Compound when the shore police came for him.

"Get dressed on the double and come along. It's important." The lieutenant in charge was very excited.

The car stopped in front of the *Kommandantur*. "Anyway, you can be glad that you're still alive," said the lieutenant. He brought Teichmann to a room where an army captain and a navy medical officer were sitting, pale and nervous.

"Have you had breakfast?" the captain asked.

"No," said Teichmann.

"Good," said the medical officer. He led Teichmann, followed by the army captain and the navy lieutenant and a tech sergeant, into the next room. Three mutilated corpses lay on the floor.

"Do you know any of these men?" asked the lieutenant. "Take a good look. You must know them. They were enjoying themselves in the same house as you, except that they left sooner."

"That brown mess comes from acid," said the technical sergeant.

The corpses all looked the same to Teichmann. "Where are the uniforms?" he asked them. (*Continued on Page 46*)

Retort While Shoveling Snow

Thoughts While Cutting Grass

I've nothing good
To say for snow
Excepting this:
It doesn't grow.

—Mae Winkler Goodman
in July 13, 1957,
The Saturday Evening Post

Though grass is not
My chief delight,
It doesn't fall
On walks all night.

Philene Hammer

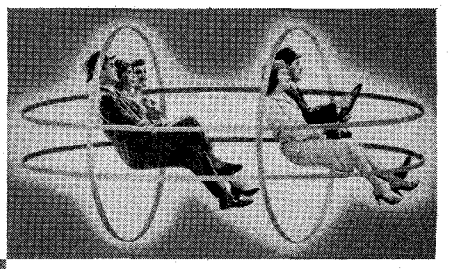
58's NUMBER ① SUCCESS STORY!

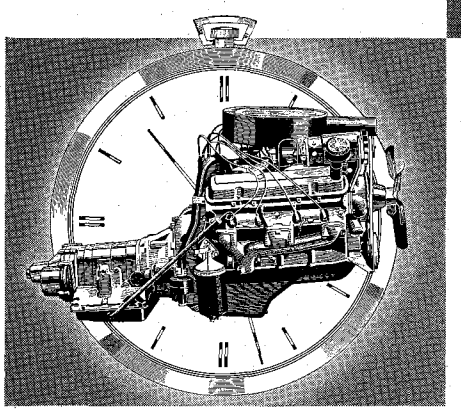
When the experts previewed the bold new Pontiac, they trotted out superlatives they had never used before. Today, wherever you go, when the talk turns to automobiles you'll hear the same sentiments. And is it any wonder? Created by the industry's hottest engineering team, this car is built like no other you've ever known. So naturally it looks, rides and handles like nothing else on the road. Have *you* driven it?

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FIRST WITH CIRCLES-OF-STEEL SAFETY →

Pontiac's completely new body construction surrounds you and your passengers with girder steel protection—above, below, fore and aft. You drive with wonderful new peace of mind!



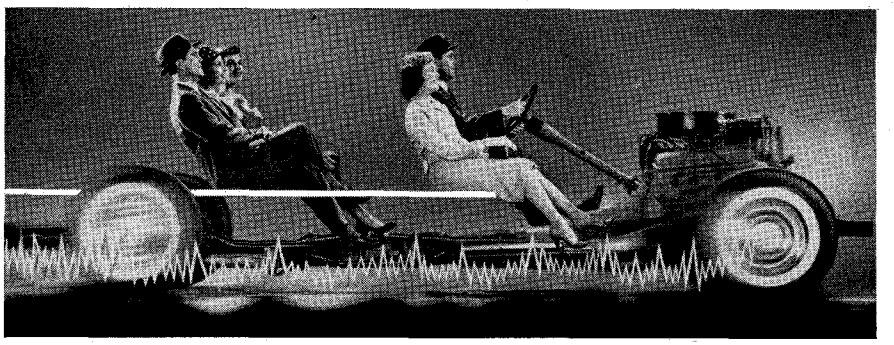


FIRST WITH TEMPEST 395 PERFORMANCE ←

It's exclusively yours in Pontiac—an advanced V-8 power plant built to tolerances finer than the finest watches! Try this new jeweled-action response!

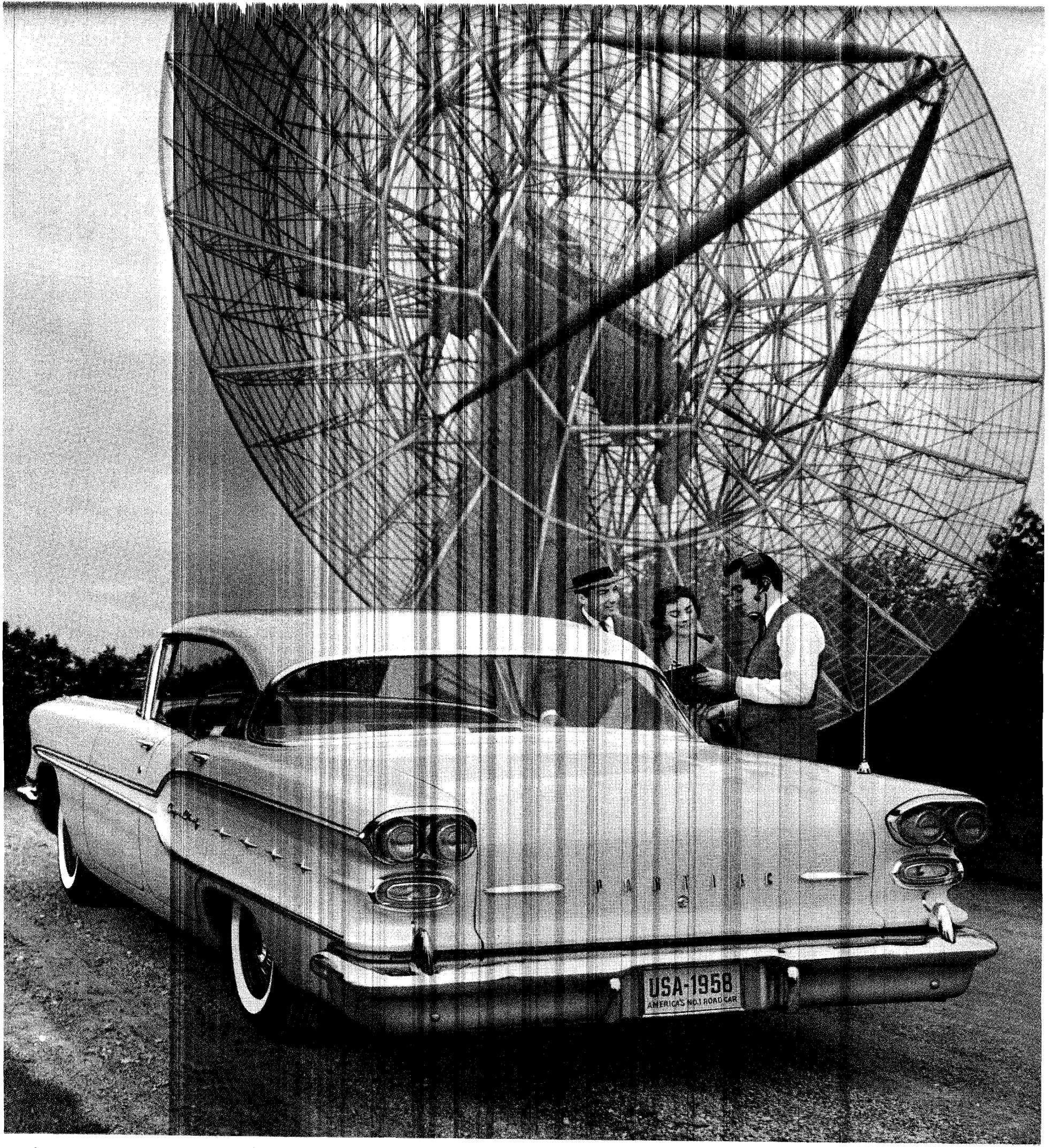
FIRST WITH QUADRA-POISE ROADABILITY ↓

Only the wheels know where the bumps are! New chassis geometry counteracts dive, sway and bounce—brings you the smoothest ride, easiest handling you've ever known.



BOLD NEW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A BOLD NEW CAR FOR A BOLD NEW GENERATION

PONTIAC

LICENSED TO HNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 44*) "That's the way we found them," said the lieutenant.

They all looked at Teichmann. He stared at each of the three corpses in turn. In the end he recognized Ramer's long, wavy hair.

"Well, that's one, at least," said the tech sergeant.

"Call up Schepke House," Teichmann said to the sergeant, "and ask if Lieutenant Prince von Wittgenberg is there."

"Was he at the brothel too?" asked the medical officer.

"Yes, but I don't know when he left," Teichmann said.

The sergeant could be heard telephoning in the adjoining room. He finally stuck his head through the door and said, "He's all right."

"Who killed them?" asked Teichmann. He was startled at the loudness of his own voice.

"Who d'you think?" The medical officer shrugged. "The French, of course."

"The swine!" said Teichmann. "I thought they had signed an armistice. Attacking at night and from behind, the cowardly dogs. Ramer was a friend of mine. Those dirty swine! What's going to happen to them?"

"The most we can do is shoot them," said the sergeant.

"If we catch them," said the lieutenant.

Teichmann seized the captain by the buttons of his uniform. "You mustn't kill them right off; it wouldn't be right. They aren't soldiers; they're murderers. They're —— Where's that Frenchman? My Frenchman? He's not going to be tried by any court! He's mine! I'll ——"

"Take it easy, son," said the medical officer. He laid a hand on Teichmann's shoulder, releasing the captain, who sighed with relief.

La Jaune was shot four days later, along with two other prostitutes and the Frenchman whom Teichmann had caught. She and the other girls had arranged to dismiss the brothel patrons at suitable intervals during the night, so that the murderers should not have too much work at once. The first victim had been the air-force major. The next had been Ramer, and the third had been the engineering officer of a submarine; the French were particularly keen on submariners. Lüttke and the exec had been lucky; they had left the place in daylight.

Timmler, the neurotic war correspondent, was not with Lüttke's submarine on the next trip. He showed everyone who crossed his path a letter from the Reich Motion Picture Bureau, to the effect that he had been ordered to Berlin to write a scenario for a picture about submarines.

Langen, the new engineering officer—the captain had got rid of Winkler—was a strange man. He had a face like a lump of dough and usually kept his mouth open, and thus had a singularly foolish look. But this man, who looked as if he couldn't count to three, had managed to escape from an English prison camp, and, as his paybook revealed, he was the son of a high diplomat.

Two days before sailing, a new first lieutenant came aboard. As he was reporting for duty, Lüttke said in his usual slightly contemptuous voice, "Don't whisper. I didn't get your name."

"Ensign Petersen, sir."

"Damn it, speak up."

"I've got a shell splinter in my throat, sir. I can't speak any louder. The doctors say ——"

"What the doctors say doesn't interest me. I expect you to speak loudly and distinctly."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Timmler, the war correspondent, came to report his transfer to shore duty.

"I should have been happier," said Lüttke, "if you had never been assigned to my boat, Herr Timmler. Regulations require me to give you an endorsement. Here it is."

Timmler blanched as he read from a paper: "While the crew fought, Herr Doktor Timmler wet his diapers. (signed) Lüttke, Lieutenant."

Nevertheless, Timmler was on hand when the submarine put to sea. He strode up and down the pier, lecturing some Red Cross nurses on submarine lore, pointing and gesticulating, and trying to say good-by to the seamen, who ignored him.

The following morning, while the U-boat was running surfaced in the Bay of Biscay, Teichmann suddenly saw a bomb falling toward him; it was coming right for him, round, immense and yellow. He heard a scream, and then there was the clang of metal striking metal.

The bomb struck a yard abaft the bridge. The men of the bridge watch stood as though paralyzed. Lüttke was furious. He spoke in a grating voice, "Get that thing overboard." Then he turned his back to the bomb, as if it didn't exist.

It had grazed the after rail, driven through the wooden deck covering and left a slight dent in the pressure hull. The contact with the rail had deflected it so that it struck with the detonator upward. It was easy enough to unscrew the detonator and deactivate the bomb. With the help of an improvised tackle and two crowbars, they managed to get it overboard in fifteen minutes. Meanwhile the second watch manned the AA guns in case the airplane should return.

Lüttke gave the command to submerge to eighty meters—an unusual depth when the boat was not under attack. It was as though he wished to stage the ensuing scene in his own uncontested domain, so to speak.

He sat in the wardroom. Facing him stood the four men of the first watch. The doors were closed.

"From which sector did the plane come?"

"From mine, sir," said Wittgenberg.

"Bearing?"

"Thirty degrees, sir."

"One question, Wittgenberg. An answer in the affirmative will simplify the whole proceedings. Were you asleep?"

"I regard that question as an insult."

"I don't give a damn how you regard it. I want an answer."

"No."

"What is your explanation, then?"

"I have no explanation, sir."

"Visibility?"

"Four to five miles, sir."

"Atmospheric condition?"

"Hazy. Streaks of mist, sir."

"Elevation of clouds?"

"Three to four thousand feet, sir."

"Very well." The captain's voice grew loud. "With the weather conditions you have just described, you should have seen a plane at a distance of seven to eight thousand yards and an altitude of at least three thousand feet. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir. But the plane was not flying horizontally. It dived and came out of the clouds about five hundred yards ahead, dropped its bomb and went back into the clouds."

"You must have heard the sound of engines?"

"Only as the plane was leaving, sir. Not on the approach."

The captain looked at Teichmann. "Did you hear the sound of engines?"

"Yes, sir." Teichmann paused dramatically. He wanted to torture the captain a bit. "But only after the bomb had been dropped. Up till then the engines were turned off."

When Lüttke asked the two after lookouts about engine sounds, their reply was the same as the exec's. Turning to the exec, Lüttke said, "I will report this incident to Submarine Command. You will take the consequences."

"I will take them, sir."

Suddenly Lüttke began to scream, "You—you—you! What you take or don't take doesn't matter in the least! You don't seem to realize what this means!" He jumped up and sprang at Wittgenberg, roaring, "If what you say is true, we can all report to the army for KP! The war's over as far as submarines are concerned! Don't you fools understand that?"

His face was frozen in despair. "Dismissed," he said. "Lunch will be served. Rise to periscope depth. Stand by to surface." The words fell slowly and mechanically; the captain's thoughts were far away. He went into his room and sat down on his bunk. When lunch was served, he drew his curtain.

After lunch, Langen brought the boat up to periscope depth. A little while later Teichmann went into the captain's room, drew back the curtain and said, "The boat is ready to surface, sir."

Lüttke was still sitting on his bunk, rigid as a statue, pondering the problem that he could not solve. There had been rumors that the British had developed a radar search beam that could not be detected by the U-boat's receivers. . . . But that was impossible. Wittgenberg must be lying; he must have been asleep. How else could the plane's approach have been unnoticed?

"The boat is ready to surface, sir," Teichmann repeated.

The captain started up, and dashed into the wardroom. "Wittgenberg," he roared, "you were asleep! All the rest is nonsense! I'm going to have you court-martialed, you ——"

They had never seen him so excited. He was wild with rage. Suddenly, aware that he had forgotten himself, he said matter-of-factly, "And how do you account for the fact that the plane didn't come back?"

"Maybe it was out of bombs," said the engineering officer.

When Wittgenberg came off watch at midnight and the radio book was given to him to countersign, he saw that a secret radio message had been sent, and in the Secret Book he read: "Request court-martial proceedings against Lieutenant (j.g.) Ehrenfried B. Prince von Wittgenberg-Weissenstein for misconduct while on watch. Lüttke."

The exec made his mark in the book.

When they had passed out of the Bay of Biscay, they steered a course a little north of west. Intelligence had reported that a convoy was forming in Boston harbor.

Six days later a radio message from ComSub reported the departure of the convoy and assigned seven U-boats, including Lüttke's, to attack it. The submarines reconnoitered off Boston, searching for their prey. Then an unusual message came in. Addressed to all submarines in the zone, it ordered them to discontinue attacks on escorted convoys in the North Atlantic and to shift to the Middle Atlantic. But when the radioman brought in an urgent message from a submarine that had sighted the convoy, Lüttke gave orders to head for it. For him there was no such thing as retreat before an escorted convoy.

None of the men on the sub were green hands, and all had been through more than one attack on a convoy. And yet a shudder ran through every last one of them when, soon after four A.M., the chief quartermaster reported from the bridge, "Shadows bearing two four zero."

The targets were distant about 4000 yards. "Battle stations!" Lüttke called down the tower. A moment later the compliance reports of the chief mates could be heard.

Wittgenberg reported, "Torpedoes ready."

The captain gave the order to head for the target. A few minutes later the exec reported "On target," and Lüttke said, "Fire at will." The hearts of the men on the bridge watch pounded like hammers; their eyes bored into the night; with every moment the tension mounted.

The convoy suddenly changed course.

"Break off the attack," said the captain abruptly. "Secure from battle stations below. Bridge watch stand by."

The U-boat moved forward again. The sky was growing light. They had to hurry if they were to attack on the surface.

Since changing its course the convoy had slowed down; the submarine quickly maneuvered into position. Shortly before 0600 the captain ordered battle stations below. So far, they had made out four escorts—a destroyer and three corvettes. The corvettes were at the head of the convoy. The destroyer circled around it like a sheep dog guarding its flock.

Lüttke set a course toward the freighters, but the convoy speeded up, and by the time the correction was fed into the torpedoes the target bearing exceeded 140 degrees and the range had increased.

"Secure from battle stations," said Lüttke. "We'll move up again and attack submerged."

"Aye, aye, sir," the exec replied.

Langen, the engineering officer, trimmed the boat and went to periscope depth. Then they heard the ships of the convoy approaching. The sub lay exactly on their course.

First the corvettes passed over, easily recognized by the high, whirring sound of their speeding screws. Then came the lumbering freighters. Their propellers turned slowly; the tone was an octave lower than that of the corvettes. Lüttke fired a spread of four torpedoes. In less than a minute there were four explosions in quick succession. The men exchanged looks and nodded as though to say, "That's Lüttke's precision work."

The sound room reported sinking noises.

"They must be pretty mad up there," said Langen.

Lüttke called down from the conning tower, "Keep awake, Langen. In a minute I'm going to dive under the convoy."

"I always keep awake, sir."

"Depth thirty meters. Retract periscope," said the captain.

The convoy passed over the U-boat, ship after ship, a gigantic armada. It seemed endless. As long as there were freighters overhead, the escort ships could do nothing to the submarine. The men knew that. But even so, the grinding of all the propellers was disturbing.

The first depth charge let go with a devastating roar and a shock as though a volcano had erupted beneath the U-boat.

The men's faces were distorted with fear. They stared at the deck of the control room and waited. The "sweeper"—that was what they called the destroyer astern of the convoy—must have located them. And a moment later the finger was on them. "Tok." Pause. "Tok." Every man in the submarine knew that that innocent tapping on the hull was as good as a death sentence.

"Sonar beam!" cried the radioman from the sound room. The men groaned.

"Take her down slow to eighty meters," said the captain.

"Down to eighty meters," Langen repeated. He gave the planemen their orders. When they heard the destroyer starting a run, he asked Teichmann, "Do you know this one?" and told a joke.

This time the explosions were close by. Eight depth charges. The submarine was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoroughly shaken up. Everything made of glass was smashed. Water seeped in through the hatches. All the lights went out.

The destroyer had them in her sonar beam and was tapping the hull briskly. She could be heard starting another run. Lüttke ordered hard right rudder and both engines ahead emergency. The submarine was now fifty-five fathoms down.

Twenty-one depth charges went off. The explosions lasted half a minute. Several rivets popped in the engine room. Water spurted through the holes, hissing as it struck the hot engines. Steam spread through the boat.

They were going down quickly. Six hundred feet of water was now weighing on the hull; it was making hideous groaning sounds. The sonar beam moved back and forth, searching under the sea; then the destroyer started another run. Huddled in the control room, the men of the U-boat whimpered. And then they screamed, hoping perhaps to drown out the sound of the destroyer's screws.

It was an unequal contest. The destroyer was in every way superior to the U-boat; she was faster and more heavily armed, she had plenty of time and she had an unfailing technical eye. Against such odds, bravery was useless.

All this passed through Teichmann's head as he sat in the control room, waiting for the bombs. And then came hate. He tried to dispel it. No one in the navy ever expressed feelings of hatred. They were sailors, and those men in the destroyer were sailors, and if they had to kill, they did a good professional job of it because it was their trade.

Your hatred is childish, Teichmann said to himself. But this game was nasty and unfair. And it never stopped. The men screamed with fear, and they screamed with rage at their helplessness.

The captain aimed his flashlight at the depth gauge; the needle had hit its lowest stop. "The destroyer people are trying to win a medal," he said.

There were three ships on the surface now, destroyers or corvettes, circling around, dropping their depth charges.

The boat lay eighty fathoms below the surface when twenty depth charges went off at intervals of three seconds. She sank deeper. Water drove through the valves. The pressure hull creaked. When the crashes had ceased, there was a sound that persisted—a dull, thudding sound. Flashlights snapped on. It was the control chief banging his head against the floor.

The lights went out immediately, but the thudding went on. Someone shouted, "Stop it!" In the end the captain had to give an order to Teichmann. He hit the control chief and knocked him out. After a minute, the man came to, screaming; they dragged him aft and locked him in the head.

The boat was going down. The pressure hull was creaking and occasionally popping. Soon the popping sounds became constant. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat." The sounds grew loud enough to hurt the ears. The men no longer dared to breathe. *If it would only happen quickly,* Teichmann thought.

But the end did not come. The pressure hull held. They had sunk below the 125-fathom mark. The hull went "Rat-tat-tat," like a machine gun firing slowly. Everywhere a rivet had popped, a thin hard jet of water poured into the boat, whistling shrilly.

"Langen," said the captain, "you'll have to bring her up a bit."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The soundman cracked next. He screamed, tore off his earphones and lay down, sobbing, in the passageway outside the sound room. The exec took up the phones and listened to the destroyers overhead. The attack went on and on.

The U-boat rose—she actually rose—to seventy fathoms; then there were twelve depth charges that drove her down to one hundred; then she rose again to eighty-five fathoms, and nine ash cans sent her back to ninety-five. Then she rose to seventy-five fathoms, and sixteen depth charges flung her back to one hundred. Sometimes the boat stood almost vertical; the men had to cling to bars, levers, wheels, valves; then she rose again, and then she hurtled down again.

The U-boat rose and sank helplessly under the relentless attack for eleven hours and forty minutes. Then her batteries were spent.

"All hands, stand by for surface battle," Lüttke said. "There are three warships up there. We are going to sink them one after the other."

Langen blew out the ballast slowly and cautiously, alternating between tanks. Slowly the boat staggered upward.

The first part of the miracle was that nothing was stirring up above. The crew became aware of the change when the captain called for the sound bearing and received the answer, "The enemy is not moving."

"But I hear his engines," the captain replied.

"Yes, sir, but the bearing doesn't change."

"He can't stand still with his engines running," said Langen.

"Oh, yes, he can," said the captain. "You don't know about those things."

When the U-boat had risen to twenty fathoms, the whole miracle became clear. The boat rolled from side to side—gently, almost imperceptibly at first.

"Don't go any higher," Lüttke ordered. "Maybe a storm's blowing up. When it's dark up there, we'll surface."

"Yes, sir."

A murmur passed through the boat. It was as though something had come to life in every compartment, as though the men had crawled out of their frozen masks and begun to hope again.

In the next two hours only twenty-seven depth charges were dropped. Some of them were not very close. Then, for thirty-five minutes, nothing happened at all, except that the sound beam touched the side a few times, "Tok," as though to make sure the sub was still there. "Tok." After another half hour, Lüttke went up to periscope depth.

The U-boat tossed and bobbed in the storm; Langen kept his trim by moving the crew from bow to stern and back again.

The captain took a look through the 'scope and muttered, "It's black night." He said, "They're still there, but they've hove to. Stand by to surface."

When the men of the first watch scrambled onto the bridge, they saw a destroyer three hundred yards away, rolling on the crest of a gigantic wave. In this sea the slender destroyer couldn't fight; she had all she could do to keep from capsizing.

The storm raged over the waves. Visibility was no more than half a mile. The men on the U-boat's bridge clung fast and laughed when the sea broke over them. They loved the sea. Lüttke ran away from the destroyer and charged up his batteries. When they were full, he dived and took a heading for the Middle Atlantic convoy routes.

The nerves of some of the crew were shattered. The machinists were in the worst state; they jumped at the slightest unexpected sound, wept hysterically and made ridiculous mistakes. Two key men had to be relieved of their duties. The radioman's hands trembled so he couldn't hold a pencil, and the control chief talked incoherent nonsense that no one could understand.

That night the gyro compass went haywire. Teichmann woke up the chief electrician's mate, who set to work making repairs. Without the gyro it was impossible to navigate for any length of time; the magnetic compass in the control room was swinging wildly and registered considerable deviation.

By the time the morning watch went on duty, the gyro compass had been repaired. Forty-eight hours later, again at night, the helmsman in the conning tower reported that the gyro was out again. It took the electrician's mate until noon to fix it.

A polite youngster named Schofer was a member of the control-room crew, a quiet fellow who attracted no attention except by his height; he was six feet four. But the following night Teichmann caught him meddling with the gyro, and struck his face with the flat of his hand. Schofer fell with a crash. Half-dazed, he tried to rise, but suddenly he cowered as if he had received another blow. Before him stood the captain.

Lüttke's eyes were like blue steel. "Well, Schofer, it looks as if you stumbled."

When no answer came, the captain said slowly, as though it made him sick to talk to Schofer, "In case you didn't stumble, you'll be dead in fifteen minutes. I will convene a summary court-martial. After that, you will stand up on deck and one of the men will fire the twenty millimeter and ——"

"I stumbled, sir."

As far as the captain was concerned, Schofer was no longer there. He busied himself with the chart. After that the gyro compass behaved.

The crew wasn't good for much, and in the Middle Atlantic no convoys turned up, but there were plenty of enemy planes. One whole day was spent in emergency diving. Once the sub remained on the surface to fight, and hit a Sunderland flying boat with the twenty-millimeter, but the shells bounced off the plane's armor like peas off a windowpane, and in departing the tail gunner wounded two seamen.

After cruising the Middle Atlantic for two weeks, the submarine made for Gibraltar and hung around the entrance to the Mediterranean for nine days without sighting anything to attack. At three o'clock in the morning on the tenth day—Wittgenberg, Teichmann and one seaman had the watch, and the night was still black—a searchlight suddenly flashed on them from the sky. It was so white and blinding that they had to close their eyes. Bullets rattled against the hull. When the shooting stopped, something exploded with a gigantic roar and threw them against the bridge coaming. A waterfall descended. Then it was night again, and the plane was gone. The whole thing hadn't taken ten seconds.

Teichmann noticed that the exec was no longer beside him. His foot struck something soft, and that was the exec. Through the hatch he heard the captain shout, "Dive!"

"Get below," Teichmann said to the after lookout. He seized Wittgenberg under the armpits, dragged him to the hatch and dropped him.

The air was expelled from the diving tanks; he heard the water rushing in and felt the boat tip forward and dive. Then came the monstrous din of the negative tanks being blown out, and suddenly Teichmann realized that they had been lucky again.

The boat started for home. There was nothing else to do; too many of the men were out of commission. After Teichmann had described the air attack, the captain sent for a radio message blank and wrote, "Withdraw petition for court-martial proceedings against Lieutenant (j.g.) Prince von Wittgenberg. Lüttke."

The exec had been hit in the legs. The bullets had passed clean through, and his wounds were not serious, but his head was affected. His features were convulsed; he was unable to close his mouth, and spittle ran down his chin. And try as he would, he couldn't eat. He couldn't control his hands. . . .

When the boat tied up at La Pallice, there was a crowd on the pier. Now, in late summer of 1943, it had become a rarity for a German submarine to put into its home port. Out of ten subs that put out to sea, eight were lost. There was a movie actress on hand to welcome them. She had tact enough to keep quiet; she simply went on deck and gave each man a flower from her bouquet.

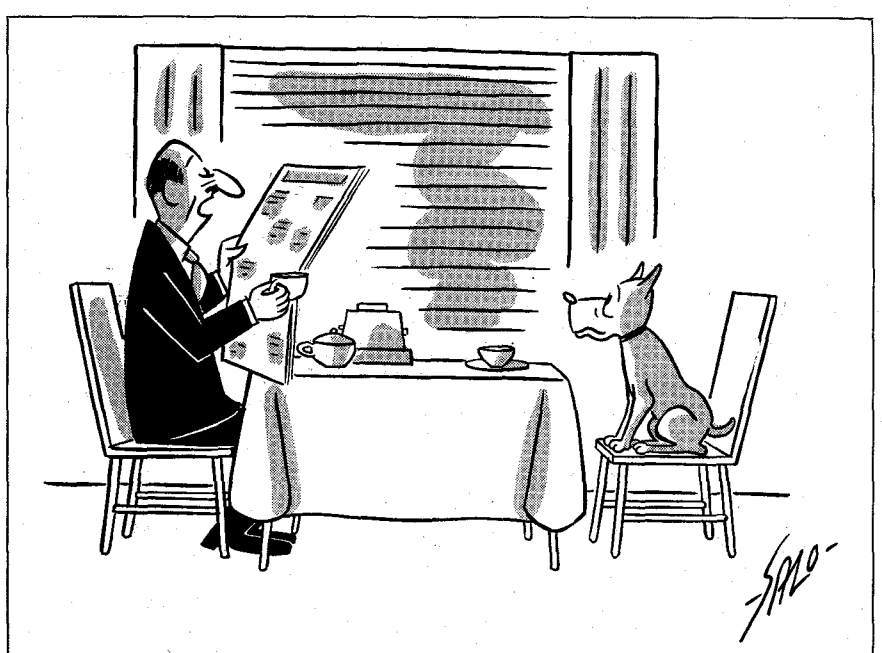
When the crew had left the boat, Teichmann went back on board to get Wittgenberg. The captain was standing by his bunk. He looked at Teichmann as if he were a burglar. "What are you looking for?"

"The exec. I want to ——"

"Clear out. You will please attend to your own affairs."

Teichmann left the submarine pen and walked to the bus stop. As he was waiting there, he saw the captain carrying Wittgenberg ashore.

TO BE CONCLUDED



"If I were you I'd do something for that throat, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Low-Down From Leo (Continued from Page 33)

guy,' and that's Mantle. Mantle did play in some games in this last Series"—as he did in 1955—"but Stengel only had about 35 per cent of him. In other words, Stengel didn't have his big guy, and he got beat again. With Mantle and Skowron in shape, I think the Yanks would have won."

Was Durocher surprised by the sensational performance of the Milwaukee hero, Lew Burdette, who pitched three victories for the Braves?

Leo admitted, "I thought that probably Warren Spahn would be their best pitcher. Spahn pitched some good ball, but he was only able to win one game, and he had a hard time in that one. In a World Series you start off with your best man, and if he doesn't come on for you, you try someone else. Some players seem to rise to the occasion, and Burdette, I guess, is one of that kind.

"Of course," Leo continued, "the Yankees don't face too many pitchers in the American League who pitch along Burdette's line. He's a low-ball pitcher that's No. 1. Then he keeps changing the speed of the ball. I mean he'll throw you a fast ball, then a letup ball and then a screw ball. Then he'll throw you a little slider, then a pretty good curve. He never gives the hitter the same pitch twice in a row. And he's got good control, and he has a lot of heart out there."

Does Burdette also have the illegal spitball, as opponents have frequently charged?

"When I was managing," Durocher said, "I used to holler at him from the coach's box, and I used to accuse him of it. But I know I never caught him throwing one. Neither has anybody else. The umpires watch him as closely as anyone. In the Series the umpires asked for the ball from time to time, and never found anything wrong."

Leo proceeded to sum up the Series as a great team victory for Milwaukee. He singled out such players as Wes Covington, Ed Mathews, Hank Aaron, Del Crandall, Johnny Logan and Frank Torre for individual mention.

"Who did you think was outstanding for the Yankees?" I asked.

Durocher said, "Before the Series, I told some of the Milwaukee ballplayers that as far as I was concerned, the tough ballplayer on the Yankees was McDougald, the shortstop. He'd been primarily a third baseman and second baseman before he moved to shortstop. This is a hard thing to do, Harry. You can be a shortstop and move to second or third, and it will come easy to you, but moving the other way is tough.

"But not only did McDougald go to shortstop, he became probably the best shortstop in either league. He amazed Phil Rizzuto all season long. You know Phil used to be a great shortstop for the Yankees. Well, Phil televised their games last year and watched McDougald every day, and he told me he hadn't realized the fellow was that good.

"McDougald and Bauer, in my opinion, were standouts in the Series. And Kubek had a fine Series for a young rookie. Sure, he made the error that hurt in the last game, but that's part of baseball. Somebody has to make an error. It's too bad that this boy had to make it. He showed great poise."

Leo wasn't finished with Tony Kubek. "In the American League during the season," he said, "the one player they were all talking about on every ball club was Kubek. He started out as a shortstop, then the Yankees put him on third base, and he played great there. Then they put him in the outfield, and he played great. This has got to be a good ballplayer."

The conversation turned to Leo's last team, the Giants. He took them over in midseason of 1948. In 1951 he won a pennant with them, and in 1954 a world championship. In 1955, his final year, they wound up third. Since then the Giants have had two successive sixth-place finishes under Bill Rigney, who recently was signed for another two years.

"What do you think of Rigney as a manager?" Durocher was asked.

Leo responded, "I think he did a lot better his second year than his first. I thought he had a pretty good club in '56, but it was his first year managing in the major leagues, and I don't care how much you've managed in the minors, things are a little different. But this past year, when some of his players were in the service, Bill did a good job, and I think he'll do a better job from now on."

Durocher went on, "As far as I'm concerned you can put the sixteen big-league managers in a hat, shake them up and pull one out, and there won't be a millionth-of-an-inch difference in their baseball know-how. But some managers will play according to the book. They will bunt and play it safe. Others will hit and run. They will do the unorthodox. The greatest thing in managing is what I call the element of surprise. Bill Rigney is that type of manager. He'll play wide-open baseball if he gets the tools to operate with—if the front office can make a few deals for the club."

What about the Giants' move to San Francisco? When Leo was with them, was there any inkling that the club might leave New York?

"Not at all," he said. "In fact, I would've almost bet that Mr. Stoneham wouldn't move. I recall asking him once if he would ever sell the New York Giants and he smiled and said no. He said that as long as there was a Stoneham, there would be a New York Giants, and that he was a New York man and a city man. But things changed considerably when the attendance dropped off to around 650,000. I think he would've liked to stay, but you can't operate a major-league club with that kind of attendance, especially in New York."

Durocher had an even longer relationship with the Dodgers than he did with the Giants—from 1938 to 1948. Was the Brooklyn move to the West Coast a surprise to him too?

"It certainly was. During the early part of 1957 I was in New York and had dinner at Twenty One, and I ran into Walter O'Malley, the Dodger president. We got kidding about the Los Angeles area, where I now live, and I bet him a box of cigars that he wasn't interested in it—never dreaming that he was about to buy the Los Angeles franchise in the Coast League. When that happened a few weeks later he sent me a wire that read, 'Are you listening? Where are the cigars, pal?' "

So much for the exodus of the Giants and the Dodgers from Greater New York. Why did Durocher himself leave New York—and baseball—at the end of the 1955 season?

"Well, Harry, I've been in the game a long time. I wanted to retire after we won the Series in 1954. I wanted to spend more time at home with my family. I had a chance to go with N.B.C. then through a very close friend of mine, Mannie Sacks. But there was still another year on my Giant contract."

"Could you have stayed on with the Giants after your contract ran out the next year?" I asked.

Durocher answered frankly, "I don't know. That's a hypothetical question. I hadn't signed a contract for 1956, and I was never approached on whether I was going to leave or stay."

As long ago as the 1940's, when Durocher was managing the Brooklyn Dodgers of Branch Rickey, there was talk of Leo's switching over from baseball to broadcasting. Leo began devoting so much time to guest appearances on radio programs that Rickey told him he must make "an election of professions" between baseball and show business. Leo quickly elected baseball.

"Were you at all tempted to switch over at that time?" I asked.

"No," Leo said emphatically. "As a kid, No. 1, I wanted to be a major-league ballplayer. No. 2, I wanted to manage a major-league ball club. No. 3, I wanted to win a pennant, and No. 4, I wanted to win a world championship. Well, I got to play, I got to manage, I got to win a pennant"—his first one was at Brooklyn in 1941—"but I never did win a world championship until '54. That was the goal I was striving for. And the Good Lord had His arms around me, and around the twenty-five players, and we won in four straight over Cleveland."

"Do you mean that if you'd won a world championship earlier you'd have quit baseball earlier?"

Said Durocher, "I don't know. But in 1955 I just felt that I'd been in the game long enough."

Did his beautiful wife, actress Laraine Day, influence him in this decision?

"When Laraine and I were married," Leo declared, "she said she would never tell me what to do in baseball and she has never said one thing to me about it in our ten years of married life. When I decided to retire, she cried for a couple of hours. I thought at first she was upset—she'd got pretty interested in the game—but she was crying for happiness. She said, 'I never thought you'd do it. And I'm tickled to death.' "

I said, "You've always had considerable interest in show business, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. All my close friends were in the entertainment business. Tony Martin. Danny Kaye, who used to work out with us on the club. Jeff Chandler came down and worked out with us, and Ricardo Montalban, Frank Sinatra—all the entertainment people. I know most of them.

"In my job now at N.B.C.," Leo continued, "if they want to contact some top star, they'll call me if they feel I might be able to do it a little better or quicker than someone else could. Like in 1956, the first show that Dinah Shore did in October, she wanted Frank Sinatra as her guest star. So I went to New York, spent four or five days there with Sinatra, and then went with him to Atlantic City and spent another three or four days before I even asked him. Because when they asked Sinatra to appear on a show, he was liable to say, 'Yes, for $100,000 or $150,000'—meaning that he didn't want to do it.

"But all I did was ask him if he'd go on the Dinah Shore show, and he said, 'Is this for you, buddy?' And I said, 'Well, it would be a great favor for me, Frank.' And he said, without even mentioning salary, 'Forget about it. You got me.' "

N.B.C. originally signed Durocher in September, 1955. His first winter they experimented briefly with him as a master of ceremonies on the Sunday-night Comedy Hour, and as an actor opposite his wife in a Screen Directors Playhouse presentation.

Critics panned both ventures, and Leo has accepted the verdict. "I'm not an actor or an emcee, and I don't want to be," he said. "As far as N.B.C. and myself are concerned, I'm sure we have an understanding on that."

Because of Leo's failure to develop as an all-around performer, the word got around in the trade that he was a flop in his new career. The baseball Game of the Week helped change that. Recently Leo signed a new two-year contract with N.B.C. Tom Gallery, the network's director of sports, says that Leo has definitely made a niche for himself both as a baseball broadcaster and as a "goodwill ambassador" at public affairs.

Durocher drew an estimated $50,000 salary as manager of the Giants. I asked how his television earnings compare with his baseball income.

"Let me put it this way," Leo replied. "Baseball was very good to me. And I probably owe everything that I have today to baseball, no question about that. But I am doing much better financially at N.B.C. than at any time when I was in baseball."

I inquired, "Did you find things different up there in the broadcasting booth?"

"I certainly did," was Leo's answer. "This was all new to me. I was very fortunate in being able to work with Lindsey Nelson. He took me by the hand and led me around and showed me what to do. Without him I would have been lost."

Durocher telecast baseball for twenty-six consecutive Saturdays last season. Operating in competition with the Columbia Broadcasting System's longer-established Game of the Week (Buddy Blattner and Dizzy Dean), and starting on short notice, N.B.C. was able to get into only four major-league parks last year—Milwaukee, Chicago and Pittsburgh in the National League and Washington in the American League. Still, Leo got to see every contender in both leagues, with the exception of the Chicago White Sox.

"Did the season go pretty much as you expected, or were there some surprises?" I asked him.

"I think those Cardinals were the biggest surprise in the National League," Leo began. "Of course, when you've got a Musial on your club, hitting the way he did last year, I guess you're liable to surprise a lot of people.

"In spring training I was one of those who thought the Milwaukee club would win the pennant. I thought this was the solid ball club, with good pitching, good defense, enough speed and a lot of power, and a real good manager in Fred Haney.

"Some people thought Cincinnati might do it. Birdie Tebbetts is a real fine manager, but I didn't think he had enough pitching to go all the way. It was something like the situation I had when I first went with the New York Giants in 1948. I think Cincinnati must give away some of its power and pick up some pitching."

What about the Dodgers?

"The Brooklyn club stayed in there until the last couple of weeks, but it was one of those things. Campanella wasn't able to hit the way he used to. And I think they missed Jackie Robinson tremendously. He was a great force on that ball club."

Leo proceeded, "I think the Dodgers are going to be in the picture next year in Los Angeles. They've got a great farm system and a fine pitching staff. And some of the fellows on that club they're calling old—you know, I don't think they're that old. Carl Furillo came on strong for a fellow who was supposed to be at the end of the trail. Pee Wee Reese, of course, moved from shortstop to third base. Well, a few weeks before the end of the season we did a game between

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brooklyn and Milwaukee, and the newspapermen traveling with the Brooklyn club said that Pee Wee was playing third base as good defensively as anybody in the league."

Switching over to the American League, I asked Leo whether he had picked the Yankees last year.

"I did," he replied, "like probably 999 out of 1000 people. I remember in Washington right after the All Star Game I interviewed Casey Stengel on my pregame show, and I said, 'Well, Case, how's it going? Is everything all right?'

"He said, 'We played like a lot of shoemakers in the first half of the season, but we're in front. How we're here, I'll never know, but now I think we'll win it. I've got a real good pitching staff. I've got the best fellows in the infield in baseball to pick the ball up.' He said—and this was one of his remarks I got a great kick out of—'If my pitchers will just pitch the ball down low so my infielders can pick it up, we'll win.'"

Durocher went on, "Maneuverability—that's Stengel's word. You're not a one-position man when you play for him. Berra, the catcher, he winds up in the outfield for a couple of games. Howard is a catcher, and he's in the outfield. Collins is a first baseman—he's in the outfield. All his infielders can play all the positions, and do a good job. He maneuvers with his men and two-platoons them. I think he's just great."

As for the rest of the American League Durocher picked Baltimore and Detroit as the two clubs most likely to advance next season. He named some of the new players in both leagues who impressed him most during 1957—pitchers Moe Drabowsky and Dick Drott, of the Chicago Cubs; third baseman Frank Malzone, of the Boston Red Sox; and second baseman Bobby Richardson, of the Yankees.

"Did you get to see Jack Sanford pitch for the Phillies?" I inquired. Sanford had a nineteen-and-eight record, and was named the National League's rookie pitcher of the year.

"I'm glad you brought that up, Harry," Durocher said. "The first time I saw Sanford, his manager, Mayo Smith, told me, 'He's got as good a fast ball as there is in the league, a real good curve ball, he changes up real well. And as good as he will look to you this afternoon, he is twice that good under the lights.' Sanford beat the Milwaukee club that day, 3 to 1. Gave them four hits.

"There were some other good-looking young ballplayers on the Philadelphia club—Farrell, Cardwell, Bouchee, Anderson. Of course, their big pitching powerhouse, Robin Roberts, didn't have the year that he generally has, and that hurt them."

"What's happened to Roberts? Has he lost the edge off his fast ball?"

Durocher's answer was yes. "As many innings as Roberts has pitched every year throughout his career in the National League, it's only natural that he would lose something off that fast ball. According to the players I've talked to in the league, at certain times last year he pitched almost as fast as ever, but as a general rule he's lost quite a bit. Robin Roberts used to pull his belt up when he got in trouble and fire that fast one at you, and he was real tough to hit. Whether he'll change his style now, I don't know."

During Durocher's last years with the Giants, his special favorite was Willie Mays. I asked Leo whether he still rates Mays as highly as ever.

"Yes," he said emphatically. "This past year Willie had to come back from what for him was a poor season. He didn't hit .300 the year before. Well, he came back and hit .333, he got thirty-five homers, he drove in nearly 100 runs, and he led the league in stolen bases again with thirty-eight.

"Quite some time ago I made the statement that if Willie Mays were to hit .325 or better for four or five years in a row, he very well could be the best ballplayer we've ever seen. A lot of the newspapermen said I was going overboard, and how could I compare him with a Mantle or a Musial? Well, those fellows are great players and have great records, but Mays can do things the others can't do.

"It's always been my opinion," Durocher elaborated, "that there are only five things you can do in baseball to be great. And that's hit, hit with power, run, field and throw. Joe DiMaggio could do it all. The man we have today who can do it all, as far as I'm concerned, is Willie Mays.

"As a hitter, Ted Williams is the finest we've had in the last twenty years. But Ted can't do the things that DiMaggio could and Mays can. Of course, he doesn't have to. This is a great hitter. And I want to add one thing about Ted. You know, you've heard so many things written and said against him. Well, you can't find one ballplayer in either league who'll say one bad thing about Ted Williams. They all like him."

Speaking of Ted Williams, Lindsey Nelson tells a story about the time Leo interviewed Ted on his pregame program last summer. Says Nelson, "Leo asked him, 'Ted, how is it that you've had so much trouble with newspapermen?' And Ted said, 'Why, I haven't had half as much trouble with them as you have!'"

From time to time there have been rumors that Durocher would return as a baseball manager. He has variously been reported as headed for the St. Louis Cardinals, the Milwaukee Braves, the Chicago Cubs. At the end of the 1956 season, Hank Greenberg, then general manager of the Cleveland Indians, openly conferred with Durocher.

I asked whether he ever expected to manage again.

Said Leo, "I hate to sit here and say to you that I would never go back to managing. I'll answer it this way: I will never put the uniform on again for a salary, no matter what it is. Laraine and I are in such a high tax bracket that I couldn't keep much of it anyway. If I had a part ownership in a club or I could invest my money in it, so that after three years or five years or whatever I had a capital gain sitting there that I knew was mine, then I could be interested."

I wanted to know how many clubs had actually made overtures to him.

"Well, you know that Cleveland approached me," he said, "and then there were a couple of other cases where I wasn't approached directly by the club, but by people who were close to the club and gave me to understand that they were authorized to speak to me. And I wasn't interested at all, not that the money they offered wasn't very flattering. In fact, I'm not worth that kind of money as a manager. I told them, instead of paying me all this money, to put it in the ball club somewhere, so I could take it later on as a capital gain. But they didn't want to do that."

Leo currently works out of the N.B.C. Studios in Burbank, California, and lives in Beverly Hills. He and Laraine have two adopted children—Michele, fourteen, and Christopher, twelve.

"What's your wife's schedule these days?" I inquired.

Leo answered, "Her schedule is mostly to get up and lie around the swimming pool—lie in the sun, swim and do very little. She does exactly as she pleases, Harry. She only does television when she wants to. If a picture comes along that she wants, fine. But her career is mostly in television today."

Does young Christopher show any signs of being a ballplayer?

"No," declared his father. "He plays in the Little League in Beverly Hills, of which I am a director. He's played center field, and he uses a glove that Willie Mays gave him. You know the basket catch that Willie makes, where he puts his glove down in front of him? Well, the first game that I attended, a high fly went up, Chris put his hands down in front of him, and he never touched the ball. It just hit him on the foot and bounced away.

"So when we were going home, I said, 'Son, it's much easier to catch the ball if you catch it before it passes the level of your eyes. Keep your hands above your head, and you'll catch the ball much easier.'

"And he looked at me like I had a hole in my head, and he said, 'That's not the way Willie taught me.' So you see, it doesn't make any difference how many years I spent in the game. Willie Mays is his idol. And rightfully so. I don't blame him."

As background for my visit with Leo Durocher, I followed him around during one broadcasting day. It was the next-to-last Saturday of the season. The Milwaukee Braves, then five victories away from clinching the pennant, were meeting the Cubs at Wrigley Field, in Chicago, at 1:30 P.M.

Durocher was out at the ball park before eleven. He had in tow a personal friend, Cornwall (Corny) Jackson, of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, and his N.B.C. colleague, Jim Simpson—substituting that day for Lindsey Nelson, who was down in Texas for a football broadcast.

Leo spent about an hour in each team's clubhouse. Outsiders who assume from Durocher's embattled history that he is unpopular among baseball men would have been surprised by the cordial reception he got. And while en route from one clubhouse to the other he was warmly hailed—believe it or not—by an umpire, Tom Gorman, who invited Leo into the umps' quarters to bat the breeze for a few minutes.

Jim Simpson did the play-by-play broadcast for the first three innings that day, with Leo interpolating occasional remarks and also handling the between-innings commentary. Then Durocher and Simpson switched roles for the remainder of the game.

Sitting in the broadcasting booth and listening to him, it seemed to me that Leo did a very creditable job. His voice came through loud and clear, just as it used to when he was riding somebody from the dugout, but his tone was pleasant and good-humored. He came up with a good quota of sprightly and informative side remarks.

When Joe Adcock beefed about a strike call, Leo observed, "Joe has a little something to say to Dusty Boggess, the plate umpire, but that will avail him nothing. From experience I know. He's liable to wind up in the clubhouse."

Adcock hit home runs his first two times at bat. When his third turn came around, the Cubs held a conference at the mound.

Leo declared, "They're probably saying, 'Whatever you threw to him the first two times, don't throw it again.' There are two ways to pitch to this fellow. Under the plate or behind him. Just don't throw it over there."

Four home runs were hit during the game. After the third one, Durocher explained, "The wind is blowing out today. It's very seldom you'll find the wind blowing out like this at Wrigley Field. Usually that wind comes in from the lake right toward the hitters."

The Cubs' slugging star, Ernie Banks—then in a close race for the 1957 home-run title with the eventual winner, the Braves' Hank Aaron—drew walks on his first two appearances. Banks came up for the third time in the seventh inning with a man on first and the Cubs trailing, 4–2. The first three pitches by Bob Buhl were balls. The home fans began booing.

Said Durocher, "The fans think Buhl is walking this fellow on purpose. He's not doing that at all. He just doesn't want to give him anything good to hit. If you take a chance with Banks, one swing could tie the score." On the next pitch, Buhl caught the outside corner for a strike. On the pitch after that, Banks rapped a double-play grounder to short.

Leo has not lost his zest for baseball. When Red Schoendienst performed brilliantly as middleman on a double play to break up the last Cub threat in the eighth, Leo enthused about it on the air. Then, surrendering the mike between innings, he turned and whispered to a companion, "Great play by Schoendienst! Great play!"

And this is Leo Durocher today—a baseball man turned broadcaster. Is it a new Leo Durocher? Is there nothing left of the old Leo Durocher, who, tradition had it, would stop at nothing to win a ball game?

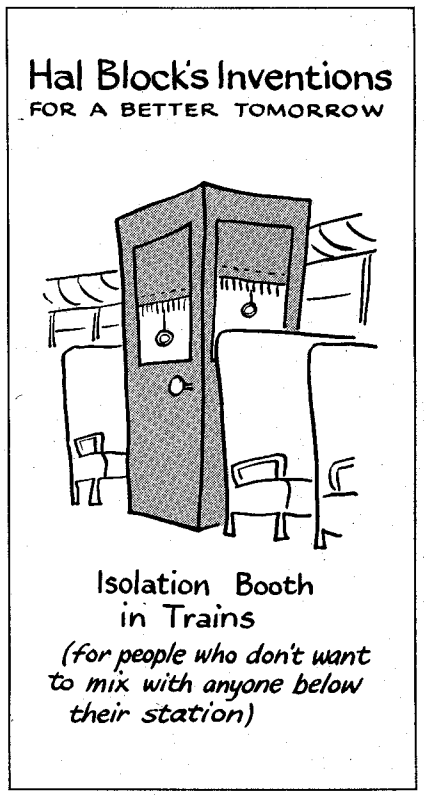
Well, here is one last tape-recorded Durocher quote. I am giving it from memory, since it was recorded not during my own visit with Leo, but by N.B.C. technicians in the broadcasting booth one Saturday afternoon in Milwaukee. This was during the early-September slump which threatened to cost the Braves the pennant.

The Braves lost again that day. Leo closed the broadcast with remarks to the effect that the Braves couldn't seem to get loose—that they needed some sort of lift.

Then the program went off the air. The tape recorder played on. Durocher began talking to the people in the booth.

"If I was managing that club," he said, "you know what I'd do? I'd have the pitchers throw behind the hitters. Then the other club would get mad and start throwing at them. Then they'd get mad themselves. Maybe there'd be a fight. That would wake the whole ball club up!"

THE END


Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW
Isolation Booth in Trains
(for people who don't want to mix with anyone below their station)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Can Always Escape (Continued from Page 19)

instructions in a language that was strictly foreign.

"I'm gonna open in one and go to three with a cyclorama backdrop. I want a purple spot in the rear and a pink on my partner." While I was trying to understand that, a juggling act would come in.

"You catch the hoop, kid, at the end of the first routine, and fix me up a breakaway chair for the second."

There was never a dull moment. There are numerous problems when you try to convert a movie house to vaudeville. The curtain kept sticking. It was always a stunt, hanging spots on the balcony, redressing the legs—side curtains—rewiring spots fast. All the stuff dad had taught me came in handy; I just applied it on a bigger scale. Sometimes I'd overload the current and blow the whole place out. Mr. Wells was patient—and he paid me eight dollars a show.

But I had my eye on the big time. Every Saturday I'd go to Los Angeles to the office of producer Homer Curran, a big, bald, jovial man who bought the Coast rights to successful Broadway shows and brought them west. He would come into his office about eleven on Saturdays.

"Mr. Curran, I'm Gwyllyn Ford. I want to act."

"Well, boy," he'd say, "I'm getting a play from New York next week. I'll star you." And he'd laugh his big good-natured laugh. He called me "the great Welsh actor from Santa Monica." But one Saturday he told me to run to the library and get a copy of The Children's Hour.

"Herman Shumlin's coming to town. He's going to have readings. I'll have him see you."

I read the play and was confused. What part could there possibly be for me?

"How about the grocery boy in the third act?" said Mr. Curran.

Three lines! I hadn't even seen it.

There were a dozen or more of us at the theater to try for the grocery boy. Mr. Shumlin looked us over. "What else can you boys do?" he asked.

No one said anything but me. "I can stage-manage," I said. "And I'm a fair carpenter."

"Good. The rest go home. You're the stage manager, Ford. On the side you'll be the grocery boy."

That was it. I was stage manager of The Children's Hour. After that, I was stage manager for Golden Boy, and once during each performance I ran across the stage with a bucket and sponge yelling, "It's a knockout!" I was launched in the theater because my dad had taught me to monkey with electric wiring and fix things, something I could do with ease and confidence, something I do to this day with pride and a sense of relaxation.

That isn't hard to understand if you know the Fords. They're a proud family, with a long tradition and a life rooted in the Canadian Northeast. The tool chest under the stairs at the family home at Portneuf, Quebec, was the chest my grandfather and father played with. The music box that played me to sleep—I still have it, and it still plays—played for my grandfather's father and my grandfather and my father and me.

I was born in Quebec City, twelve noon, May 1, 1916. Three days before I was born, the apartment house my parents lived in burned to the ground while water froze coming from the fire hoses. Dad carried my mother down a ladder from the third floor and to the Jeffrey Hale Hospital, where I was born. From there we went to Portneuf. We found a home of our own in Quebec City within a month, but the ancestral Ford place was always a second home and it holds the bulk of my early memories. Life there was rugged. The men built their own houses, the women made their own butter, the kids hauled in wood. Everyone did everything—fed stock, lugged water, soled their own shoes. It was a wonderful place to be a kid!

Three or four miles away was Glenford, site of the family paper mill, a picturesque little glen that had been given its name because almost everyone who lived there was a member of the vast Ford family. My dad was one of twelve. When the whole family sat down to dinner, there were twenty at grandma's table. We toasted bread over the open fire. All the sausages and meats were raised and cured on the family farm. We brought in firewood, cleaned out the potbellied stove, fed chickens and hogs. We hunted and learned to clean a gun. We had venison—shot it ourselves. We fished. The streams were virgin then, and a six- or seven-pound trout was nothing. This was rough, wild country. We'd shoot the rapids in birchbark canoes and toboggan in the wintertime.

Each time a son was born, the Fords planted a pine tree. The whole place breathed pine. Mine is a tall tree now. My cousin Stewart's pine was next to mine. Stewart Bishop, my favorite cousin. He was shot down over Germany on a night bombing mission with the Royal Canadian Air Force, and a week later his great pine suddenly withered and died.

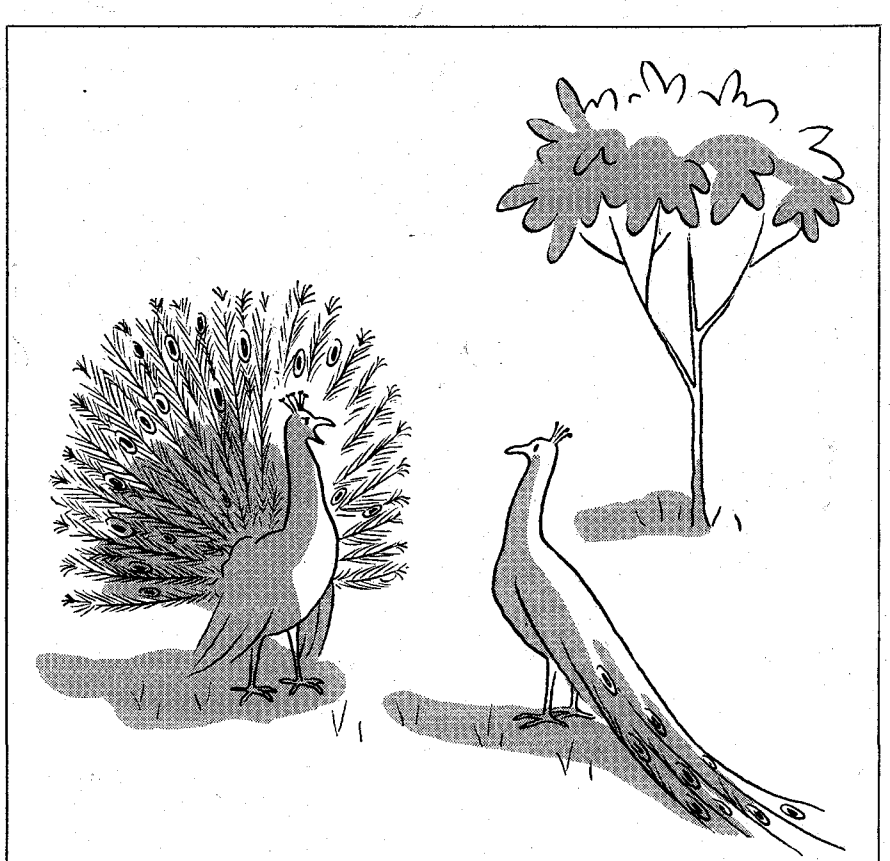
I'm the only one of this family that wandered away into the theater, and they don't exactly understand it. They're down-to-earth people and mine is a business of illusion. So "Gwyllyn's in pictures" doesn't mean much to them. They understand marriage and having a child and building rooms onto your house, and cleaning the carburetor of your car, and Ellie's Sunday-school program. But take them through a movie studio and they're mainly interested in the back lot. The thing that impressed my uncle most was a band saw he spotted in the carpentry shop at M-G-M.

I'm proud of the Fords. I'd have quit show business rather than change my name. And don't think that didn't come up at the beginning of the movie career. But I'm ahead of my story.

I spent a good long session in boot camp as a stage manager. In between jobs I'd go back to Santa Monica and find work in a paint store or a glass store or with a roofer or weather-stripper. In weather-stripping you have to rehang doors and windows. Shingling a roof isn't easy if you do it right. Neither is installing glass. Putting in a twelve-by-twelve-foot pane of glass is a big job. The owner of the store with whom I installed plate glass was an expert; I should have paid him for all I learned. I get a kick out of seeing our big windows still standing in Santa Monica. I'd been working at jobs like these during high school and after, but work got harder and harder to find. People were afraid to hire me because they knew I'd quit to join any show that would take me as stage manager—two weeks in Los Angeles, two weeks in Santa Barbara, two weeks in San Francisco.

Soliloquy, with John Beal, was my nemesis. It fell so flat in San Francisco that we were stranded and I went to work as stage manager in a burlesque show at the Capitol. Twelve shows a day, including the indescribable Tassles La Tour—and I'd never seen a burlesque show before! After a few months, the producer dug up some money and Soliloquy played Los Angeles and headed for Broadway. We opened and closed in three days. I remember walking down Fifth Avenue on Christmas Eve, 1938, with fifteen cents in my pocket, too proud to write home for money. Christmas carols were spilling into the street, and I'd never felt so alone in my life. I went into an Automat, spent ten cents on pumpkin pie, then went really wild and gave my last nickel for ice cream on top of it.

I had a chance to try out for the part of Leo in The Little Foxes, but I never stayed. I went back to the Coast on borrowed train fare because talent scout Tom Moore had needled Twentieth Century-Fox into offering me a screen test. The test was a flop, and I not only didn't get the job but Tom Moore darn near lost his. I went back to installing windows.



"Do me a favor. Stop calling me your fine-feathered friend."

CHON DAY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There were plenty of roofs to shingle and plate glass to install, and weather stripping. For fun, I fooled around with automobiles. One of the fellows had an old car, and we kept it running and shared expenses. I also kept on with the little theaters, building scenery, building props, rigging lights.

A year or so later, Tom Moore called me again. He wanted me to come back to Fox for another test. "I'm testing for a part," he told me. "As a favor to me, Gwyllyn, I'd like you to do the test with me."

My boss gave me a couple of hours off from installing glass. I went to the studio in my leather work jacket, needing a shave, and didn't pay much attention to what happened. I didn't really notice that Tom played most of the scene with his back to the camera. The next day I was a movie actor.

I got the lead in Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence. The director didn't want me and told me so. He gave me the cruelest time of my life on that picture, and without another outlet I'd have been sunk. At night I built things like a demon. I never told my mother and dad what was happening. I just hammered and sawed and sanded on some bookcases and would go back to the studio the next day with my fists clenched.

After that, I was signed at Columbia. The one hitch was my name. They didn't think much of "Gwyllyn Ford." One day the studio head called me. "Where is the studio located? Gower Street? Well, you're John Gower." I laughed that off and found a name of my own. Remember Glenford, the mill town in Quebec where my dad was born? I just added an "n" to the Glen and sailed into a stream of B pictures, determined to be a credit to a family of self-sufficient people. That was the last of my career dad was to know about. He died suddenly of a heart ailment, leaving a painful gap in my life. But he left me with something, too—my hands.

They stood me in good stead during the years I spent in the Fleet Marine Corps, three of the best years of my life. My knowledge of guns paid off, and better than any Oscar was the tribute of tough platoon sergeant Red Murphy, who took me behind the tent the last day at boot camp and told me, "Ford, I'd decided not to like you, a damned Hollywood actor. But I'll tell you straight, you're a damned good marine."

After the war I made a couple of promising pictures, then settled back into the old "B" rut. Few actors have survived as many bad pictures as I, and the only thing that made it bearable was the fact that I had my old safety valve. During the war years I had married Eleanor Powell, then top dancing star in the world. When she felt that our marriage and our son needed her at home, she became not merely a lady of the house but a true housewife, one who does her own cooking and housekeeping and who expects a guy to build shelves and fix wires and add rooms to the house. There was always plenty to do.

When Peter was small, we bought our present home, a beautiful old house on three and a half acres in Beverly Hills. It had been allowed to run down and the grounds were a wilderness. I took out dead trees and shrubs and cleared the property. Then I planted every kind of fruit trees you can name. I built retaining walls of concrete blocks. Next came a room over the garage for an office and workroom. This meant flooring and partitions, putting in fixtures, hanging doors and windows. There was no plumbing. I put that in, but needed help running the pipe up. I had a licensed electrician come to approve (*Continued on Page 52*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

punishing twists and turns require the best blowout protection:

TOUGH NYLON CORD TIRES

Drivers are getting the message about nylon. The number of cars equipped with nylon cords grows rapidly each year. What convinces them? The extra blowout protection nylon provides against the most frequent causes of tire failure.

Take flex strain. Nylon's high flexibility enables tires to absorb endless twists and turns . . . to take the sharpest curves the road can throw with less risk of rupture. Stronger, cooler-running nylon cords are your most dependable barrier against tire weakening road shocks and bruises . . . heat build-up. Exceptionally moisture-resistant, nylon prevents cord rot due to water seeping in through cuts. Add it up: your tire dollar buys more safety with nylon than with any other fiber cord.

Today a growing share of the nylon yarn going into tire cord is produced in the only wholly unified nylon plant in the country, under the most modern production facilities, by a major nylon yarn supplier: The Chemstrand Corporation.

CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON - Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER — Decatur, Ala.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 50*) the wiring. Then some paint and a carpet. Next, I turned our basement into a playroom with paneled walls and shelves.

For years I'd been ordering four-by-fours from a lumber company. Once I ordered twelve pieces six feet long, and 125 running feet of twelve-foot lengths, all two-by-twelve. Mr. Simmons of the lumber company called.

"What do you want all this for?" he said.

"Shelves."

"You've been ordering stuff for years. I'm coming over to see what you do with it."

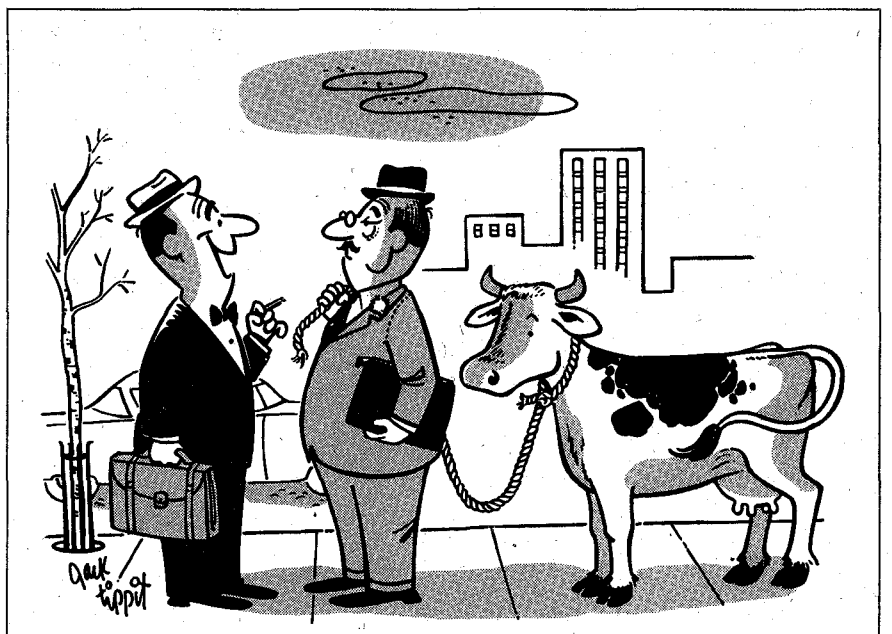
He came and viewed with some surprise the big shelves in the garage for trunk storage. Since then, Mr. Simmons has figured I'm a little crazy, but he's used to it. I built a cabana alongside the swimming pool, a dressing room for the kids, a storeroom for the kids, a shower for the kids, then a big house out back which we call the "trunk room," where we store luggage, trunks, skis, electric fans and camping equipment. That gave Ellie an idea, and she asked for a "mothball closet."

"Think of the money we could save on cold-storage bills for furs and blankets!" So I built another small house, cedar-lined, where she stores winter clothing, ski clothes, camp clothes, winter blankets and bedspreads. The house cost more than the cold-storage bills for several years, but any minute it'll start paying for itself. There are hardwood floors in all these buildings. I finished the floors, and roofed the houses with tarpaper; they'll stand.

A lot of things I build are Pete's ideas. He came home from a church bazaar once with two baby chicks, New Hampshire Reds. Soon we had a dozen. The next thing I knew, I was coming home from a location trip with some Auster Whites. I fenced in a section of the yard, read Government circulars and built a scientifically designed coop. Pete's job was to keep it clean; in turn he was paid ten cents an egg. As the hen population multiplied, his pay went up to a buck a week plus the market price on eggs. We dispensed eggs to all our friends and neighbors. Maybe that's why Fred Astaire and James Mason were such good sports about the five A.M. rooster tune.

One night we all awakened to a terrific din. A fox had swooped down on the chicken house and killed some chicks. And the next night, and the next. For three nights I sat outside with a rifle, stalking that fox. I finally got him, but not before he'd depleted our livestock. That was the beginning of the end for the Fords as city farmers.

Whatever frustrations there were in my professional life, I always found fun and relaxation working around the house. I had never fought for what I wanted in pictures. That's probably why, when I asked for a rewriting of my contract in 1953, Columbia just about let me have my own way. We agreed that I owed the studio five more pictures and could free-lance as I wished. One of the free-lance jobs was Interrupted Melody at M-G-M, where I got a chance at a whole new career. I was signed to a contract and given Blackboard Jungle, Trial, Ransom, The Teahouse of the August Moon, and Don't Go Near the Water. Coming up are The Tunnel of Love and Imitation General—the kind of pictures I'd gladly make for nothing. No, I'd better not say that.



"Say, J.B., what's this I hear about you getting an ulcer?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I've been in this business nineteen years, but I've never gone along with accepted patterns. I've been at the Mocambo once and Ciro's once. Now that I'm in the kind of dramatic pictures I've wanted, it's like playing in a high-stake poker game and you're at the no-limit table. There's no time for social whirling. I've always had a bone to pick with actors who say they can "throw off a part." No good actor can.

Suppose you're playing the teacher in Blackboard Jungle. Can you come home, put on tails, go to a champagne dinner, eat pheasant under glass, breathe the aroma of good cigars and lovely perfume, come home in a glow of well-being—and then wake the next morning to be a teacher with serious problems at home and at school, living in an atmosphere of stark reality? No actor worth his salt could do it. If they say they can it's because they want to sound untemperamental, but it's the bunk. The minute you have a script in your hands, you start living it.

What can balance your life is not only play but hard manual work. This isn't a matter of throwing off a part; this is a matter of relaxing between parts, working off all the tension and emerging new and fresh and ready. That's why I like a month between pictures—a month to work with my hands.

After 3:10 to Yuma I built our patio barbecue. I'd built outdoor fireplaces before; for ideas, I consulted a book on barbecue pits. Once I'd found about what we wanted, I drew a plan, figured how many bricks to the foot and went to the brickyard. The back of my car takes a hundred bricks. I paid Pete a penny each to haul 'em from the car to the patio. Pete helped a lot on the bricklaying, and I hope I gave him a few elementary pointers.

After the barbecue, I added some new pipe to my home cooling system and I'm still tinkering with that. I didn't just air-condition the place—I made it into a walk-in icebox!

Another of my between-picture jobs is caring for the wood in our living room. This was a cold, modern, forbidding room when we bought the house. We changed that with paneling and bookshelves for my collection of first editions. I love wood. It's the most beautiful thing in the world, and waxing it properly takes a week. You wax, then let it stand overnight, rub it down, wax again, let it stand, and on and on. I learned the secrets of waxing when I was in England, where the beautiful old woods have been rubbed for generations. I also dress the books, with leather dressing first, then with petroleum jelly.

Between 3:10 to Yuma and Cowboy I spent my month off helping Pete build a clubhouse. At least I call it a clubhouse. He calls it a fort and said it had to be complete with machine-gun mounts on the roof. Pete's clubhouses have a history.

When he was seven, he begged for one and I built a dream of a thing. It had a boy's workshop equipped with tools, it was rigged with electric lights and was wood-paneled. He and his pals were delighted—for about a week. Then nothing. I'd made a mistake. I'd done it *for* him; it wasn't his. It became my workshop. About a year later, when he started talking clubhouse again, I told him to go ahead, there was plenty of old lumber; he and the kids could build what they wanted. The result was a tumble-down shack, strictly awful, but they enjoyed it until it virtually fell apart.

Now Pete's twelve, and this time we built the house together. It measures twenty by sixteen and has two stories. It has two bunks and a barbecue pit and a flagpole. It was all done with lumber and tarpaper left over from the other houses around the place.

I've always had fun with Pete. When he was little we made up stories about Morris the Mouse and about Richard the Midget who lived in the clock. But now he's a big kid and I find him for the first time a real companion on the do-it-yourself routine. When I work on my car, realigning wheels, cleaning the carburetor and spark plugs, he helps. The car doesn't always run afterward. I have to do a little jiggling and realignment after he's gone off with the kids; but my dad probably did the same in the old Willys-Knight days.

I've always wanted companionship and understanding with my son; and working with him on the car, on the new clubhouse, I know it's happening. He's got the feel of tools and the elation of using them.

One day recently he rushed into the house and threw his arms around me. "Gee, dad, those secondhand windows for the fort are neat!" he yelled. "When do we start hangin' 'em?"

I felt as if life had come around full circle that instant. You know what I mean? There's the man's work for which I caught enthusiasm from my dad. Now Pete seems to have caught it from me. And I'm glad. I know what it is to have a feeling of security in your own hands.

What a Way to Treat a Dog! (Continued from Page 27)

mostly to order, except the raincoats and rain hats, which are bought from a manufacturer. When the orders come by mail Miss Kruger directs that muslin patterns accompany them. Her seamstresses, who work on commission, are headed by Jèana Skelton, wife of the dean of Briarcliff Junior College, a girls' school at Briarcliff Manor, New York.

The ladies are required, at times, to fashion the weirdest dog costumes on record. This is for what Miss Kruger calls her "gee-whiz," or "special special" business. It includes such things as straw hats with feathers for the Easter parade and even get-ups for fancy-dress affairs. The fancy-dress costumes are made for an annual benefit at the Hotel Pierre. With straight faces, Miss Kruger and her seamstresses made costumes for a white miniature bitch and a black male, called Comme Ci and Comme Ça, who went as "Day and Night." The lady wore a yellow velvet coat with leggings, and attached to her collar was an upright that supported a golden sun. The sun hovered over her head like a halo. Her escort wore a coat of black velvet, with leggings, the ensemble covered with stars. He had a moon over his head.

Another creation was a jockey costume for a black miniature named Etcetera. He wore a red satin cap, white satin jacket and green satin britches. And a costume for Coquette, a white minny, won a prize. Coquette went as a French flower vendor. She wore an old brown cap, a green jacket and pants with multicolored patches. She also drew a dime-store cart heaped high with artificial flowers.

Miss Kruger is aware, of course, that many people consider her accessories business silly or outrageous. She shrugs this off. "For years," she says, "such business has been commonplace in Europe or Britain. Now that the demand is here, somebody is going to supply it, and it might as well be me." She points out that she receives forty-five dollars and up for the special costumes. All her business, incidentally, is in cash, despite the almost unlimited credit of her gold-plated customers.

Grooming, of course, remains a steady and profitable item. Besides Miss Kruger, Poodletown has a shop staff of four, headed by Eleanor Lynch, her manager, who also is expert with dogs. The establishment charges from eight to fifteen dollars for a poodle groom, depending on the size of the animal and its condition, except for "show" clips, which begin at twenty-five dollars. The show clip is the one that features closely trimmed hindquarters and the heavy ruff around the shoulders and neck, with the pompon on the tail—the so-called "lion cut." This has been known, some say, since the time of Augustus Caesar, at least. Affected though it may look to many, it seems originally to have been of practical value.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In France, for example, poodles were used as retrievers. They were known as *caniches*. The bare hindquarters helped the dogs to swim more freely; the ruff protected the heart and lungs from cold water in the winter.

The miniatures, toys and other small dogs that patronize Miss Kruger's elegant pound have their own booths, where they await their grooming turn. The standard poodles and bigger dogs of other breeds sit on the floor. In winter their coats, hats, boots, and so on, are checked in the outer room. Some dogs have their own private shampoos, which are left in bottles marked with their names, like shaving mugs in old-time barbershops.

One lady always sends a hamburger sandwich to comfort her standard poodle, Pepe le Moko, during his grooming, while a tender-hearted gentleman left explicit directions for his miniature, Ondine, while he was away on business in Europe. Ondine was living in a boarding kennel that Miss Kruger maintains at White Plains, New York. Checks arrived regularly from her traveling master to supply her wants: seedless white grapes when she looked unhappy, because these always cheered her, and now and then a chicken—white meat only. As Ondine never looked unhappy, it was a nice summer for the human citizens of Poodletown, all of whom enjoy seedless white grapes and chicken.

After the dogs are bathed—two latherings and a spray, just as with ladies' hair—they are placed in a warm drier where they remain until no longer damp. About fifteen dogs are thus serviced every day at Poodletown, and sometimes there is something of a crush, but it is Miss Kruger's pride that she never has had a dogfight in her place or anything approaching one. "You know instinctively when a dog is tense," she says, "and you actually can tell from the facial expression when one is in a bad mood. When you see something like that you naturally are cautious and avoid irritating them."

Not that there have not been incidents; poodle owners are a specialized lot. One gentleman, indeed, actually taxied all the way from downtown Manhattan with his brown miniature, Cognac, to show that the whiskers on the right side of the dog's muzzle had been trimmed one-eighth of an inch shorter than those on the left.

Despite such minor irregularities, Poodletown's clients generally are grateful for the smoothness and efficiency of its operation. Each Christmas, Miss Kruger receives gifts of handkerchiefs, silk scarves, perfume, and so on, and one appreciative poodle named Marceline brought her a handsome transparent plastic belt from Paris. On the belt in raised gold letters was this legend: "*Plus Je Connais Les Hommes Plus J'Aime Mon Chien*," which means: "The more I see of men, the more I love my dog."

She also receives cheeses and food baskets, and a beagle named Fitzgerald once sent her a book inscribed with his paw mark and name, called The History and Care of the Beagle, a scholarly work.

Miss Kruger gets dozens of cards from her clients each Christmas, and she once received a thank-you note from Oliver Kelly on Palace of Monaco stationery. This expressed appreciation for a silk collar-and-leash set she had sent him as a gift. Accompanying the set had been a note expressing the hope that Oliver would be happy in Monaco with his bride, Canella, a beautiful brown miniature just brought over by the prince and princess. Miss Kruger had groomed Canella for Oliver and had made up her trousseau. Oliver said he was ever so happy.

One of the most grateful of Poodletown's elite clients is a neurotic dog named Kimbeau. Kimbeau, a white standard poodle, belongs to a psychiatrist. Despite her learned profession, the doctor could never psychoanalyze Kimbeau. She was, indeed, forced to give him a sedative when her servants combed him, a practice Miss Kruger frowns upon. Kimbeau simply didn't like grooming at all. When the brush touched him he screamed. This, of course, was not a reassuring noise to the doctor's already-troubled patients upstairs. Even the sound of clippers set the animal to howling dolefully. Miss Kruger was appealed to.

Joan took Kimbeau's case on condition that he be sent to her every two weeks. She discovered that he was a frightened dog and surmised that as a puppy he had been abused while being groomed. It was a matter, then, of gentling him to kindness during grooming.

This she set out to do, and gradually Kimbeau became used to Miss Kruger and her staff and understood that they meant him no harm. After that he was quiet during the grooming. Kimbeau now sends Miss Kruger a bottle of champagne every Christmas.

Another well-remembered client of Miss Kruger's is Sambo, a black standard who lives in Greenwich Village. She first met Sambo when she was in the boarding and servicing business in Stamford, Connecticut. Sambo came to stay with her while his mistress went on a vacation.

The first night he was with her Miss Kruger thought there were burglars about. Sambo was running around barking and growling. He did this every night until Miss Kruger returned him to his owner. Only then did she learn that an idiosyncrasy of Sambo's was to run about and bark in his sleep, with his eyes wide open. She thinks Sambo is the craziest dog she has met since she first entered the dog business, in 1946.

Miss Kruger was born in England of a Canadian father and a British mother. The name she goes by now is that of her former husband, Erwin Kruger, a Michigan man. This is because she incorporated her business shortly after her divorce from him and went by that name at the time. She since has been married and divorced from David B. Bandler, a New York stockbroker.

Miss Kruger got into the dog business through her father's sister, Blanche Saunders, one of the most famous dog trainers in America. Joan had come to New York to look for a job that would keep her and permit her to send her daughter to school. She thought of the dog business because it offered an opportunity to work where she lived, which was what she wanted while bringing up her child.

Blanche Saunders operated the Carillon, practically the only poodle-grooming establishment in existence at the time. Miss Kruger was given a small room in the rear of the Carillon premises and the beginner's task of washing dogs. She also was required to be a dog sitter on occasions, sharing her room with some animal whose family was out for the evening. This led to a number of adventures, among them the occasion when a brown miniature bitch named Emily whelped a litter of three while sharing Joan's bed.

It was strenuous, but at least it was a way to learn about dogs. Joan observed her aunt's training methods, read books on training, watched classes at the A.S.P.C.A., studied motion pictures that gave lessons in dog training. Later, with only $500 as capital, she rented a huge Charles Addams type of house in New Rochelle, New York, a suburban town, and started in business on her own as a boarder and servicer. She also went in for training.

Miss Kruger was driven from New Rochelle by a zoning row and in succession had establishments in Garrison, New York, Stamford, Connecticut, and Bedford, New York. Most of her customers were from New York, and while in Bedford she decided, at their urging, to move her business into the city. It was only a step, then, from grooming and servicing to her present lucrative accessories field.

Miss Kruger's training is for urban dogs. She teaches manners. Her classes include both owners and dogs. They are held weekly and last an hour. But she insists on daily homework. She believes that when a dog goes wrong it is usually the fault of the owner, who hasn't the will, or the energy, or the courage, to make his dog obey. The training is, first, to teach the owner to control the dog; second, to teach the dog to sit down and to heel; third to come when called; fourth to lie down when told to; fifth, to stay where he is told to stay.

Miss Kruger also loves to break dogs of bad habits. To break them of jumping up on people, Miss Kruger uses her knee or her foot. "If the dog is big," she says, "I raise my knee as he jumps. This catches him in the chest. At the same time I give the command, 'Down!' The knee throws him off balance, confuses and embarrasses him. If the dog is small, I use my foot—not hard, but with enough force to throw him off balance and confuse him. It always works."

For other infractions, noise and surprise are her weapons, but only at the moment when they have meaning. She frowns on the use of a rolled newspaper bopped across a dog's nose. "By the time you've found the paper and rolled it," she says, "the dog has forgotten what he's done and the punishment has no point." A sharp clap of the hands accompanied by firm scolding is the thing, she believes.

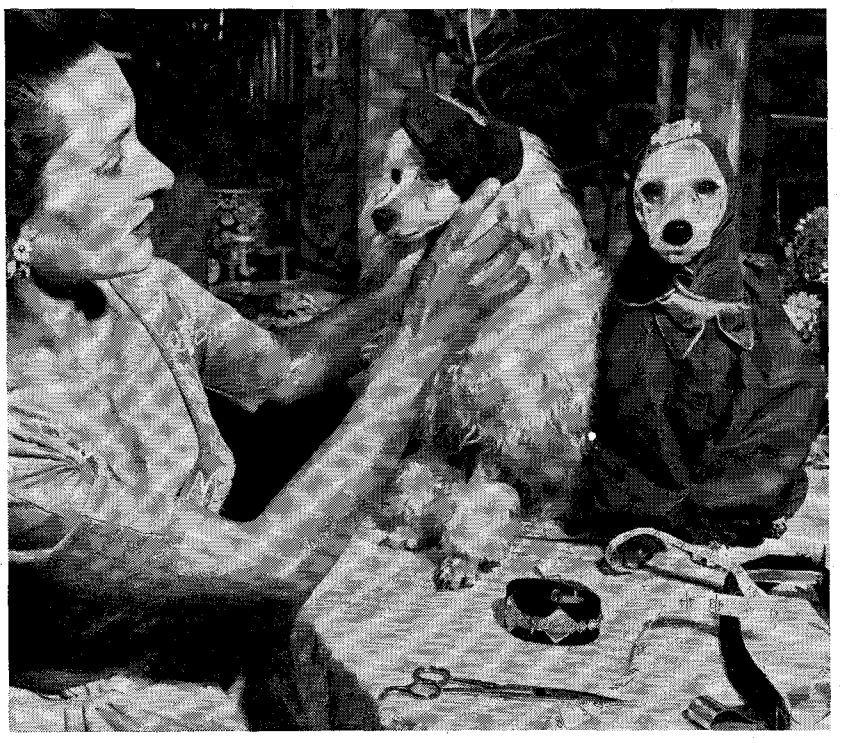
Sometimes more spectacular methods are indicated, as in the case of Pootsie, a silver standard poodle who lives in a duplex suite in a plush hotel. Pootsie had a complex. Like so many dogs, he disliked being left alone, but he had an especially nasty way of expressing his resentment. The furniture in Pootsie's home consisted largely of handsome antiques, among which was a beautiful Chippendale chair upholstered in brocade. To display his irritation, Pootsie, after his master and mistress had gone out, would use this particular chair as a fire plug. Since this did the brocade no good at all, his harassed folks called upon Miss Kruger.

She reconnoitered the situation. One evening she hid in a closet off the room where the chair stood, armed with pots, pans, chains, bells and other clangorous paraphernalia. The family left. All was still. Then, with wicked deliberation, Pootsie descended the stairs. He approached the beautiful chair, sniffed it with anticipation, turned sideways-to, started to lift his leg—when Miss Kruger let loose with pots, pans, chains, bells, and so on. It sounded, she declared, like the disintegration of a large boiler shop.

The poodle did not complete his intention. He leaped high in the air and when he landed he scrambled back upstairs to the haven of his basket. The furniture has been inviolate since then.

Miss Kruger also was called in the case of the icebox robber. This was a champagne standard poodle named Cyrano, who lived in Greenwich, Connecticut. Cyrano, having learned that a refrigerator contains delightful contents, also figured out a way to get at them. He stood on his hind legs and pushed the mechanism that opened the door, thereafter enjoying himself as few poodles past or present ever have. He always did this when left alone. For his owners it became a case of either turning in the refrigerator, which was huge and contained a large freezer unit, or of retaining Miss Kruger. Characteristically, it never occurred to them to get rid of Cyrano. They chose Miss Kruger, who hid in the maid's room off the pantry on a night when the family ostensibly had left. When Cyrano came in for his vengeful raid on the family foodstuffs and started to open the refrigerator door, Miss Kruger began firing blank cartridges from a couple of revolvers she had brought along. She says she is sure Cyrano thought the refrigerator had exploded and that it was his own fault. He hasn't been near the thing since.

Miss Kruger's emphasis on poodles is obvious. The current vogue makes it profitable and the dogs are favorites among people with money. According to records of the American Kennel Club, the breed's registration rose from eighteenth place in 1951 to seventh in 1956 and is still gaining. Miss Kruger also



At Poodletown, New York's fancy shop for fancy dogs, Jèana Skelton outfits a poodle with a jeweled beret. The pooch at right wears a $30 snowsuit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chose poodles on which to build her business because of their ancient and honorable lineage.

Poodles, indeed, seem to have been a favorite of man in all Western countries, and appear in literature and art all over Europe. The name is German in origin: *pudel*, as derived from the verb, *pudeln*, which means to splash in water. This association of poodles, or their ancestors, with water is common to all countries. In Spain they are known as *perro de aguas*, and in England they once were called water dogges. The Latin name among the old Romans was *aquaticus seninquistor*.

But for all that, Miss Kruger did not call her establishment Poodletown in the beginning. Originally she called it Chi-Chi Chien, which is French for "swanky dog." She thought it was pretty hot stuff, and it was under that name that the firm was incorporated, back in 1951, but she switched to Poodletown almost immediately.

This was due to the unfortunate tendency of some people to think that Chi-Chi Chien was something in Chinese. Miss Kruger does not in the least look Oriental—she has big green eyes and fair skin, besides that fiery red hair—yet some people thought she was running a restaurant, and one day a surly man came in with a bag of dirty laundry. After that she changed the name to Poodletown in a hurry.

Recently, as an international dog-accessories mail-order house, she has broadened her field to include many low-priced items in her catalogue, but expensive orders come in from far afield too. A Scottish customer, with a dachshund, a poodle and a Dandie Dinmont, ordered coats for them in his clan's tartan, while an Alaskan couple sent for a suède-and-fur parka for their dachshund.

Miss Kruger is seldom surprised these days at anything concerned with her shop, but she did get a start recently when a man brought in a cheetah, which he announced was a present for his girl, who lived in London.

Now a cheetah is a large and unpredictable jungle cat with the tendencies customarily attributed to such animals. The man wanted this one outfitted with a sweater and coat. Since this, of course, required special fitting, it meant that the animal had to be handled. Joan was not precisely at ease, but she did the job and finished ungouged. Then she sold the man a handsome jeweled collar and leash to match. Thus accoutered, the cheetah was shipped off to London with love.

Miss Kruger says the cheetah was meant to be a surprise. She imagines it was—though whether in the manner the gentleman intended is something else again. She never saw him again, nor did she hear from the girl.

She thinks this may be just as well.

Operation Wildlife (Continued from Page 30)

the pond and wheeled overhead. Beyond it, on the ridge, were some crude platforms set on high stilts.

"Observation towers?" we asked.

"Turkey roosts," he corrected, and jerked a thumb at seven young tom turkeys which were pacing our jeep, craning their long necks and accelerating to a dignified trot when he beeped the horn. "We introduced wild turkey here last year. There weren't any trees on the island, so we hadda scrounge some salvage material and build these stands for 'em to roost on at night." Each supporting pole was incased in an empty fifty-gallon gas drum. "That's to keep the raccoons from shinnying up and gobbling the gobblers."

There was virtually no wildlife on Matagorda when the squadron started its conservation program two years ago. Members chipped in to purchase blue panic and sunflower, meadow foxtail and Mediterranean salt grass, and sow the seed in protected areas. Officers and noncoms together, sacrificing their weekend leaves in Corpus Christi, fenced in over 200 acres of food patches, established 250 quail shelters, created thirty-four fresh-water ponds for nesting waterfowl and erected sixty turkey roosts. Pay-off last summer was the presentation to the 4004th of the Frank M. Wood Conservation Award, and later the Texas Soil Conservation Award, for their efforts to transform a barren bombing range into a wildlife paradise.

Why had Airman Lenendusky just put in for his third successive hitch on Matagorda? "I gotta stay here," he replied, watching the covey of quail scurry back across the stubble to their protective thornbush. "How would them little buzzards ever get along without me to look after 'em?" he demanded, and returned to his planting, humming a snatch of Home, home on the range.

You see strange sights around our Air Force bases these days. Tractors throwing up earth embankments to dam a sluggish stream and create an artificial lake. A bare hillside freshly seeded with clover or winter rye. A state hatchery truck halted beside a bridge, emptying tanks of rainbow-trout fingerlings. A group of airmen in drab fatigues fishing a bass pond that was not there last year.

It's all part of Operation Wildlife, the new conservation agreement signed in Washington last December by Under Secretary, now Secretary, of the Air Force James H. Douglas and the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior. Voluntarily, with one historic stroke of the pen, the Air Force committed all the vast land on its 153 installations in the United States and Alaska—a total of 26,000 square miles, bigger than all our Federal wildlife refuges combined—to a comprehensive program of soil and timber and game management. Conservationists have hailed it as an important solution to the nation's currently critical recreation problem.

This problem has been growing more acute each year. According to a recent Senate-committee report, there are over 25,000,000 licensed hunters and fishermen in the country today, and that figure doesn't take into account all the salt-water anglers or the millions of youngsters for whom a license is not required. More than 200,000,000 visits were paid last year to state and national parks and forests, and an estimated $10,000,000,000 was spent for goods and services in connection with hunting and fishing and similar out-of-doors pursuits. At the same time that public interest in outdoor recreation has been skyrocketing, the space and resources on which it depends have been dwindling almost as fast. The growth of cities and suburban areas, the spreading network of new highways and the usurpation of land and water by private industry have taken a mounting toll of former natural habitats.

A Fish and Wildlife official told us frankly, "The solution has come in the nick of time. There just isn't money enough in the Treasury to purchase all the sorely needed refuges and sanctuaries which this new Air Force program automatically establishes in every state in the Union."

Already Operation Wildlife is a going business. On a recent survey of air bases from coast to coast, we found active rod-and-gun clubs at every installation we visited, engaged in a busy and somewhat bewildering variety of local projects. At Edwards Air Force Base, in California's Mojave Desert, for example, they'd just installed the first chukar guzzler. Edwards is the top-secret Flight Test Center, where the Air Force determines which planes fly highest and farthest and fastest; but the new guzzler was creating more excitement than the latest supersonic prototypes parked on the strip.

"Now read it back to me—I often get an idea or two from your version."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The squadron had just liberated some chukar partridge on the reservation, supplied by the California Dept. of Fish and Game and the guzzler was to provide their feathered guests with drink. It proved to be an artesian well, bubbling fresh water at the bottom of a deep cone-shaped hole in the sand. A series of indentations threaded the slanting sides of the guzzler, like the steps of a Roman bath, down which a thirsty partridge could stroll with the stately dignity of a betogaed senator descending for his morning ablutions. There was only one thing we didn't understand. Why was the guzzler sunk ten feet below the surface of the desert?

"Oh, that's to protect the birds from the bumblebees," one of the airmen explained. We still looked puzzled. "Bumblebees can't walk downstairs," he added patiently. Which only goes to show what you can learn on a trip like this.

Co-operation with the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, and, more important, with the state conservation commissions and the local communities, is the keystone of the new program. They all work together: The Air Force furnishes the land and voluntary manpower; the Fish and Wildlife agency offers technical advice, and the state commissions supply brood stock and fingerling fish and even eggs to restock barren areas on the bases. "It's a three-way partnership," says Assistant Secretary Ross Leffler, new Fish and Wildlife head, "from which we all stand to benefit—and the wildlife most of all."

Across the continent at Maxwell Air Force Base, in Alabama, for example, we found the local rod-and-gun club deep in the incubating business. Maxwell's small reservation is already overcrowded with the Command and Staff School and the Air War College; but somehow the club managed to requisition a condemned World War II barracks and set up a secondhand incubator, donated by an upstate sportsman. The State Conservation Department supplied them with quail eggs; old packing crates were ripped apart to construct brooder pens, and they passed the hat at their monthly meeting to acquire funds for fencing a run behind the club headquarters. A local landowner turned over 1500 acres of fallow farmland, and members in their spare time have been busy planting lespedeza patches for the quail when they are old enough to turn loose. Last but not least, the club informed the stunned owner recently that they propose to treat the area as a sanctuary, and the members have pledged themselves to a man never to hunt within its limits.

How do the neighbors in Montgomery feel about this unprecedented good-will gesture? "Most of our land is posted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around here," a farmer told us, "and we don't even invite our own folks to shoot on it. But just let somebody from the Maxwell club show his membership card, and he'll be welcomed with open arms anywheres he goes."

All of which is a welcome change from the old days when civilians were wont to accuse the military of pre-empting large chunks of the best game country for their private use, and of taking a rather lofty attitude toward law-enforcement agents who questioned their right to shoot, in season or out. Some of this hostility dates back to World War II, when the only thought of the armed services was to get the show over as fast as possible. Bases were thrown up overnight, without regard for the resident wildlife. Recreational areas were taken over bodily, in the wartime crash program, despite the protests of local conservationists. Deer were considered a menace around a runway; a pilot might crack up his plane because a doe and her fawns wandered unexpectedly onto the strip as he was about to set down. Men who might be dead tomorrow were not inclined to pay too much attention to local game laws which interfered with their last chance for relaxation before heading overseas.

One of the aims of the new program, Air Force leaders freely admit, is to overcome these ancient town-versus-base prejudices and build toward a better relationship between service personnel and their civilian neighbors. By developing the fishing and hunting on their own reservations, they hope to relieve the extra rod-and-gun pressure on the adjoining communities and thus remove a prime source of friction. At small strategic bases, where hunting must be restricted for reasons of security, the areas will serve as wildlife reservoirs, to overflow in time and enrich the entire countryside. At a larger base, like Eglin, which sprawls over 500,000 acres in Northern Florida, the public can be invited to share in the annual harvest of the surplus fish-and-game crop.

Eglin is the site of the Air Proving Ground, and sportsmen claim the wildlife's getting tougher every year. Hard-boiled deer barely glance up from their browsing as jet fighters practice their aerial gunnery overhead. Rabbits and wild turkey watch nonchalantly from the cover of the surrounding woods as the aircraft dive low and loose their rockets at prepositioned targets. Quail wait with ill-concealed impatience until the last fighter has pulled up his flaps and headed for home, then move back unconcernedly onto the still-smoking range. Hunters say they won't be surprised any time if the game starts shooting back.

The conservation program at Eglin has been going strong ever since Congress passed a special law in 1949, sponsored by Florida's Representative Robert Sikes, which authorized the base to charge license fees for all sportsmen, both military and civilian, who wished to hunt or fish on certain designated areas closed to gunnery practice. As the annual proceeds were plowed back into the program, the hunting and fishing improved, and license sales went up accordingly. Last year the revenue was more than $21,000; and with these funds the base has been able to plant feed for deer and turkey, stock the ponds with bass and the streams with trout, and develop what the regional director of the Fish and Wildlife Service recently termed "the most outstanding conservation project of its kind in the entire state of Florida."

Nor is wildlife the only resource which Eglin has developed. Walker Spence, civilian expert in charge of the program, showed us mile after square mile of long-leaf-pine seedlings which have been set out on abandoned target ranges and slashed-over wastelands, increasing the timber stand on the reservation by 7000 acres. Eglin even operates its own sawmill—probably the only military sawmill in the United States—which produces some 3,000,000 board-feet of lumber each year for service use. Lookout towers and fire-control lanes aid the forestry staff in their constant fight against accidental burning, and Eglin's annual timber loss due to fire is less than one half of 1 per cent. "That's a better record than our national forests have," Spence pointed out proudly.

He drove us back by way of a fresh-water pond, one of twelve artificial lakes created on the base, stocked with bass and bluegill, bream and crappies. Several airmen with rented tackle were heaving their plugs from a sheltered point; a picnicking service family was grilling some fresh-caught perch at a public barbecue site; a middle-aged sergeant in a rowboat was instructing his young son in the technique of the popping bug. Multiply this scene by 2,500,000—which is the estimated number of active servicemen and their families—and you realize what Operation Wildlife can mean.

"A lot of our Air Force people come from large cities, and have had no previous opportunity to enjoy the out-of-doors," says Gen. Thomas D. White, newly appointed Air Force Chief of Staff and a dedicated conservationist and sportsman. "When an airman fishes a pond he helped to build in his spare time—when he sees a covey of quail flush from a cover that was barren the year before—he comes to have a personal stake in the wildlife he has created. If he leaves the service and returns to civilian life, he'll carry with him a deeper appreciation of his responsibility to protect his country's resources, as well as a more active interest in the game-management problems of his own state."

NEXT WEEK

A Special Post Report on

The Changing Midwest

by John Bartlow Martin

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT MONEY

Curious Facts
About Currency and Counterfeiters

By Beverly Smith, Jr.

I Saw the Algerian Rebels in Action

A Correspondent Reports from North Africa

MY HUSBAND OUGHT TO FIRE ME!

A Candid Housewife
Estimates Her Domestic Worth

In Color:

The Music Hall

Behind the Scenes at Radio City

MY LIFE WITH SEVEN SKUNKS

A Lady's Lovable,
Unpredictable Animal Friends

Conservation education is another and important aim of the new program. Many of the rod-and-gun clubs that we visited, for example, were conducting weekly classes for the service youngsters in outdoor skills and firearms safety and sportsmanship in the field. In the Alaskan theater, through the co-operation of the University of Alaska, at Fairbanks, the Air Force sends fifty officers each summer for a two-week college course in game management, and graduates of this training return to conduct seminars at their own bases, spreading the gospel throughout the command. Even the cadets at the Air Force Academy are to be indoctrinated in conservation practices. The Colorado Springs site of the new academy, a 20,000-acre wilderness at the base of Pike's Peak, has just been declared a wildlife refuge, and practical experience in game management will be part of the cadet curriculum. Thus tomorrow's hard core of Air Force leaders may be counted on to give the program direction and permanence.

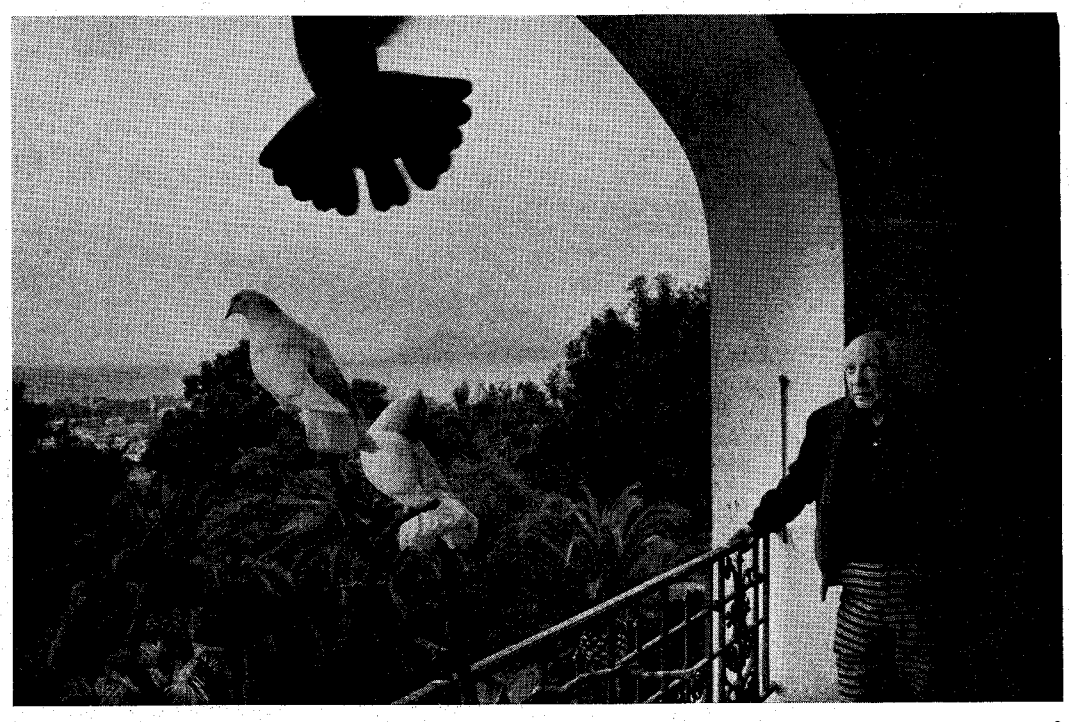
Successful conservation must look to the future, of course. Henceforth all Air Force bases will be designed with a view to safeguarding the wildlife habitat. We saw an example of this long-range planning at Beale Air Force Base near Sacramento, a former artillery post which has just been taken over by S.A.C. for a mammoth installation. Starting from scratch, the new base is being laid out in such a way as to preserve the existent streams and game covers. The runway is being constructed in a barren section of the 87,000-acre tract. Trout brooks are to be left unharmed, and no contractor's machinery will be allowed to dump gravel or silt into their clear waters. Housing units will be located on a hillside safely away from the game areas. As a matter of fact, Beale's energetic rod-and-gun club, which boasts 100 per cent membership among the present holding squadron, hasn't waited for the actual construction to begin. Pheasant have already been planted in low brushy areas, the streams have been stocked with steelhead trout and the heavily wooded mountainsides are being improved for deer and elk. Carried away with their enthusiasm, the club has even established a herd of buffalo on the reservation. "The wildlife gets first crack at this real estate," said club president Lt. Col. F. R. Creasman, "and S.A.C. will take what space is left."

Why is the Air Force spending its time raising deer, some critics have complained, when their duty is to defend the country? Instead of planting trees or feeding ducks, they should be flying airplanes. To which the leaders of the conservation program reply, "Service people work under constant pressure. The crew of a round-the-world B-52 bomber, the young pilot of a supersonic fighter standing on twenty-four-hour alert, the tech sergeant who labors around the clock to keep his airplane combat-ready—these men operate under abnormal tensions. One of the best reliefs for tension is the healthful relaxation which can be found out of doors. If we can supply sufficient recreational facilities on all our bases, then our enlisted men and officers will be better conditioned, mentally as well as physically, to carry out the primary Air Force mission of national defense."

General White adds a personal comment. "Isn't conservation really a defense effort in itself?" he asks. "Defense is more than planes and missiles to protect the country against an enemy attack. Part of the defense job is the safeguarding of the land and timber and water, the fish and wildlife, the priceless natural resources which make this country of ours worth defending." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

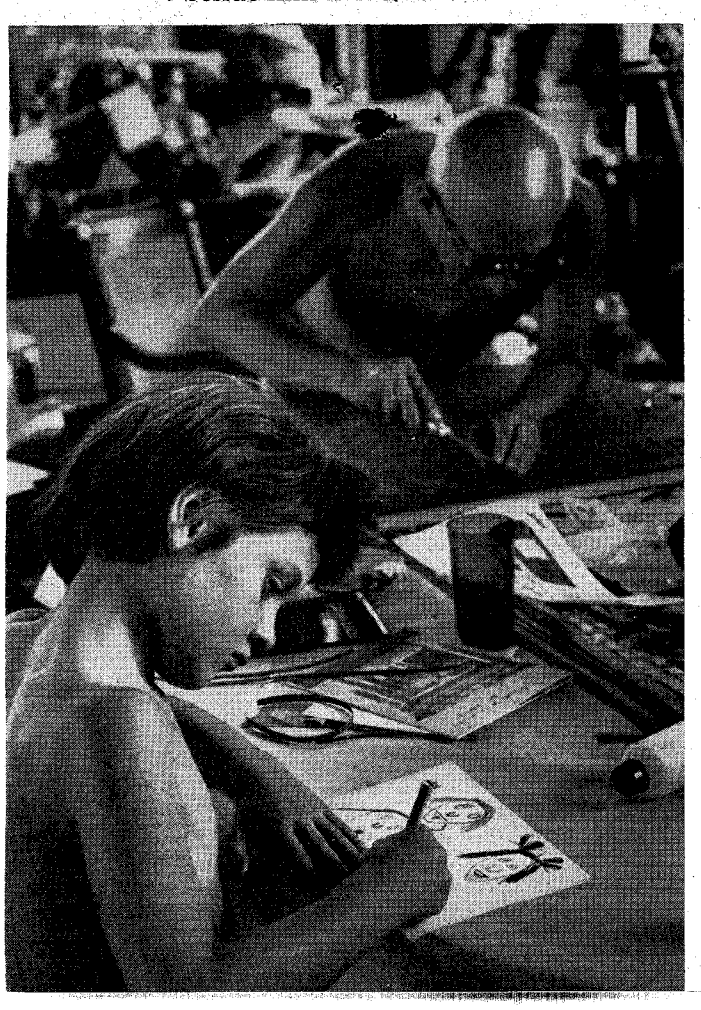
In eight pages of exclusive photographs, the Post presents the first picture story ever published of the private life of Pablo Picasso,



Picasso's pigeons live on the third-floor balcony of *La Californie*, his villa overlooking the Bay of Cannes on the French Riviera. These are his favorite pets.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ARTIST

Paloma, Picasso's 8-year-old daughter, is the only person who today sketches beside him while he works in the studio.



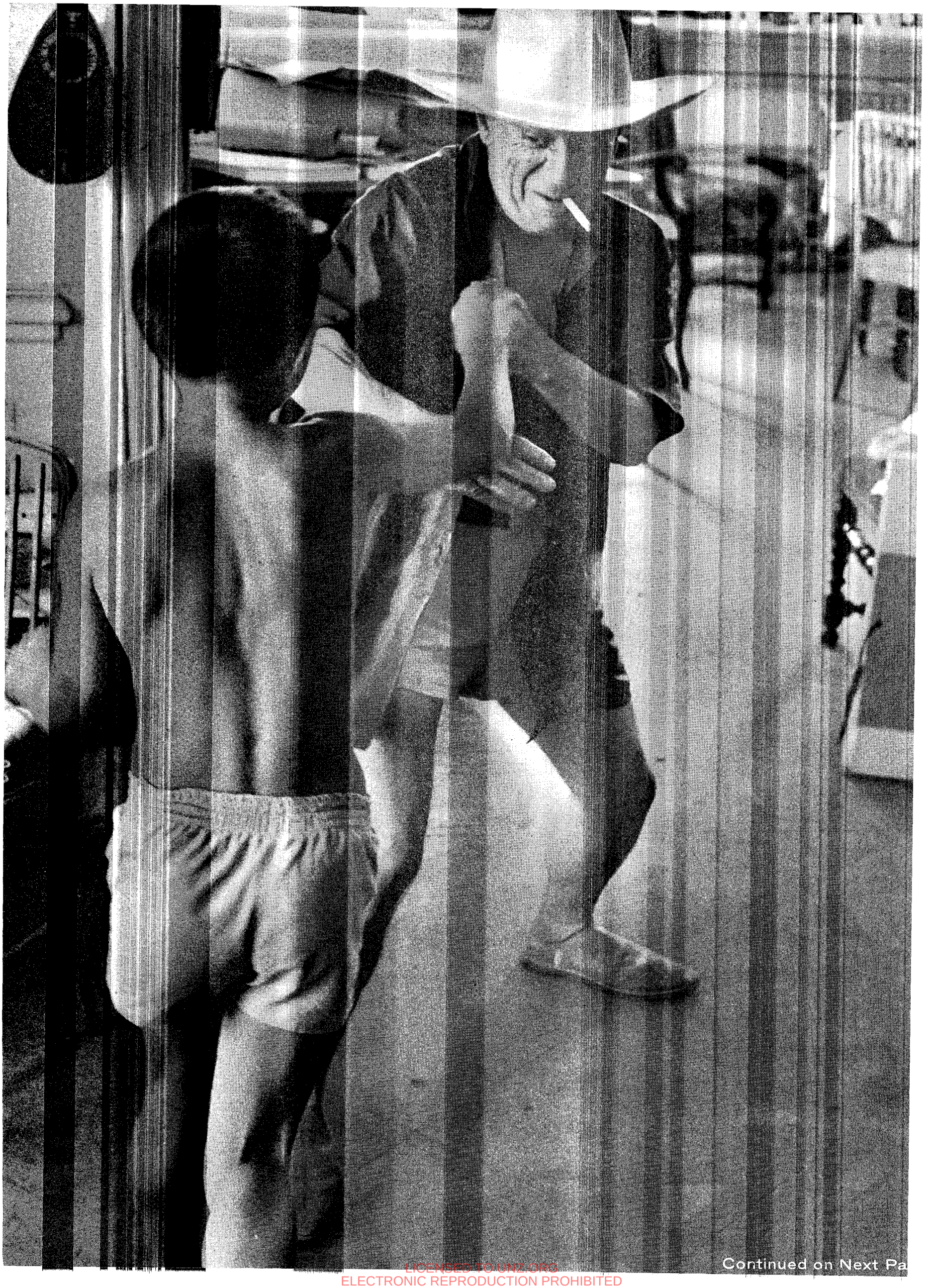
Text and photographs by
DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

This is the studio of an artist who has reshaped our visual world by thinking unconventionally and working with the simplest of materials—even with abandoned junk. Adhering to artistic laws of his own invention, he champions absolute freedom of creative thought for others. A believer in Communism's philosophy and a member of the French Communist Party, he nevertheless has been blasted by Moscow for painting an "apology for capitalistic aesthetics." The man is one of history's most contradictory personalities, and, from a distance, nearly as perplexing as a roomful of his portraits. Adored by some, ridiculed by others, he rarely ventures beyond his gate; his face, nonetheless, is known everywhere. He probably makes more money than any other artist alive, and his recognition and success have had no equals in our century. Pablo Picasso lives here.

Copyright © 1958 by David Douglas Duncan

Claude, the artist's ten-year-old son, boxes with his 7 year-old father, in a hat given him by Gary Coop Picasso and children's mother parted some years a

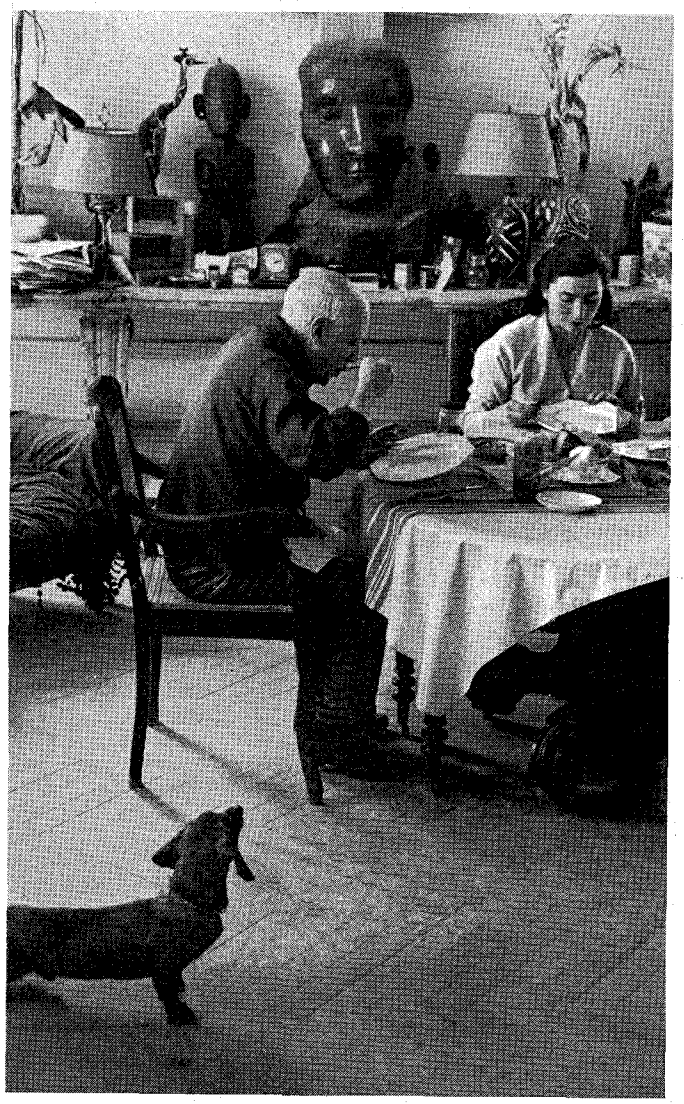
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Continued on Next Pa

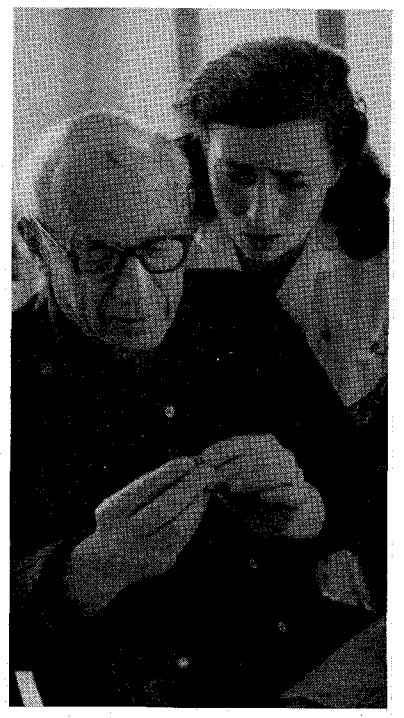
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUMP LOVED PICASSO

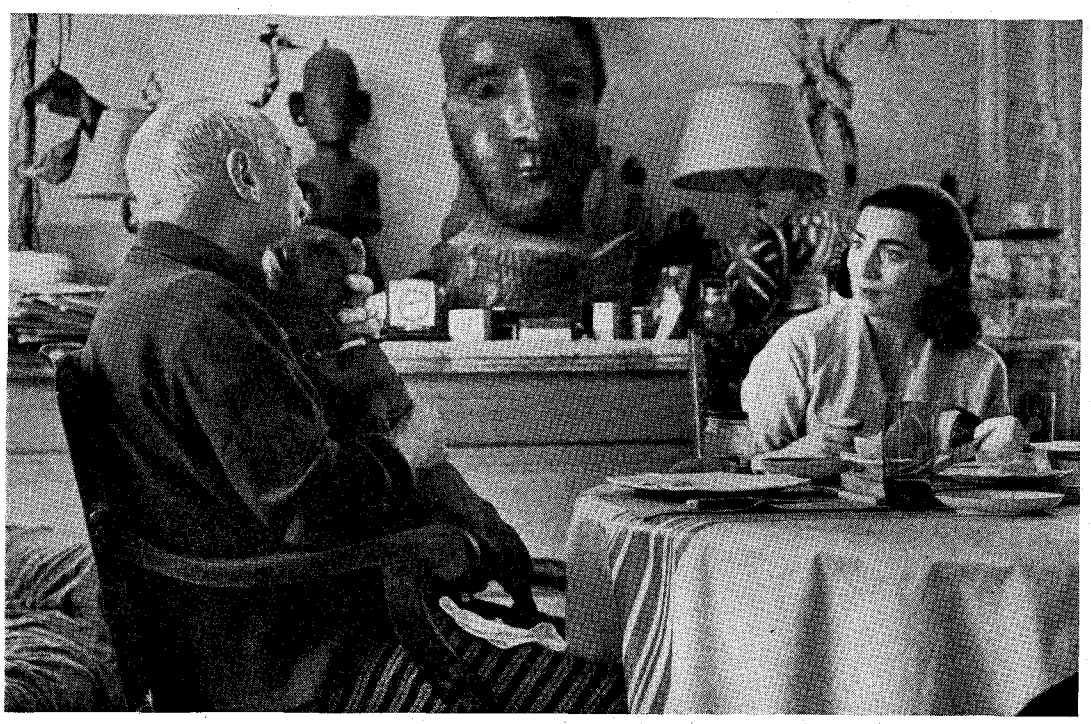


1. Visiting Picasso, I brought with me a little dachshund named Lump. He found the artist at lunch, and promptly fell in love. (In background is a large Picasso bronze.)

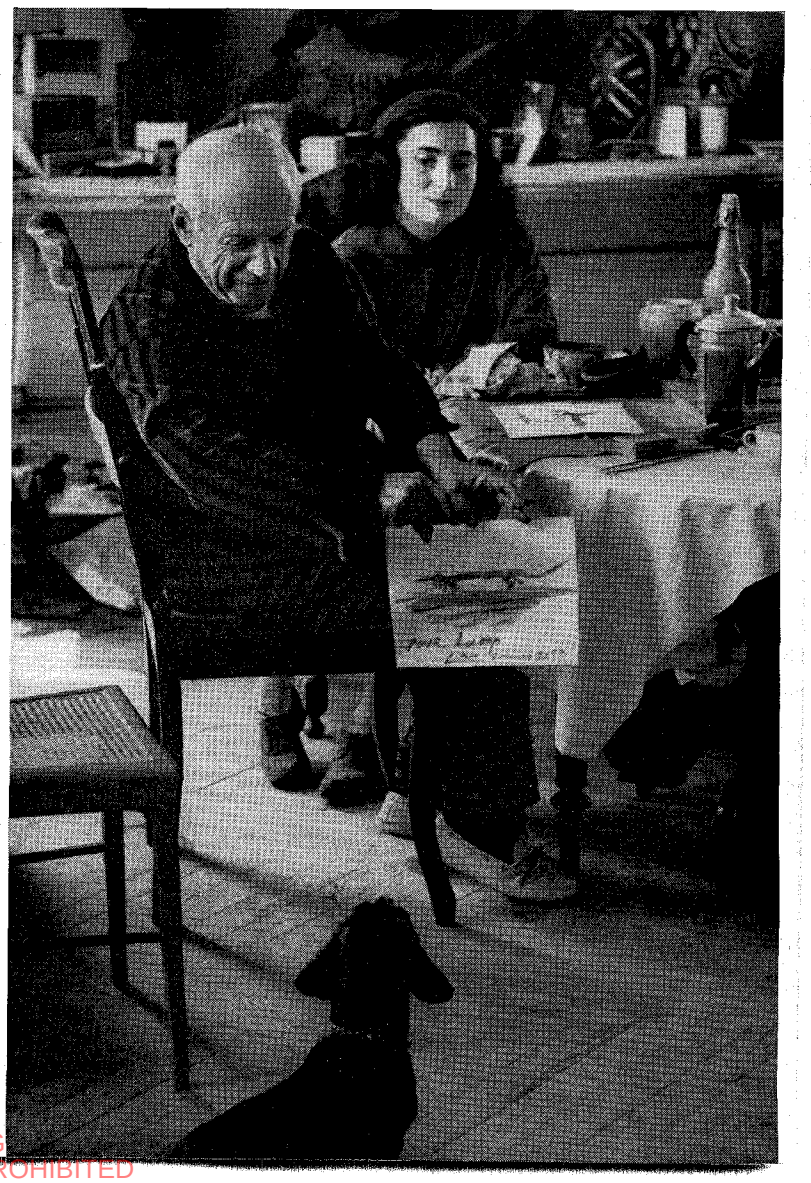
2. Lump—a German word meaning "scamp"—went to Picasso's knee at once, peering into his face, seeking attention. Small, quiet Lump failed to catch the eye of Jacqueline Roque, the Maestro's companion.



1. When Picasso discovered two snails creeping along a railing several years ago, he said, "They'll starve!" Forthwith he put them in a disused bird cage, provided lettuce, and at intervals sprinkled them with water. ("They'll think it's rain.")



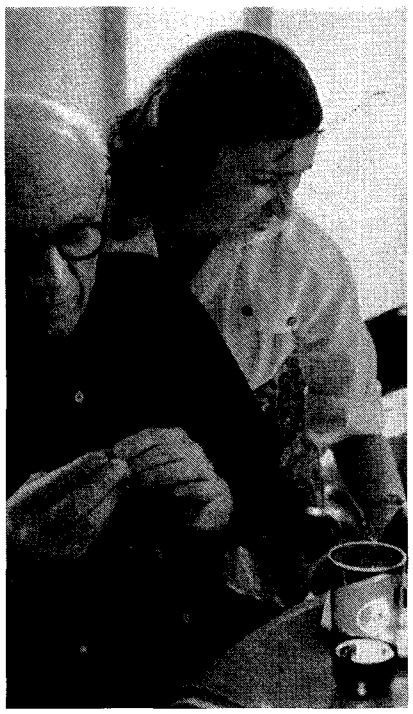
3. Picasso's charm over pets is famous. He had scarcely smiled when Lump hopped into his lap. Jacqueline was astonished to see the puppy win such quick response.



4. Later, Picasso painted Lump's portrait, adding his signature and dedication—*Pour Lump*—quite as if the puppy were an honored guest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SNAILS



2. As Picasso holds one of the snails, Jacqueline turns aside in distaste. He knows she loathes them.

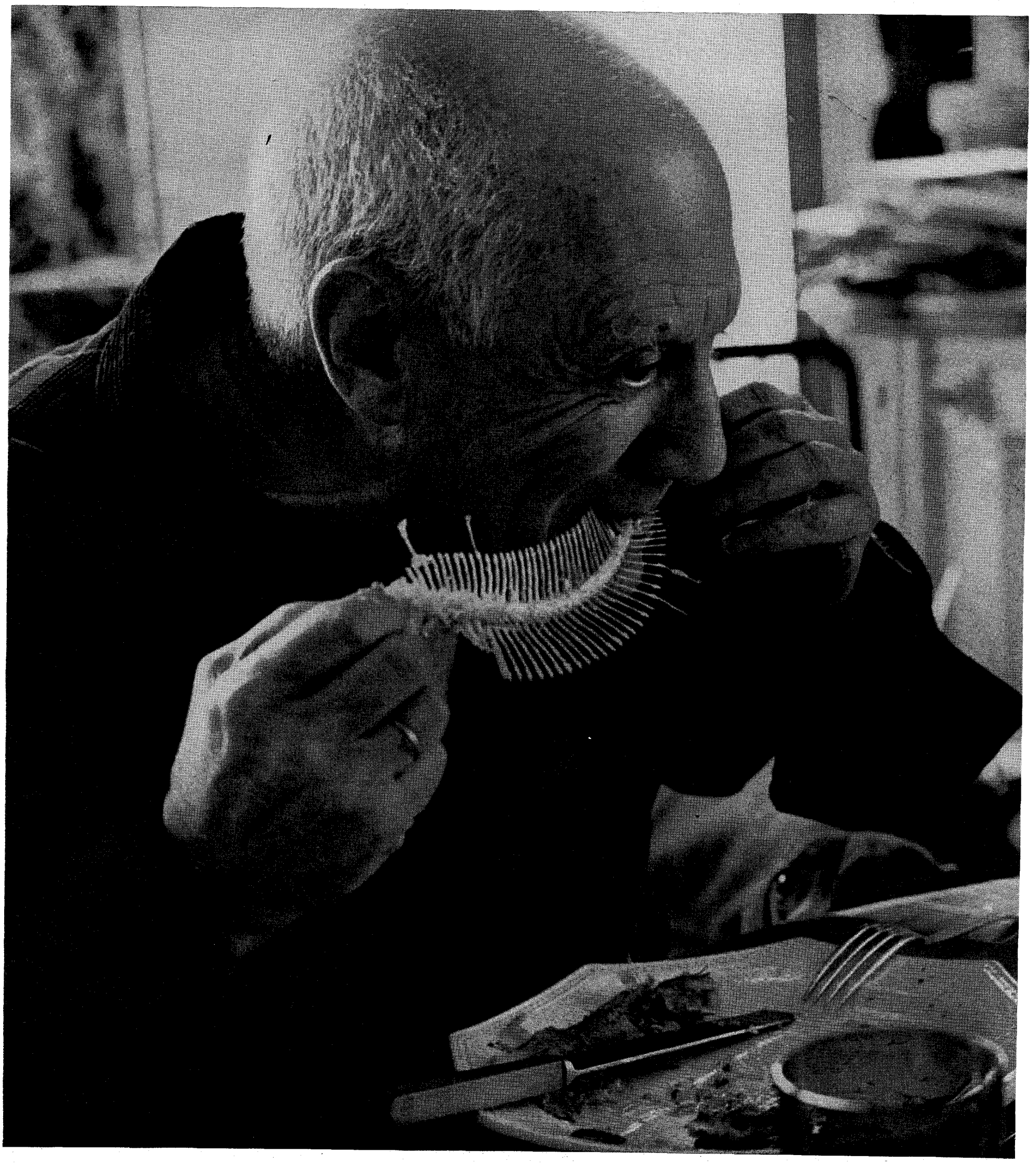
3. As a joke, Picasso passes the snail to Jacqueline to be recaged. Then he turns to me and stifles his impish laughter.

Visitors to the barren second floor of the villa were startled to find a nanny goat living there whenever it was raining. When asked about her, Picasso said, "Of course she lives there! The grass is wet outside!"

In the end, Lump decided he was a watchdog, assisting Yan, Picasso's boxer. Their post: the front steps, flanked by the Maestro's bronze goddesses and African warriors. When I left at last, Lump stayed behind to enjoy his new life.

Continued on Next Page

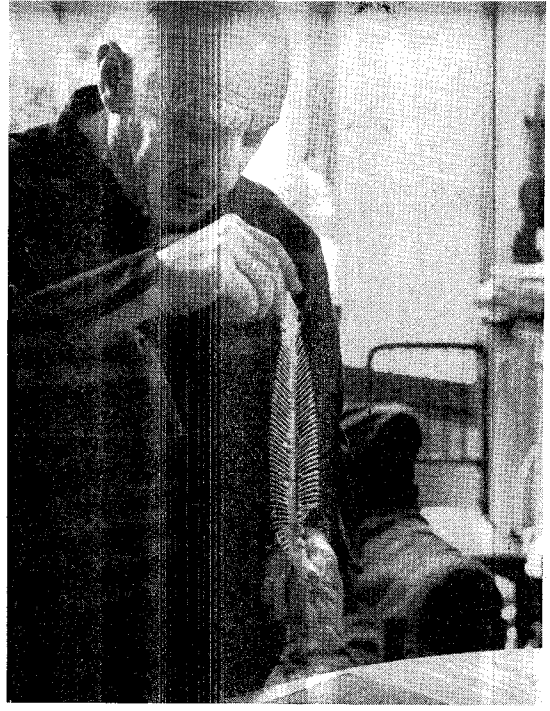
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



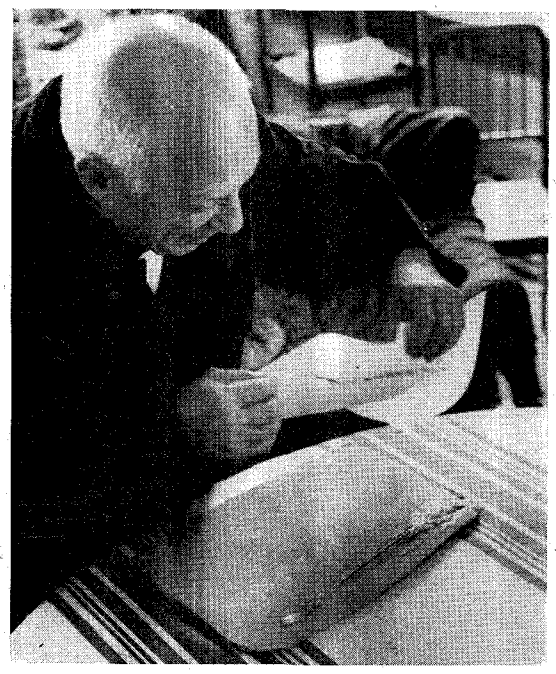
FISHBONES + PICASSO'S GENIUS = INSPIRED ART

1. We were at lunch one day when Picasso did an ordinary thing in an extraordinary way. He had eaten his *sole meunière*, using simple knife-and-fork tactics; then he picked up the intact skeleton and gnawed on it. I had never seen a fish dispatched with such precision; there was time for only one shot before Picasso jumped up and disappeared into the front of the villa, with a strangely pensive look on his face.

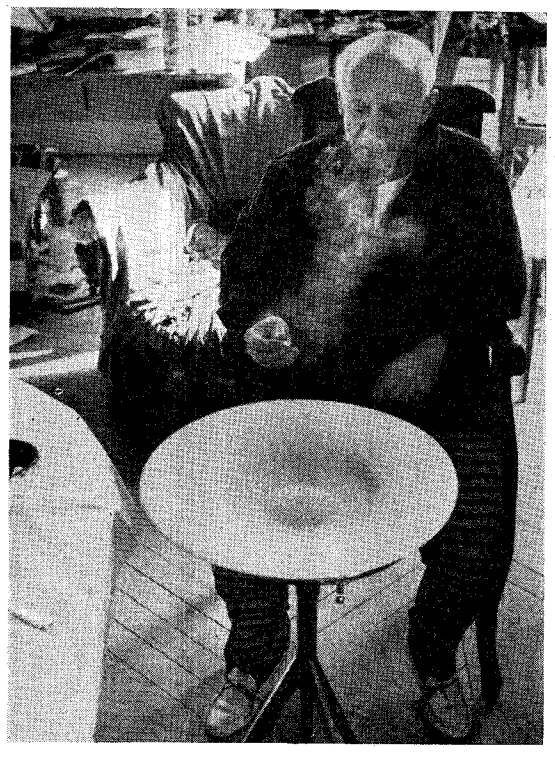
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



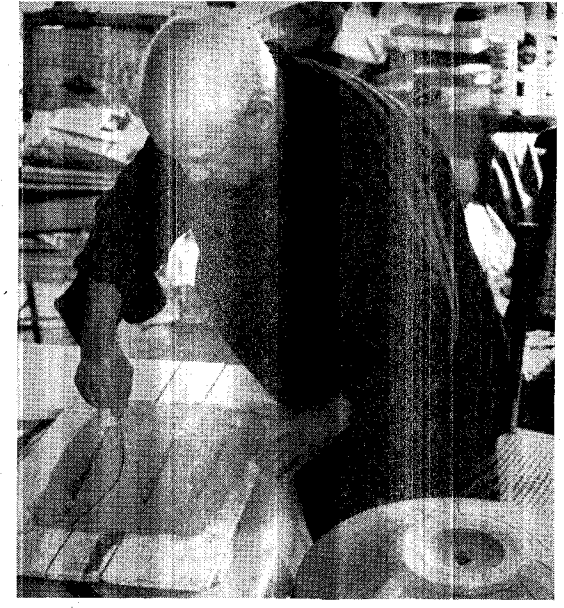
2. He returned with the fish skeleton and a moist block of potter's clay. I couldn't imagine what he intended to do with them.



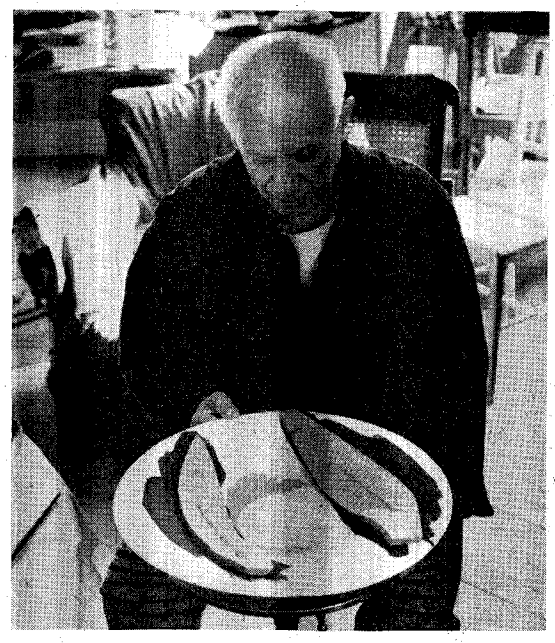
3. Covering the skeleton with papers, he pressed it into the clay again and again, in effect making his own fossil imprints.



4. Then he brought in a large unpainted plate. A moment's thought, and he began covering it with designs in dull colors.

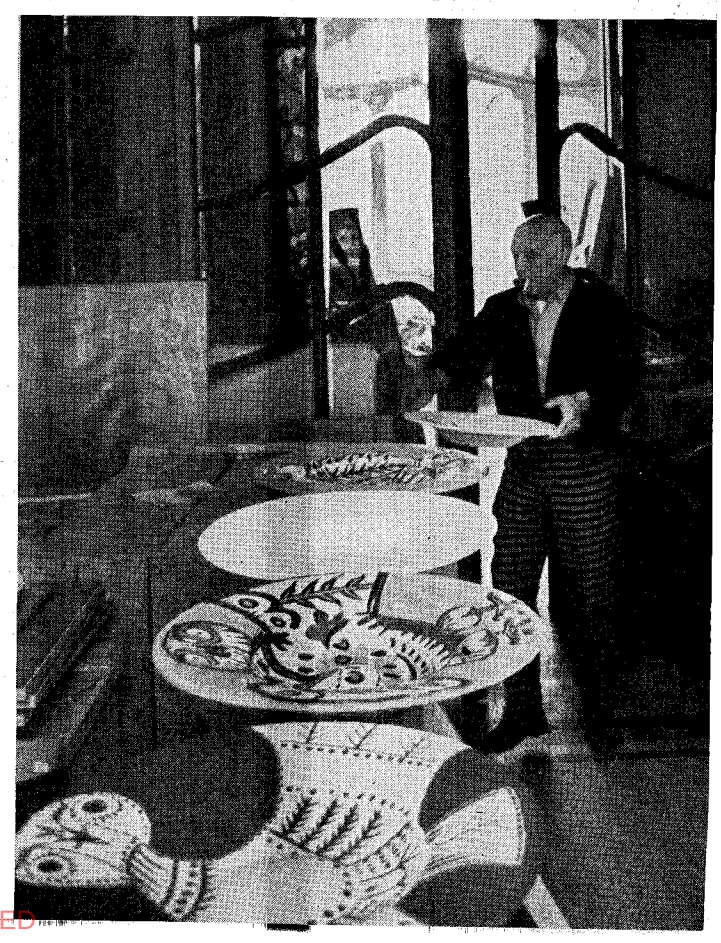


5. Returning to his "fossils," he cut them free of the rough clay slab with a sharp knife. He worked very quickly, with deft strokes.



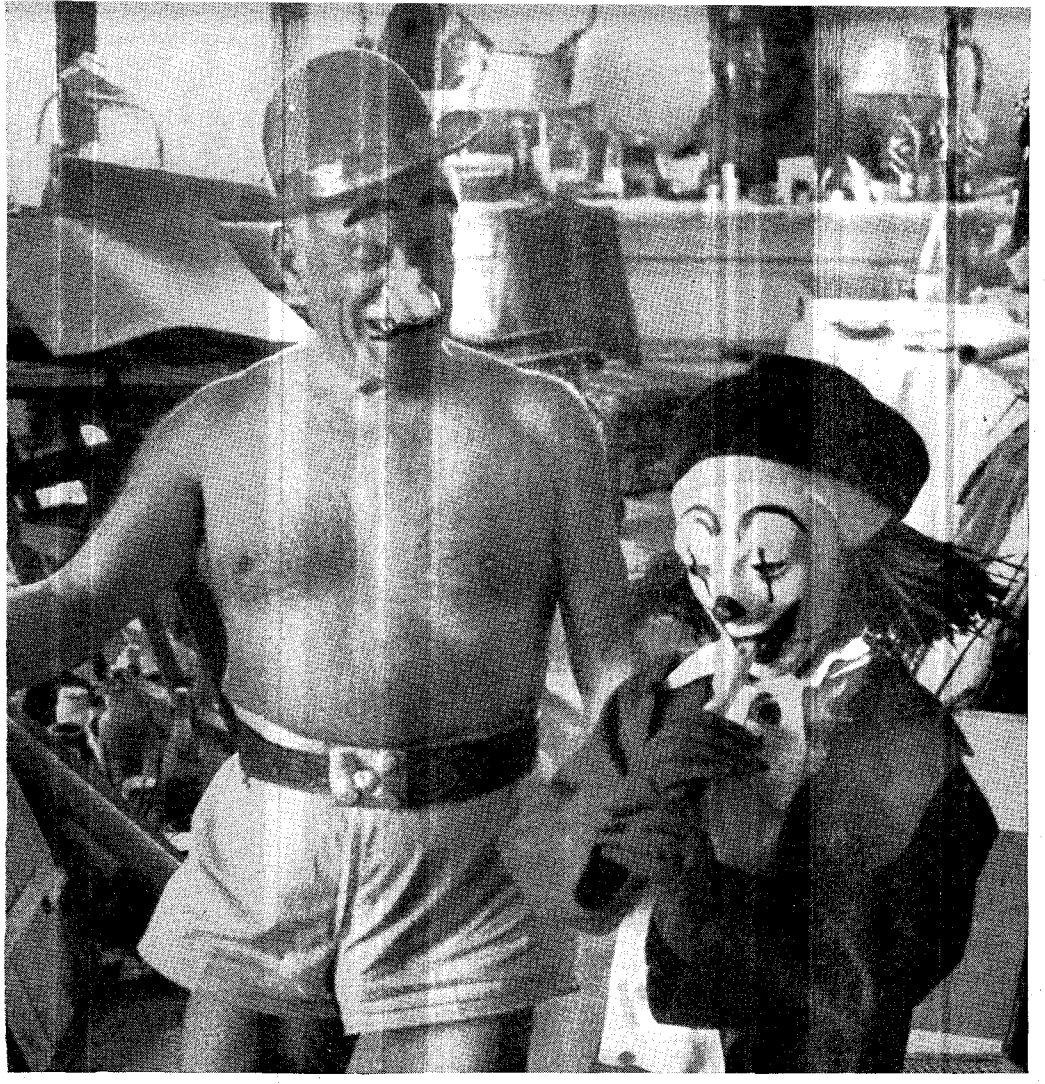
6. He pressed two of these fillets into the plate. "Don't worry, Dooncan, the colors will change in the kiln," he remarked to me.

7. Picasso was in a mood for ceramics. These lie on crates of paintings sent back from exhibits, and never yet unpacked.



Continued on Next Page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Laughter filled the studio when Picasso played with his children, especially when he mimicked an Italian clown, wearing a mustache and putty nose. His son Claude joins in, playing a flute, in deep disguise.

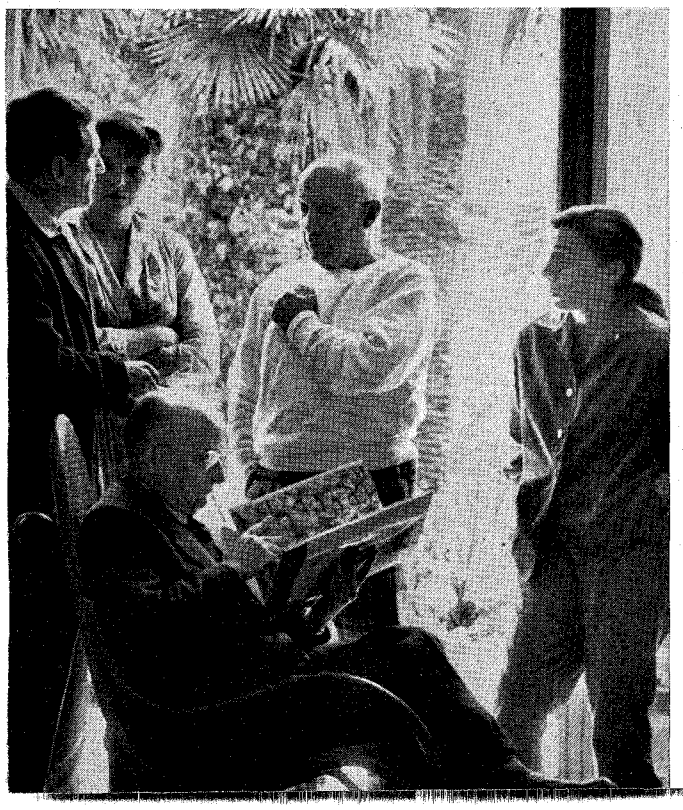
Poet-musician Jean Cocteau, calling on his old friend one day, was invited to play an off-key tune Picasso had hammered out on a marimba. Cocteau had a word for it: "Terrible!"

One afternoon the question of a ballet step arose. The Maestro instantly wanted to try it. Jacqueline led off. In background: a Picasso painting of masked skin divers, done from life.

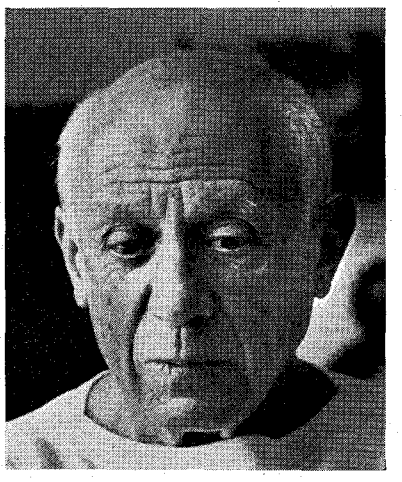
PICASSO and COMMUNISM

For all his genius as an artist, Pablo Picasso is incredibly ignorant of political realities. He believes the Communist lie that Americans resorted to germ warfare in Korea—"because they atom-bombed Hiroshima," he told Duncan—so he painted a "War" panel showing microbes as big as robins. Last year, when Russian troops brutalized Hungary, he uttered a feeble protest; but he was quick to add that he would never resign from the party. Moscow occasionally repays his loyalty with abuse—and circulates prints of the Picasso "peace dove." It seems probable that Pablo is essentially a "studio communist"; at least, he continues to make his home in a free country.

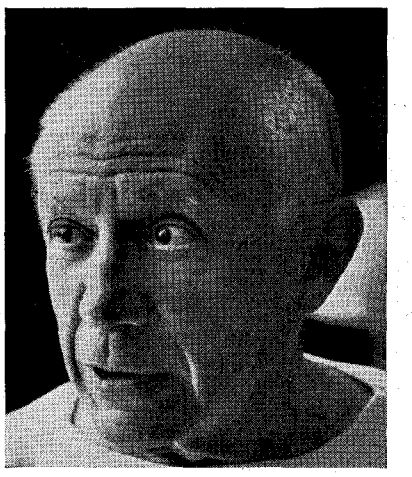
THE EDITORS



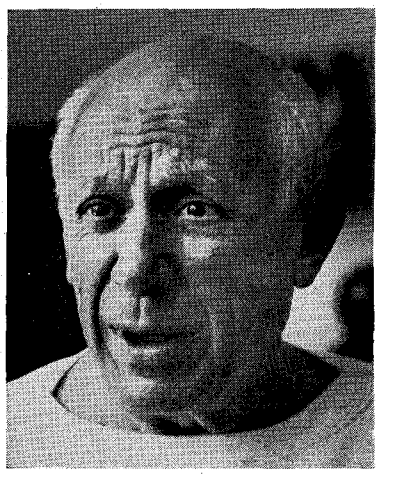
When visitors asked who I was one day, Picasso handed them a book I had done on the Korean War—a terrible book, showing U. S. Marines dying under fire.



As the pages were turned, I framed Picasso's face in a camera with telephoto lens.



He seemed unable to bear a second look at the faces of the wounded and the dying.



At the photo of a friend c mine, sprawled in death, h buckled as if shot himsel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My war pictures seemed to crush Picasso. His eyes dimmed with compassion for what he had just seen. It was the most tragic face I had ever photographed.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Facts of Life (Continued from Page 20)

Spike ran up the steps. "Hey, you in there!"

She returned and eyed him through the screen. "Now, what?"

"Christian charity!" He shivered. "A cup of coffee!"

"You can't come into my kitchen filthy and dripping like that," she said finally. "I'll bring you a cup."

She brought a towel too. "Leave the cup and towel on the step." She started back inside.

"How come you're so cantankerous?" Spike asked.

"That bunch of Babylonians over there'd make anyone cantankerous."

"What do we do?"

"Do?" She closed the screen door behind her. "You drink, you holler and giggle all night, you horse around the lake like you own it and you leave gates open and my cows get out."

"Yah? What kind of cows?"

"Jerseys. Registered Jerseys. Rufus Beaverbrook Third is the finest Jersey bull in the county. He won last year at the fair and he's going to win again tomorrow. And when those cosmopolites across the lake leave a gate open and one of my animals gets out, God only knows what'll happen to her. Last year Lucinda B Fourth got hit by a sports car. Eight-hundred-dollar cow—a-roooom! Powie!"

"Well, God rest Lucinda B Fourth," Spike said with respect. "We had Holsteins mostly."

The ice in the gorgeous blonde's eyes thawed a little. "Holsteins? Where?"

"North Dakota. Red River Valley, south of Fargo."

She didn't believe him; she figured it was a public-relations trick. "Is that a fact? Let me ask you something. What's the butterfat content of Holstein milk?"

It'd been a long time; remembering puckered Spike's brow like a tangerine. "Three point five."

"Jersey?"

"Four point five to five point five."

"My goodness, you must be freezing! Come on inside!"

Spike had been reared in a kitchen like hers—a big, warm, bright room, fragrant with goodies.

She touched his shoulder. "Better get out of those wet clothes."

She helped him with his sweater, but he took off his shirt, shoes and socks. She brought him her father's wool kimono and fooled around with her coffeepot while he took off his pants. His wet clothes went into her dryer.

"Take about an hour," she said, pouring coffee. "What's your name?"

"Spike O'Leary."

"Nobody is baptized Spike."

"Norman."

"Ingrid Magnusson."

"Ingrid, how come you didn't flag me off that sand bar?"

"Listen, if you boulevardiers over there are too stupid and arrogant to find out where the bars are, go ahead, keep hitting them; it's a good way to learn."

Spike's lips pursed with suspicion. "Anyone else from over there ever hit that bar?"

"Couple of the sports did last year."

"And at the time of these accidents were you capering around in that little-bitty French bathing suit?"

She never batted an eye. "My goodness, come to think of it ——"

"Magnusson," said Spike, "that's dirty pool."

She turned away, grinning, to her electric stove. "What would you like for breakfast? I have home-cured ham and bacon and sausage. Or I can make you Swedish pancakes with our own maple syrup."

"Ham, eggs, Swedish pancakes with maple syrup, please." He watched her move about the kitchen. She had grace and femaleness. Spike's face became sober and intent. "You married, Ingrid?"

"Not yet; soon, though. I'm taking care of dad now."

"Well, except for your shipwrecking tendencies, you'll make a beautiful wife"—he took a breath—"just beautiful."

She glanced at him. "Beautiful as Clara Burkhalter?"

"She can't make Swedish pancakes, but she's murder with French Seventy-Fives. I've counted the bodies."

She beat some eggs. "Let me see if I can get it right. You're a pilot on Burkhalter's Great Plains Airways and you met Clara on the Minneapolis-Duluth run."

"Sioux Falls-Minneapolis. Her name's Claire, not Clara."

"It was Clara when Reverend Thorgeson sprinkled water on her soft little head."

"Let's not be so cynical. Claire was awfully nice to invite me up here. I like her a lot. She's a wonderful girl."

"She must be, all right. All the other pilots she's had up here have said the same thing, I'm told." She noticed his red cheeks and smiled. "Don't worry about it; even if she doesn't marry you, she'll have you promoted. The others were."

He examined his nude little toe. "You don't keep harpooning Claire just because she leaves your gates open."

For a moment Ingrid didn't say anything. "Clara and I grew up together—on this lake. We skated and skied and we were confirmed together. Then Ed Burkhalter went into the flying business and made a lot of money. Clara forgot she ever knew me."

"I see." He got up and padded over to the stove where she had ham frying and was laying out the fragile Swedish pancake. He was a careful man. He waited until she had a spoon in one hand and the bowl in the other before he kissed her. It was marvelous.

"You big Swede," he said.

Her skin became a delicious pink. "Why did you do that?"

"I was cold."

"Is that all?"

"Well, that and because I love those Swedish pancakes."

They peered gravely into each other's eyes.

"I'll put these things down," Ingrid said, and did.

This time he took her in his arms and closed his eyes. It was far and away the most stirring thing of its kind in all his twenty-five years, on land and in the air. "Yipe, Ingrid!"

She picked up her spatula and saved the pancake, a limp, thin, tender thing not as big as a crib sheet. She laid it on his plate, doused it with melted butter and put country ham beside it.

"This is interesting," she said. "Sit down, Spike."

When he was seated and eating, she got out a pad and pencil and sat down opposite him.

"Spike, what color eyes does your mother have?"

"Blue."

She wrote that down. "Father?"

"Light green."

"Any dwarfs in your family?"

"Dwarfs?" He looked at her. "No."

"Albinos?"

"No. Is this any way to act? Asking questions?" He got up, walked around and kissed her again. "If there's going to be any grilling around here, grill some more ham."

"This is serious. Was your father at all bright?"

"Dad? Let's say he was bright enough to quit farming and make a little money managing a chain store."

"How did he do in college? Phi Beta Kappa or anything?"

"He always said if the superintendent hadn't owed his family room rent he'd never have made it out of high school." He put down his fork. "What's going on around here?"

She got up and put on another pancake. "It looks hopeless."

"What?"

"Us. From what little I know of you and can observe, you don't come close to qualifying; you are more or less a scrub."

"Scrub?" Indignation spread over his snub-nosed countenance. "Now wait; the United States Air Force doesn't take just ——"

"How tall are you? Five-eight? There's one incorrigible thing right there. I'm taller than you are."

"I'll tell you this much: this thing is making me mad! Take off those shoes and stand up!"

She kicked off her shoes and got to her feet. They stood face to face, noses touching. He lifted her hand and put it on top of their heads. "Feel, a whole inch."

"It's a half inch; and what do you expect me to do—run around barefoot? Or all slumped over, like this?"

"Don't ever do that," he said, paling. "Don't ever unstack; it's blasphemous."

"Spike, sit down and eat your new pancake." They sat again, and she said gently, "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. What I'm talking about is eugenics."

"Scientific breeding, like with cows?"

"Only with humans. Eugenics is based on the science of genetics. What you do is you figure your lineage as expressed in your genes, dominant or recessive, good or bad; put it alongside a girl's pedigree and you can pretty well see what you'll get."

"That's what you've been doing with that pencil?"

"If I had more information I'd work out our chart, but I can tell you right now our children would be ordinary."

"That's bad, is it?"

"You and Clara, though—let me see." She scribbled on her pad. "Just for laughs, say you and Clara had four progeny: three would have brown eyes, one blue—brown being dominant. Two mousy hair, two reddish, like yours; three——"

"Mousy? Claire's got blond hair! Blond as yours."

"Oh, is it blond this year? It was maroon last year. . . . We're not talking about acquired characteristics. The hair Clara came in with is what she transmits, and it was donkey-colored. A burro blonde, you might say."

He closed his eyes. "A burro blonde."

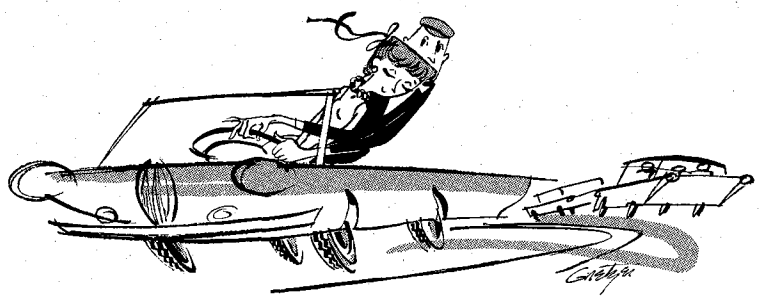
"Yes. Now just how that receding chin of Clara's will show up I'll have to check on, but I'd say ——"

"Don't!" He went barefooting about the room, tassels flying. "I suppose this guy you're going to marry is a regular Rufus Beaverbrook the Third in gray flannels?"

"Actually, yes. We've got the genetic charts on four generations of Sven's——"

"Sven? Another Swede?"

"Sven Bornemark's grandfather was a professor at the university in Upsala, Sweden—in eugenics. His grandmother was a poetess and eugenist. Sven's father—they live just down the road—was in Congress and his mother contributes to the Eugenics Quarterly. You see,



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Although Elmer refused to drive with his arm around Honey, she got around that by snuggling up and putting her head on his shoulder. She was fast asleep when Elmer skidded sidewise on a wet pavement. Unable to swerve back because of Honey's weight against his right arm, he crashed into another car. Honey, battered in the collision, sued Elmer for her injuries.

"If he couldn't drive with a girl by his side," she complained, "he should have told me not to sit so close. No other boy friend ever objected."

"It was all Honey's fault," Elmer protested. "If she hadn't been so affectionate and pinned my arm to my side, I could easily have avoided the other car."

If you were the judge, would you make Elmer pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Elmer did not have to pay. The court said that a girl who deprives a driver of the use of his arm should expect "to be hurt." Nor, it added, is "such negligence pardoned by the driver's failure to tell her to be careful."

Based upon a 1956 Missouri decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spike, the brains bred into Sven through positive eugenics? And physically"—sympathy softened her face—"well, let's say I'll never have to slump for Sven."

He padded to a halt in the middle of the kitchen. "Eugenics, hunh? Stand up!" She stood. "Let me know how eugenics stands up against the old reliable stuff." He grabbed her then and kissed her with everything he had.

"What's going on in here?" a male voice asked. Spike's lids flew apart and he found himself gazing into the wintry blue eyes of a yellow-haired giant. He stopped kissing Ingrid.

He cleared his throat. "Sven, eh?"

"I told you he lived just down the road," Ingrid said.

"I suppose you're sore because I was kissing your girl in a kimono," Spike said. "Matter of fact, we were debating something and I was in my rebuttal when ——"

Sven grasped Spike by the kimono lapels, hoisted him three inches off the floor and smote him once forehand, once backhand, and tossed him across the kitchen.

"Whose runt is that?" he inquired of Ingrid.

"Another one of Clara's. He sank —— Spike, stop that!"

Spike, who was coming after Sven with a chair, stopped. "Why should I? He's six inches taller than I am!"

She took the chair. "I'll get your clothes."

While Ingrid gave Sven coffee and explained who he was, Spike dressed in the vestibule. When he was ready, Ingrid stood on the back steps with him.

"Just follow the road," she said; then whispered, "I'm sorry, Spike, but you do see now what I meant about not qualifying? I don't mean just the body; up here too." She tapped her forehead. "Sven was valedictorian at Carleton College."

Spike's lips tightened. "Well," he said, when he could talk, "it's been mortifying."

Her lips touched his cheek; then she stood back and eyed him with a gentle, sympathetic smile. "Good-by, Spike."

Spike had been trudging along the dusty road about fifteen minutes when Sven clattered up on a tractor. "Hop on," he said. "I'll run you home."

"Ingrid send you?" Spike asked.

"No." Sven laid his great hand on Spike's shoulder. "I didn't want to hit you, but it's *de rigueur* in these cases, you know. You noticed I didn't hit you hard?"

"Oh, no; it was fine, fine."

They rode a ways in silence. "How is Clara—I mean Claire, these days? We used to ski and fish and ride the calves together when we were kids," Sven said.

"You too?" Spike sighed. "Claire's fine. Chin recedes a little, but lovely."

"I'd sure like to see her again," Sven said.

In the Burkhalter house, hostess and guests were up medicating themselves for the new day as Sven and Spike rumbled into the yard on their iron Percheron and dismounted.

Spike brought Sven up to the porch. "Good morning, dear," he said and started to greet her with a kiss.

"Oh, my heaven, darling!" she cried. "No violence, please!"

"I took the runabout out this morning and crashed her on a bar across the lake. I'm sorry about it."

"Oh, great! I suppose there was a big, chesty blonde in a Bikini cavorting on the beach when you hit the bar?"

"A large blonde? Come to think of it ——"

"That dame is a menace to navigation. They ought to put a horn on her or something." She began to notice Sven. "Who's this?"

"Hello, Claire," Sven said with a dazzling smile. "Remember me, Sven Bornemark, from across the lake?"

"Sven! Sven Bornemark! My heaven, you're beautiful! Like—like Thor himself!"

"I'm a little thor, too, here and there," Spike said cheerily. "Sven was kind enough to bring me home. He ——" He stopped; Claire had Sven by his big brown arm and was leading him to a pair of chaises longues. He heard her say, "Sven, darling, I simply cannot get over how fabulously you've turned out!"

A short time later, Spike and Oscar Hansen, the Burkhalter hired man, went across the lake to salvage the runabout. Oscar thought the boat could be put back in shape for $200.

It was hard, wet work, and when Spike finally got back, it was midafternoon. Sven was just leaving. Everyone followed him out to his tractor.

"At eight then, darling," Claire said.

"County-fair dances are hilarious," Sven said. "You'll get a charge out of it." He grinned down at Spike; he ran his hand over the red thatch. "So long, kid." He winked. "And thanks."

Claire, Sven, the Hannibals, who were Claire's other guests, and Spike arrived at the pavilion on the county fairground about nine. Sven danced off with Claire. Spike watched them a moment before asking Mrs. Hannibal for the pleasure.

"They make such a handsome couple," Mrs. Hannibal said. "Wouldn't they have terrific children? Both so blond and ——"

"I have it on good authority," Spike said, "that Clara is what is known locally as a burro blonde."

"Burro? Clara?" She gave him a quick scrutiny. "Ho, ho!" she cried. "Tell me more!"

Between dances, Spike asked Sven where Ingrid was.

"Where every good farm girl should be—home getting her bull ready for tomorrow's contest," Sven said. "Why?"

Not five minutes later Spike was tooling out to the Magnusson farm. Ingrid was in the barn, combing Rufus Beaverbrook's fawn hair.

"Well, isn't this nice?" she said. "Is Clara with you? Did you come for your chart?"

"Claire is not with me and to hell with your charts."

She grinned. "How do you like Rufus? *Très soigné*, eh?"

"A Grover Whalen. Come on out of there."

She climbed out. Even in shirt and pants, she shook a man up. Spike got that sober, intent expression again and embraced her.

"Hey," Ingrid said affably, "Spike."

"I've been thinking about you all day, you know that?"

She had become that wonderful pink again and her eyes shone. "You're awfully sweet, Spike, and I love kissing you, but what's the use?"

"You love Sven?"

"You mean passionate love, I imagine. No. Eugenically, passionate love can foul things up, spoil your scientific detachment. You follow me?"

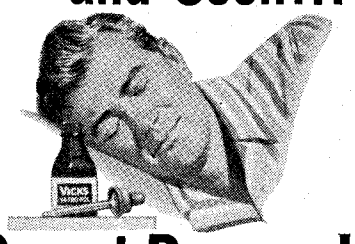
"No."

"I'll try to be lucid. We don't need to love each other now, because genetically we're so perfect for each other that love will inevitably come later. We ——"

"You know what's wrong around here? You're a nut. What kind of a life are you going to have? Where's your fun and romance? A lovely, warmhearted girl like you, wanting to be a brood mare. It's indecent! It's—it's bovine!"

Stuffed Nose Wake You Up?

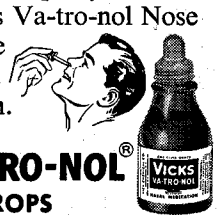
Just 2 Drops and Soon...



Sweet Dreams!

Brings you hour after hour relief . . . while you sleep!

When a cold fills up your nose and spoils sleep—open your nose fast with Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops. Breathe again...so you can sleep again.



VICKS® VA-TRO-NOL®
NOSE DROPS

SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP

How can you make hand sanding twice as easy?

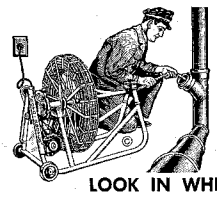
ANSWER:
Use the amazing new Perma-Grit hand sander—it's faster, easier

Hand sanding now made easy with the amazing Perma-Grit tool! Exclusive SKIL process copper-bonds Tungsten Carbide grits to steel. Cuts sanding time in half on wood, plastics, dry wall joints. And Perma-Grit stays sharp *for a lifetime of home workshop use.* Eliminates constant replacing of sandpaper. Try this miracle tool at your local hardware, paint or lumber dealer.

SKILMANSHIP MEANS SKIL TOOLS DO MORE

SKIL

Made only by SKIL Corporation, manufacturer of famous SKIL and SKILSAW products, Chicago 30. In Canada: 3601 Dundas St. W., Toronto 9.



ROTO-ROOTER SEWER SERVICE
for Any Drainage Failure!
ROTO-ROOTER SEWER SERVICE
LOOK IN WHITE PAGES OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY FOR PROMPT SERVICE

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

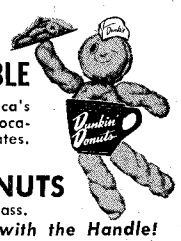
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
284 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better *total* effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one, but a combination of medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin Tablets *today!*

Dollars from Donuts
FRANCHISES AVAILABLE
Cash in on the success of America's largest donut chain. Choice locations available in many states. Minimum investment, $30,000.
write: **DUNKIN DONUTS**
275 Hancock Street, Quincy, Mass.
Originators of the Donut with the Handle!



VIOBIN *Wheat Germ Oil*
HELPS HEART ACTION
·INCREASES ENDURANCE·
·STAMINA · VIGOR·
400 persons, middle age—mechanics —boys—runners—swimmers . . .
ALL showed increased endurance and better heart response.
Send for free book No. 10-(8 yrs. University Tests)
Write to: **VIOBIN, Monticello, Illinois**
Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indulgence and affection were in her face and voice. "It's nice of you to get so aroused, Spike; it proves you do like me." She kissed him. "And I'm grateful. But you're wrong about Sven and me. We'll have fun and romance later. And fine children. The thing is, Spike, seriously, people aren't a bit more intelligent than they were five thousand or maybe fifty thousand years ago. And with hydrogen bombs hanging over our heads, we've got to be or we're dead. Eugenics is the only possible way to get smarter people."

All he could do was to look at her, defeated. With society itself at stake, what do a scrub's romantic ambitions amount to? He gave her a melancholy smile. "I liked your speech. And you're right; it's the only way. I want you and Sven to be happy and have a whole platoon of high-domed kids." He kissed her again. "You big Swede," he murmured glumly, "I love you."

Feeling inordinately ill-bred, Spike returned to the dance knowing what he had to do. He, too, owed something to posterity, and during intermission, when they all adjourned to Sven's station wagon, where he had *aquavit* under refrigeration, Spike led Sven down to the front fender for a talk.

"Thor," he said, "what about Ingrid?"

A huge arm went about Spike's shoulders. "What about Ingrid?"

"You're engaged, aren't you?"

"Eugenically, yes; emotionally, no. You follow me, Norman?"

"Spike. And no, I don't."

"You know what eugenics is, Norman?"

Spike gritted his teeth. "Some days I can't stand valedictorians. Of course!"

"My grandfather and grandmother were eugenists; so are my parents. We all agree Ingrid is the mate for me. She is physically perfect, her ancestors are genetically sound and she was graduated from Gustavus Adolphus *cum laude*."

"*Cum laude*." It seemed to deepen Spike's depression. "What I want to know is why you two aren't out cum-lauding it together instead of lousing up my love life and career?"

"Norman," Sven said, laughing, "you're cute. I'll tell you. Ingrid's fine, but all she thinks about is eugenics and that idiot bull of hers."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"It's all arranged."

"But first you want to horse around with my girl?"

"That's quite astute of you, Norman. Where did you go to school?"

"University of North Dakota. I was seventy-eighth in a class of a hundred and seventeen. And I'll tell you something else, you pedigreed slob. You go on back to Ingrid or I'll slap you silly!"

Sven's arm tightened around Spike like the jaw of a steam shovel, pinning his arms. "I can see why you were seventy-eighth—choosing a guy as big as me." He dropped Spike on the front fender. "Now hush up," he said and went back to the *aquavit*.

When the music began again, Spike danced with Claire. "Claire, do something for me, will you? Lay off Sven?"

"But, darling, Sven and I grew up together!"

"So did Sven and Ingrid Magnusson. They're going to be married."

"Sven and Ingrid? Well, now, isn't that sweet?"

"They belong to each other, Claire, eugenically."

"Eugenically? What does that mean?... Don't tell me; I don't really care. And I'm not going to lay off Sven, darling."

"Dammit all, Clara, what do you——"

"Clara? You have been talking to Ingrid. I suppose she bragged to you how she used to take all the boys away from me when we were kids, before I ——"

"No, she didn't. She's a fine, brainy girl. She ——"

"Spike, darling, you don't really like it up here, do you? I mean, you don't fit in too awfully well, do you?"

He stopped dancing. "I guess I don't, at that." He smiled. "But thank you for everything anyway. It's been fun."

"You're a nice guy, Spike—a little corny, but nice." She smiled with genuine affection. "Don't worry about your job. Father tells me you've earned a promotion, and I agree. After all, you did bring me Sven."

A few minutes later he left.

In the morning he woke at his usual loathsome hour with his course clear. He'd slept on his problem and solved it. He left a $200 check for repairing the runabout, a thank-you note for Claire and a tip for the maid. That done, he drove around the lake to the Magnusson farm.

Peter and Mr. Magnusson were coming in from the chicken house. Peter licked Spike's chin, but Mr. Magnusson just shook hands and invited him in for breakfast.

"My goodness," Ingrid cried, "did you fall in the lake again?"

"No, I didn't fall in the lake, I fell in love with a big, beautiful, registered Swede, and I'm over here to put up a scrap for her." He sat down. "I'll have sausage and four eggs, basted. I expect a strenuous day."

Ingrid looked at her father with lifted eyebrows.

"Better get that sausage on," Mr. Magnusson said.

All during breakfast Ingrid kept glancing nervously out the window. "Sven's supposed to help me load Rufus," she said. "Maybe you shouldn't be here."

Spike took ten dollars from his wallet and laid it on the table. "If he gets nasty, this is for the kitchen chair I'm going to hit him on his *cum laude* with."

Mr. Magnusson got up. "Chair's on me.... Come along, Peter." And he went out with his daughter staring at him.

Ingrid and Spike were in the barn when Sven showed up. He was sleepy, irascible and kept holding his forehead. He eyed Spike dourly.

"What're you doing here?" he asked.

"Wooing Ingrid. You got to get up early to do it right."

"Couldn't wait to start squealing, eh?" Sven said.

"He told me he loves me and that's all," Ingrid said. "Is there something else to tell?"

Sven started to shake his head, stopped and groaned.

"How was the dance last night?" Ingrid asked.

"Didn't tell her, hunh?" Sven said to Spike. "You're achin' for a real bump this time, kid."

"Until this minute I didn't know you'd been to the dance," Ingrid said. "I gather you were with Clara." Sven said nothing, though he glared at Spike, and Ingrid turned away. "Let's get this bull on the road," she said grimly.

A Jersey bull weighs about two thirds as much as a big Angus or Hereford—about a thousand pounds—but he is twice as feisty, preheated and faster on his hoofs. Because Spike and Rufus weren't well acquainted, Spike sat in the cab of the truck they had backed up to the barn door.

Sven led Rufus by a rope through the ring in his nose; Ingrid walked alongside with her arm over Rufus' shoulder, muttering pleasantries. They emerged from the barn to the ramp into the truck. Sven started up, pulling on the rope. A crosspiece caught his toe and he stumbled, and as he toppled off the ramp he dropped the rope. Rufus lifted his heavy head. He saw freedom; no one was hurting his tender nose. He broke out into the yard.

"Rufus, come back here!" Ingrid cried. "Rufus!" And she sped after him.

A hundred feet out in the yard, Rufus stopped and looked around. He saw Ingrid coming after him and, behind her, Sven getting to his feet. It seemed to rub him the wrong way; it probably made his nose hurt just seeing them. He went into his stylized warmup, scraping the earth with a hoof and blowing his nose; then he charged Ingrid. She screamed and took off for the barn just as Spike leaped from the truck cab and Mr. Magnusson and Peter came out of the house. Thirty feet from the barn, Rufus had almost overtaken Ingrid.

"Hit the dirt!" Spike roared.

She did. Rufus pounded by her, stopped, wheeled and came back for her. He had tilted his head to use a horn on her when Spike grabbed him by the tail. Spike set his heels in the turf and jerked back on it with everything his hundred and sixty pounds had. And as if that weren't enough, he hauled off and kicked Rufus. Visibly outraged, Rufus whirled to get Spike.

In the sunny green arena of the farmyard the desperate redheaded man with a bull by the tail made a vivid spectacle. Around and around they went, three times, before Spike lost his footing. Rufus caught him and threw him. Aerially Spike did ten feet. As his lights went out he heard Ingrid's screams and some snarls.

He awoke on his stomach with a headache. His first words were: "Did the passengers get out?"

A hand touched his brow, warm lips brushed his cheek. A fine-smelling angel said, "You poor brave little thing."

"Is it the big Swede?"

"Of course, darling. How do you feel?"

He got a focus on her. "You O.K.?"

"Fine." The blue eyes were misty. "The doctor's coming."

"Doctor?" His eyes rounded. "I got stuck, hunh?" She nodded. "Where?"

"It's a flesh wound, Spike, and it's best if you stay on your stomach."

"Oh. Well, how come my head hurts so?"

"You came down on it."

He thought some more. "Why wasn't I killed?"

"Same reason I wasn't; you were saved."

"Old Sven, eh? I knew ——"

"Sven?" She made a face. "He stayed in the barn. Peter saved you, Spike. You know how a dog can handle a bull, nipping his heels and biting his nose. Peter treats Rufus like he owns him." She paused, blinking at him. "Can a girl apologize?"

"Certainly; apologize."

"I've been thinking: eugenics has still got some flaws in it. It's obvious we don't know enough about intelligence and personality genes yet. Rufus and Sven, for example: both highly bred, look terrific, superlative bodies—and you can't trust either of them as far as you can throw —— Well, they're unreliable; they turn on the very people who love them the most. And Sven, who loses his nerve. I wouldn't want my children like that." She kissed Spike. "I'd much rather have a bunch of brave, faithful little redheads."

Bliss deadened all his pains; he grinned up at her.

"Spike, after the doctor's been here, would it be all right if I ran into town for a few minutes?"

"That depends. Why?"

"Well, it seems to me I'll be needing some flat-heeled shoes"—she had turned that toothsome pink again—"won't I?"

The Boy Left Home (Continued from Page 31)

and then raced to meet me when I called their names, and Henry Swain himself came round the house.

Suddenly I was scared, afraid he wouldn't let me stay. Stooping to pet the dogs, I delayed coming face to face with him. But I heard his solid footsteps.

"I was just thinking about you, boy," he said. "Thinking about you and your pa. Where's he at?"

"Home," I told him. "He didn't come."

"How'd you get here?"

"Bus to the Crossroads and walked the rest of the way. I—I came to stay, Mr. Swain."

"You what?" he asked me in that gentle voice of his.

"I came to stay for good, if you'll let me."

He knew this was no time to bid me a conventional welcome. For a while he said nothing at all, which was his way when he was in doubt. His gray eyes studied me. He was a man of middle height and medium size, but with amazing strength and endurance for a man of sixty. Behind him was a long line of good and self-sufficient stock. His people had dwelt here a long time. The stream beyond the house bore his name, as did the gap in the mountains to the west.

He was no hillbilly. He had fought in France in the first World War and had later followed construction work before coming home to the mountains. His education had been sketchy, but he knew his way around and he was respected wherever he went.

"Boy, did you run away from home?"

"No, sir. I just—left."

"Your daddy's a good man, Jim, and Mrs. Hastings —— Now a stepmother never is exactly the same as a real mother, no matter what they say, but your stepmother is a kind and gracious lady."

"Yes, sir," I said. "She cried when I left. She—she even tried to reason with my father."

"Could have saved her breath. Frank's not easy to reason with sometimes. You're going to be exactly like him. Come over here, Jim, and tell me what happened."

I followed him to a wooden bench under a locust tree and sat down beside him. I was more afraid than ever. The dogs licked my hands. In the field across Swain's Run a mother quail called to her brood. I could smell ham frying in the kitchen and coffee boiling and biscuits baking. I took a long, deep breath and told him.

When I finished, he said: "Let's see if I've got it all straight. The main thing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is your pa lost his temper when you told him you didn't intend to go to college this fall. That's right, ain't it? He said some pretty hard things to you and you said some right back at him. In a little while wasn't neither one of you fit to talk to the other one. Haven't you got the gumption to know that he's got a grown man's good sense on his side?"

"I don't care," I said. "I'm not ever going to school again. I'm sick of books. I never want to see another book. I just want to live here in the mountains. I've wanted to live here ever since the first time my father brought me up here hunting when I was twelve years old."

"I remember," he said. "I recollect all the times you and your pa come here hunting. I'll never forget how proud me and Frank were when we found out you had a natural-born knack for tracking a wild thing in the woods. You and him shake hands when you walked out?"

"N-no, sir, but he made me take a hundred dollars."

"I reckon he's a mighty disappointed man right now. You don't belong to live here, Jim. You belong to go to college and study to be a lawyer like your daddy and come up here once a year and hunt with me and Jay and Paul." I started to speak, but he shut me up with one uplifted hand. "But you're too young to see you're making a fool of yourself. Well! If you've got to make a fool of yourself, the time to do it is when you're young. You make a fool of yourself at my age or your daddy's and it's liable to be real serious. In your case—why, you won't hardly notice it."

That was the longest speech I ever heard him make. He closed his hands, lacing the fingers together, opened his hands and stared at them. Finally he spoke again.

"Just what did you have in mind, boy?"

"I can help you on the farm, now that Jay and Paul are married and living in homes of their own. At the end of the year you can pay me whatever you think I've been worth to you. This fall in my spare time I can guide hunters the way you used to when you were a young man."

He shook his head. "Not this fall. You ain't woodsman enough yet. Oh, you're a good tracker, like I said, but ——"

I cut him short. "I'll kill the Still Run Buck! I'll show you! If I hunt the Still Run Buck down and kill him, will you think I'm a woodsman then?"

His eyes twinkled. "I'd be powerful impressed."

"Can I stay?" I asked him, with my heart pounding.

"You can stay," he told me. "We'll see how it works out. Now let's go wash up for supper."

He led me to the kitchen, where his wife, whom I always called Miss Molly, made me welcome. She was one of the kindest persons I ever knew, a round little woman as plump as a ruffed grouse. In as few words as possible Mr. Swain acquainted her with the situation.

"Right after supper, Henry," she said instantly, "you get in that pickup truck and drive down to the Crossroads and call Mr. Hastings on the long-distance telephone and tell him Jim's here."

"No," Henry Swain said firmly. "This thing is a thing between me and Jim." He looked at me. "Jim is going to write his pa a letter, and what telling is done—why, he can do it in that letter."

"But, Henry!" she protested.

"I told you this was between me and Jim."

He smiled at me then, and I have never since been as grateful to anyone as I was to Henry Swain at that shining moment of my life.

I did write the letter. Later, after Mr. Swain and Miss Molly had gone to bed. It took me an hour and a half, and before it was done I realized the truth of Mr. Swain's contention that I was very young, because I cried the last thirty minutes. But the next morning the sun shot the mountains full of golden light and I was strong again.

It was a boy's dream there at the farm on Swain's Run. A dream for a boy who hated the city, who all his life had loved the out-of-doors, who had read endlessly of mountains and mountain men, who used to feel he had been born too late. It was a dream that was not to end until the Still Run Buck lay dead at my feet.

I saw him the second morning I was there. I was up at daylight looking for a steer that had strayed the day before and I saw the Still Run Buck in a little meadow half a mile below Still Run's junction with Swain's Run. He stood erect and looked at me. He stamped one forefoot and actually took three or four steps toward me, and he walked not in the mincing fashion of many deer, but proudly as if he owned the earth. Then he snorted, wheeled, hoisted his flag, and ran with unbelievable speed for the hemlocks at the foot of the ridge.

Forgetting the steer, I charged back to the house. "I saw him!" I shouted. "I saw him! I saw the Still Run Buck!"

Henry Swain smiled understandingly and did not chide me about the steer. I don't think he ever chided me. He was a patient man and I was a willing student. I loved the work on the farm and it did not take me long to catch on.

"You learn real quick," he used to say.

I milked the cows and fed the hogs. I made hay in the meadow, and when the time came I cut corn on the hillsides. I mended fence and helped cut and saw and store firewood against the winter. Some of it was hard work and some of it was easy, but all of it was interesting and elemental and had to do with survival.

My stepmother wrote to me regularly and I had one letter from my father, in answer to the one I had written him. It was a blunt and honest letter. He was glad I liked it at Swain's. He was sorry I felt I had to do what I was doing. He would not be coming to the mountains to hunt that fall. If I changed my mind I was to come home at once and we would take up where we had left off. It was typical of him that he said if I changed my mind and not when.

Time went by on wings. Suddenly all the corn was cut and all the firewood stored and the last of the small grain seeded. It was the middle of November and the hunting season was at hand. Jay and Paul, Henry Swain's two sons, came from their homes to hunt with us the first day. We went turkey hunting and Mr. Swain and Paul each got a young gobbler. Jay and I failed to score.

That night at supper I said, "Tomorrow I am going to hunt the Still Run Buck."

Jay and Paul laughed outright at me, but Henry Swain silenced them with one look. "I expect Jim would come as close to hunting that old heathen down as either one of you would."

Later, when Jay and Paul had gone home, he led me into what was called the front room. He lit the fire in the fireplace and we sat down, stretching our legs out to the blaze, helping our muscles relax after the day's long tramp. It was a pleasant, rewarding time and for a long while we said nothing.

"That buck is on your mind, ain't he?" Henry Swain said at last. "He's like a fever with you. Why, boy?"

"I just want him. That's one reason. The other reason is that you said I wasn't a woodsman."

"I never said that! I said you weren't enough of a woodsman yet to go guiding city hunters through these mountains."

"Amounts to the same thing," I told him. "I have got to kill the Still Run Buck to show you."

He shot me a direct and searching look. "You think being a good woodsman is more important than being a good lawyer?"

"I'd rather be a good woodsman than a good lawyer."

"You figure you got a chance against that old buck?"

"I aim to find out."

"He knows it's hunting season now. He won't stand in the meadow and look at you. He'll be long gone. You think I don't know? You think I never hunted him? Well, I did. Many and many a weary day. I walked him down once and then missed him because I was too tired to hold the rifle steady."

A sudden suspicion crystallized in my mind and my heart fell. "You don't want him killed, do you? You—you'd rather I didn't try for him, wouldn't you?"

He shook his head. "You're welcome to try. It's a good thing for a man to want something the way you want that buck. But you're going to cry in your sleep before you get him."

I was out at daybreak the next morning and I spent the entire day scouring the ridges and the hollows along Still Run. I saw other deer, but I never glimpsed the Still Run Buck. Nor did I jump him the second day. I dragged home that night tired to the bone, and fell asleep at the supper table.

The third day I did jump him. He was bedded down less than a hundred yards from where Still Run and Swain's Run joined. There was a violent crashing in the brush ahead and I glimpsed him long enough to identify him. There was no mistaking his magnificent rack or the tremendous size of him.

I waited until the sounds of his headlong flight died out and then picked up his trail. It was not too hard to track him in the hollow; but when he took to the ridge, I lost the trail. It had not rained for weeks and the higher ground was hard and unyielding, and only the keenest of trackers could have followed him there. I began to cut wide circles, hoping to find him bedded down again and get in a lucky shot before he crashed away. I didn't find him.

The fourth day I jumped him again and lost him again. The fifth day it rained and rained and rained. I tramped the ridges and the hollows all day in the rain and found no sign of the buck. Again I was tired to the bone, but it never occurred to me to quit.

I think that by now I hated him. I know that showing Henry Swain was no longer important. Maybe I just had to show myself. However it was, I had to have him, possess him, stand over him and know that at last he was mine. A desperate urgency kept me going.

Then, less than an hour before nightfall, I jumped him and he fled through the drowned woods like a jet-powered wraith. I threw the rifle to my shoulder, but I was too late; and it was too late to follow him. I had to find the trail leading off that ridge before dark set in.

I found the trail and followed it home. I entered by way of the kitchen. Miss Molly gave me a troubled look. There was no expression on Henry Swain's face. I walked past them without a word, went to my room, and shucked out of my soaked clothes. When I reopened the door, I heard them talking in the kitchen.

"Are you going to stop that fool boy or not?" Miss Molly demanded.

"Who am I to stop him?" Henry Swain asked her. "This is something you don't understand, Molly. I ain't sure I'd stop him if I could. This thing has got to go to a finish, one way or another."

After supper we sat before the fire in the front room and listened to the beat of the rain. I didn't tell him anything about that day's hunt and he didn't ask me. But finally he made the suggestion that I sleep late the next morning. I shook my head at him.

"I'm going again, rain or no rain."

"Tomorrow is Sunday," he reminded me softly.

So I rested the next day and the rain came down all day long. But Monday morning the stars were out when I went into the kitchen to fix my breakfast. I found it already fixed and a lunch packed for me. Henry Swain had done this and he was sitting at the table waiting for me.

"You'll have a good day," he told me. "The ground will be soft, even on the ridges. You can track him if you've got the patience. Look! I promised myself I'd stay out of this. I promised myself faithful I wouldn't help you. I figured you'd hunt him three or four days and then quit."

"I'll never quit."

He nodded. "That's why I'm going to tell you how to get him." I stared at him, but I didn't say a word. "It's the way I done the day I shot at him and missed three years ago. You can get him, boy, if you're man enough to walk him down."

"Walk him down?"

Again he nodded. "It's an old trick of mine and it'll work a day like this, when the ground's soft enough for tracking. If you're lucky enough to jump him, just keep on his trail. Don't let him rest a minute longer than you can help. He'll run like the wind for a ways, and then he'll bed down again. Follow his trail as fast as you can and roust him out and keep him moving all day long. Even a deer gets tired, the same as a man."

... ...

Psalm of Love

By JAMES FACOS

How light the quiet of your hand
Resting, gentle on my arm,
Rousing me from drifts of sorrow
Back to where the room glows warm
With you, and tea, and firelight
And walls built strong against the night.

So I, from far a wintry mile
Of inward journey, catch your smile
And see again our love is such—,
As a fruitful tree in a barren land.

I know—and trace your April hand,
Marveling that so rich a strength
Should flow from such a quiet touch.

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Did that ever work for you?" I demanded.

"Lots of times with other deer, and it worked once with the Still Run Buck, only I missed him."

Over my shoulder I slung the beautiful .30-06 my father had given me two years before and which my stepmother had packed and sent to me when I wrote for it. I struck off up Swain's Run toward Still Run. It was dawn in the valley, but sunrise on the top of Eagle Knob, miles to the west.

I was lucky that morning. He hadn't bedded down yet. He was standing at the edge of the little meadow below the mouth of Still Run. Dropping to one knee, I wished for scope sights; but Henry Swain and my father always used iron sights and I had followed in their footsteps. I brought the gun to my shoulder. At that moment, before I could aim, the Still Run Buck saw me, bounded into the brush, and, as Henry Swain had said, was gone like the wind.

But he had left an easy trail in the wet ground of the flat. His enormous weight had driven his hoofs deep. Nor, when he took to the ridge, was his trail too hard to follow. A little way up the ridge he had stopped his wild flight and had begun to walk. I made my way stealthily and noiselessly. Today there were no dry leaves to betray me. He would have to sight me or wind me.

Finally I found where he had stood a while and then walked on with shorter and shorter steps. I stopped beside a slim hemlock and scanned the brush ahead. A grouse twittered in a thicket. Far up the ridge a wild turkey yelped once.

The buck was near. The tracks indicated that he considered himself out of danger when he reached this point. I peered into the brush, my heart racing, my knees shaking. There was only a little wind, scarcely more than a breeze, but enough for me to feel it when it changed. It was cool at the back of my neck now instead of in my face, and instantly the buck broke from his bed no more than thirty yards away. But again he vanished before I could lay the sights on him.

This time he did not go far. Why, I don't know. Perhaps he figured it was only luck that I had stumbled on him again. This time he did not break into crashing flight, but skulked away. I found where he had lain down and then, at my approach, had got up and gone quietly away from there.

That flight was his longest. The tracks showed that he ran at least a mile along the top of the ridge and then walked another two miles at a steady gait. It was as if he made up his mind that once and for all he would shake me off his trail.

But he was out of luck. On this higher ground the trail was not as plain as it had been below, but the tracks were there if you had the patience to search them out. Finally, three miles from where he had skulked away, I jumped him again, and this time it seemed to me there was a kind of desperation in his going. He made twice as much noise in the thick brush as he had made before. Maybe he thought to frighten me with his tremendous racket, maybe he meant to show me that he had energy to waste and in that way convince me it was useless to follow him.

"Run, you hellion!" I called after him. "Run till your legs fall off! You can't lose me!"

He ran only a few hundred yards that time and then settled to a steady walk. As far as I know, he did not lie down again that day. I suppose instinct told him that he was in for it and he would not lie down and risk being surprised in his bed. But the tracks showed countless places where he stopped and waited and then went on again when evidently he either glimpsed or winded me. The tracks showed, too, that he was not as fresh as he had been.

Neither was I. The steady climbing—the buck had traveled in almost a straight line toward Bluetop—had burned a lot of my energy. My thighs were sore and my calf muscles hurt. Oftener and oftener I had to stop and catch my breath.

Noon came and I ate half my lunch and went on again. I was tired. I felt as if I had never been fresh. Sweat ran down my face and down my flanks from my armpits. But at the same time I was happy and eager and filled with hope. Because it was going to work. Henry Swain had been right. I could walk him down. Sooner or later he would lag just enough to give me a clean shot at him. It was going to work!

But it didn't. At least it didn't for a long and desperate time. Once, about mid-afternoon, I saw him clearly for an instant. This was on a thinly wooded hogback. He was standing still, looking back over his shoulder at the way he had come. We saw each other at the same time and he was gone instantly.

From there he climbed steadily to the foot of Bluetop and then turned directly north across the ridges between Bluetop and Eagle Knob. These were wild, steep ridges with deep and rocky hollows lying between. He was dragging his feet now and stopping oftener, and the tracks indicated that he was not too far ahead of me. But I couldn't gain. I lost ground every time I reached the top of a ridge, because I had to stop and take the pressure off my lungs.

"Wait for me!" I remember saying as I climbed the almost sheer side of the deepest of all those deep hollows. "Wait for me just one more time!"

I halted at the top of the ridge and lay on the ground, panting. The sun was going down over Bluetop. Already the hollows were dim with shadows. Sweat trickled into my eyes. Suddenly I knew that it wasn't going to work. The Still Run Buck might be about as near dead on his feet as I was, but he had the advantage of that distance between us.

I knew something else too: that if I didn't get him today I never would. He would never give me another beating like the one he had given me today over the miles and miles and miles that lay behind us. Still, at that moment I wanted him more than I had ever wanted him. I staggered to my feet. If it was ever going to happen, it had to happen in the next forty or fifty minutes.

This was the last ridge before Eagle Knob. I picked my way down it and came not to another hollow but to a small flat choked with brush and cut by numerous ravines. He was walking slowly now and stopping every few yards. I fell over a rock and got up. The last of the sunlight died, and as it died I saw him.

He was standing broadside not more than sixty yards from me, standing at the edge of a ravine, testing the air with his flared nostrils. The wind had changed and blew now from him to me and he was nervous about that. But he was an old, wise buck and he would make no break until he knew what he was doing.

"There you are!" I heard myself whisper.

I wiped the sweat from my eyes and brought the rifle up. Henry Swain had been too tired to hold steady. I was tired, too, but not that tired. The butt came to rest against my shoulder. I sighted on him and squeezed the trigger and knew that at the last possible moment excitement or desire or some other deadly force had betrayed me.

At the shot he sprang upward and outward. As tired as he must have been, it was a magnificent leap, but it wasn't enough. He did not quite clear the ravine. His forefeet struck the far edge and clawed frantically for a purchase. His hind feet dug at the sheer side of the ravine. Then he fell backward and out of my sight.

For a moment I stood rooted and then I ran for the ravine. It was a forty-foot drop to the bottom and I slid down in a cascade of gravel and small stones. He lay at the very bottom and his neck was broken. That was when I stood with my hand on his lifeless head.

Suddenly it was as unbelievable as if my father or Henry Swain lay dead at my feet. Just as suddenly the hate that had been born of his mastery over me was gone. I had walked him down and yet at the very end he had beaten me, only to lose his life by a cruel accident. I wished now with all my sick heart that he had cleared the ravine and with some last reserve of energy gone bounding away from me forever.

I touched him again, gently, my hand trembling. Then I picked my way down the ravine to a point where I could climb out. It was now too late to try to find my way home. I would have to spend the night in the woods. At the foot of Eagle Knob I found an overhang of rock, gathered enough firewood to last the night, and built a fire in front of the overhang.

At first I was too exhausted to eat, but finally I put down the half of my lunch I had saved. I stretched out under the overhang and closed my eyes. From time to time I dozed, and from time to time I got up and put fresh wood on the fire. Once I heard a noise and I stumbled through the dark to make sure no varmint was at the carcass of the Still Run Buck.

Daylight came finally. I stamped out the last embers of the fire, shouldered the rifle, and headed north for Swain's Gap. The highway ran through the gap and it was only an hour's walk from Eagle Knob. When I reached the highway I turned east and presently a man came along in a car and gave me a ride. I got out at Swain's mailbox and plodded down the ridge to the house.

"I wasn't worried about you," Henry Swain said. "I knew you could take care of yourself if you had to spend the night in the woods. Jim! What's the matter, boy?"

"He's dead," I told him. "The Still Run Buck. He's dead."

"You got him? You sure-enough got him!"

"No. I missed him. But he tried to jump a ravine and didn't make it and fell forty feet on his back and broke his neck. He beat me! I walked him down and he still beat me!"

"I know," Henry Swain said. "He done that to me too."

"Were you—were you glad you—missed him?"

"I think I was, boy. Yes, I was glad."

"I didn't have time to be glad! He was dead before I had time to be glad!"

"But you would've been?" He put his hand on my shoulder. "Breakfast's waiting for you, Jim."

"Will you help me get him out of the woods? He's in that deepest ravine at the foot of Eagle Knob."

He nodded. "There's an old road runs back in there. We can get the pickup within a mile of the knob. A buck as old as he was—well, I doubt if the meat will be worth the trouble, but of course, you want to have his head mounted."

"No," I said.

"Then you just want his antlers on a board?"

I shook my head at him. "I want to bury him. I want to bury him in that little meadow below Still Run where he used to come out and feed."

He didn't think I was crazy. He just looked at me as one man at another. "I see," he said. He studied me a moment and I saw by his eyes that something had occurred to him. "You go in and eat your breakfast. I have got to run down to the Crossroads, but I will be back by the time you're done. Then we'll go get him."

It took us a long time to drag him out of the ravine and a longer time to carry him to the pickup. We lashed his forefeet together and then his hind feet and we carried him out on a pole. On the ride back to the farm neither of us said a word.

We buried him in the little meadow. We dug his grave deep so the varmints would not get at him and we packed the earth solidly above him and we put rocks from the ridge on his grave. We did the best we could for him, because he had been a king and a king deserves the very best.

Afterward we walked slowly, side by side, to the pickup and climbed in. Henry Swain started the motor. I did not look back. I looked ahead, knowing now that I had to go home. That was where I belonged. I could still enroll for the university's second term, which began in February. I would come back every year and hunt with Henry Swain, but now I had to go home.

There was no clear-cut symbol involved. It was simply that I had come through an emotional experience probably more profound, in its way, than any I would ever know again, and in the coming through had grown older. Without the Still Run Buck I would have matured anyway. In time I would have realized that my place was not here, that I belonged where I could make the most of my advantages and of whatever talents were mine. The Still Run Buck had simply taken me the short way home, sudden and violent and painful and at the same time as uninvolved as a thing could be.

A familiar car stood parked at the house and my father sat at the kitchen table talking with Miss Molly. He shook hands with me and with Henry Swain. Then he shook hands with me again. I remembered the light in Henry Swain's eyes when he had said he had to go down to the Crossroads that morning.

"You sent for him," I said. "You called him long-distance from the Crossroads."

"Yes, I done that," Henry Swain said. "It seemed like a right good thing to do."

"I came as fast as I could," my father said. "Lord, Jim, you've put on at least ten pounds and you're as brown as a chestnut."

He looked at me, dropped his eyes, and looked at me again. Somehow I sensed that he was going to ask me to go back with him. I didn't let him. I beat him to it. I said, "I was coming home tomorrow. But maybe, since you're here, we could leave this afternoon."

"We can leave the minute you're ready," he told me.

I went to my room and packed. Then I stood at the window and looked at the mountains. The sunlight was bright on Bluetop and Eagle Knob and all the ridges between, brighter than gold on all the places where the Still Run Buck had roamed.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

West of the Law (Continued from Page 39)

wanted no such complication as that to add to their vexations.

"Maury," he said gravely, "you'd better skedaddle before the general really gets playful. I'm offering sound advice."

Maury recognized the soundness of it because the length and breadth and scope of Jack Casement's rages were matters discussed and admired from Omaha to Kearney and beyond. He walked away with what bravado he could muster, turning at the corner of the station for a last word.

"You'll be hearing about this," he threatened.

Casement turned his anger upon Bednigo as the handiest object for its exercise. "Must we endure this?" he shouted. "Must we stand with our hands in our pants pockets whilst that man sells guns to the Indians to kill us with? Is there nothing we can do?"

Bednigo spoke softly, his words for Casement's ear alone. "Not legally, general."

"The law," Casement answered, "is a long way off."

"So it is," Bednigo said quietly. "So it is. Let us go and talk about how far away the law may be."

"Come to the office."

"No," Bednigo said, waggling his head. "Every day we take the work train to the end of track. If we broke that routine today, there'd be speculation."

Casement regarded his companion askance. He was suspicious of men who used their brains to achieve purposes instead of using brute strength and visible action. "Why beat around the bush?" he demanded.

"We've got the railroad to think about," Bednigo said reasonably, "and General Dodge. He's got troubles enough, without our adding to them. It would be best if we take the train in our usual way."

Casement shrugged his mighty shoulders. "If we've got to be devious," he said scornfully. "Me, I'd collect a few of the lads and do the job in style."

The train of flatcars, loaded with ties and rails and supplies, was ready for its daily trip. Bednigo and Casement walked down the tracks past the puffing engine and climbed aboard. Before the load pulled out to westward, Bednigo leaned down and spoke to the yard boss.

"Send a handcar after us," he said, "five minutes after we pull out."

"What?"

"Do as you're told," Bednigo snapped.

They chugged along for a couple of miles, and then, in a cut which would conceal them from possible watching eyes, they swung skillfully to the ground from the slowly moving caboose and sat on their haunches waiting for the arrival of the handcar. In a quarter of an hour it came pumping up, and Bednigo and Casement sat on its platform with legs dangling. The handcar reversed direction and rolled back toward the Fort Kearney yards.

"Now what?" Casement demanded.

"You're sure you want to be in this?" Bednigo asked.

Jack Casement did not deign to reply. Bednigo would have preferred to go on without such an unpredictable ally, but there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

They got off among the piles of ties. Bednigo directed the crew of the car to pump ahead to the siding where the boxcar with its cargo of rifles had been shunted.

"See what's going on," he said, "and come back to report."

While Casement pawed the earth and champed at the bit, the handcar crew went to investigate. They returned to give the information that Maury was letting no grass grow under his feet. He had recruited a work gang from the thugs and dealers and casekeepers of the Big Tent and they were clumsily removing cases of rifles from the boxcar to a couple of freight wagons.

It was past noon when the freight wagons, creaking under their load, moved off the railroad property in the direction of town.

"They'll be getting away from us," Casement chafed.

"I think not," Bednigo said thoughtfully. "Not today. There's too little of it left. No. I think they'll stop for the night at the corral back of the Big Tent. Why not, general? What has Maury to be afraid of?" He seemed pleased at developments. "Maury's taken delivery," he said. "He's removed his shipment from railroad property. Our liability has ceased."

Bednigo was right. The wagons lurched along to the corral behind the Big Tent, where the teams were unhitched and the rifles left under the guard of two armed men who made themselves comfortable on the drivers' seats.

"Now what? Do we sit here on our hunkers till morning?"

"Not till morning, general," Bednigo said. "No moon. It'll be dark early." He made one more effort to rid himself of the general's dubious assistance. "I can handle it from here. Why not go get something to eat?"

Casement grinned. He did have a sense of humor. And he was no man's fool—not Jack Casement, the most efficient layer of railroad track in all the world.

"If," he growled, "there's going to be any fun I'll not miss it."

"We'll have to stay here unseen until the work train comes in from the end of track," Bednigo said.

"We might as well have gone out on it this morning," Casement complained.

"One of us might," Bednigo said shortly. "You have a key to the powder shed?"

"Certainly."

"We'll contrive a diversion," Bednigo said. "Something to beat the mine before Vicksburg. Nothing like a good earth-shaking explosion to divert folks' attention. Far enough from town so there'll be no damage, but near enough to jar the dishes off the table."

That was the sort of action Jack Casement could appreciate. With all possible stealth, the two men carried, one by one, half a dozen kegs of blasting powder to a shanty at the westerly side of the railroad yards, and there, with the skill of men accustomed to the use of high explosives, arranged them so that maximum results would be achieved.

"When that lets off," chuckled Bednigo, "we'll have everybody's undivided attention."

Casement was less impatient, now that he could anticipate the sort of caper to delight his heart. The general outline of Bednigo's plan was clear to him.

"It'll have to be timed exactly," he said happily.

"That'll be your part of it," Bednigo said.

"I'd say two kegs to each wagon would do the trick," Casement estimated.

"That," agreed Bednigo, "ought to scatter hunks of rifle from here to the Black Hills."

When, in due time, darkness fell, Bednigo and Casement carried four kegs of blasting powder to a point just beyond the corral. They synchronized their watches, and the general went back as quietly as was possible for him to the shack where his explosive waited. Bednigo, with all the stealth of an Indian, carried the four kegs to the corral fence, and there, fuse dangling from his pocket, he waited for the general to light his fuse.

Inside the Big Tent not a hundred yards away the band blared; laborers who should have been exhausted after a day of toil swung their partners and stomped on the floor with abandon. The long bar was busy from end to end, and games of chance flourished around the tent. The night's orgy was in full fling.

Then, startlingly, there came an ear-splitting detonation. The floor heaved; the tent barely withstood the blast. Glasses crashed, men and women staggered crazily or fell sprawling. It was a tremendous, soul-satisfying blast.

There was panic; men and women, wild-eyed, surged for the exits or tried to fight their way through the canvas walls. It was indeed a diversion.

Bednigo, waiting outside the bars of the corral, saw the two guards leap down from their seats. One of them, heedless of his duty, ran toward the Big Tent. The other shouted after him, but he did not heed. This second guard stood, uncertain what to do, and as he stood, Bednigo crept behind him and struck him mightily under the ear. One blow was enough. He caught the guard as he fell and dragged him back out of the corral. Then, swiftly he toted in his explosive, placed two kegs under each wagon, affixed the fuses, lighted them and skedaddled. As he ran the fuses sparked and spluttered in the dust of the corral floor. Bednigo dragged his victim farther away, dumped him behind a hummock, and took to his heels.

Running, he counted up to thirty and then threw himself face downward upon the grass. There was a mighty heave and convulsion of earth and air as the blasting powder let go. A flare of garish light illuminated the scene. The air was full of fragments of wagons, of crates, of rifle stocks and barrels. One of the largest shipments of rifles ever intended for hostile Indians had been demolished in an instant.

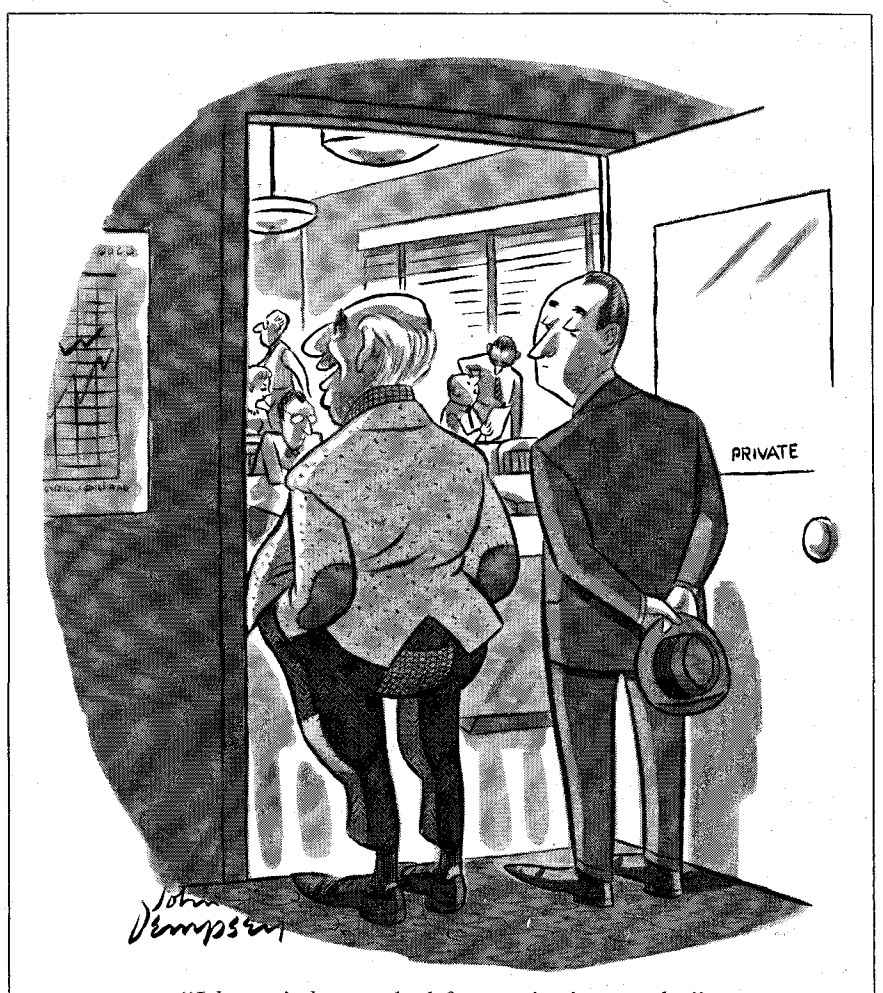
Bednigo brushed himself off and sauntered into town, joining the shouting, milling crowd in the street. In front of the Big Tent were clustered gunmen, gamblers, bartenders, women, and in their midst stood Maury. He stood motionless, his face a mask. In his hand he held the shattered black-walnut stock of an army-issue rifle, and he stared at it unbelievingly. He had picked it up out of the road where it had fallen. He did not need to investigate. He did not need to be told what had happened.

Bednigo pushed his way through the cluster of people and greeted Maury provocatively. He grinned boyishly.

"What goes up must come down," he said, and sauntered away.

General Dodge was back from Washington and his presence was sorely needed. Lured by the stretching out of the tracks of the railroad, by reports of gold in the Black Hills or merely by the beckoning West, thousands of emigrants toiled across the plains. In great caravans, covered wagons rolled westward, new towns were born and squatters settled upon fertile acres. And then the skies were darkened by the flight of grasshoppers which devoured the new crops and spread ruin among the farmers who had come so hopefully. Flour leaped to a frightening price of eight dollars for a hundred pounds and, to top the list of misfortunes, the Cheyennes struck at a score of points, killing settlers, scalping graders and crews of freight trains and causing panic and confusion.

It became increasingly difficult to recruit the laborers to construct the road, and, seemingly, it became difficult to raise the money to pay them. Unrest and resentment began to manifest themselves all along the line, and Dodge had his hands full from morning to night.



"I haven't been asked for a raise in months."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And then there arrived a telegram from Sidney Dillon, a director of the road, urging General Dodge to speed eastward to Fort Sanders, there to meet Grant and to confer about the unhealthy condition of the railroad. Durant, said the telegram, would be there to make specific charges of negligence and malfeasance against General Dodge.

The general, taking with him, as had become his custom, Bednigo Claypool, raced by train and stage to Fort Sanders, where he found a formidable group of eminent men awaiting his arrival. Sheridan was there, and he and Dodge greeted each other warmly. Durant rode a high horse. Recent political victories in company affairs had made him assume the airs of a dictator, and he arose in the meeting, handsome, determined, malicious, to launch his charges in the presence of the man who was soon to become President of the United States.

"Gentlemen," Durant began suavely, fingering his handsome Vandyke beard, "it is with regret that I speak as I must speak to you today. Matters have not gone well. Especially in things pertaining to the construction of our railroad they have gone far from well, and the fault is upon no shoulders but those of our present chief engineer, General Grenville Dodge. He has wasted our money in futile projects; he has selected an absurd and impractical route for the building of our railroad; he has thrown away money in useless experimentation and has stubbornly ignored the advice and sound judgment of his Eastern associates."

The men in the room were silent, listening intently while Durant became specific for half an hour. At the end of his philippic he sat down well satisfied that he had finally defeated Grenville Dodge. He smiled knowingly at his creature, Colonel Seymour, who had come ready to assume Dodge's position as soon as it became vacant.

In the room were friends and enemies; men who knew Dodge and respected him; men who were obliged to Durant and would do his bidding. It was a tense moment. The short, burly man with close-cropped beard who had received the surrender of Robert E. Lee at Appomattox leaned forward in his cane-bottomed chair. He did not look at Durant. His face was grim as men had seen it before Vicksburg and in the Wilderness. Sherman's lined prophet's face was without expression. Little Phil Sheridan, always tense, in perpetual motion, poked forward his bullet head and waited. They all waited, friend and foe alike, for the grim little man in his cane-bottomed chair to speak past his ever-present cigar.

General Grant removed the cigar from his mouth, licked its wrapper and slowly clamped it again in his teeth. His eyes were only for Dodge.

"What about it, general?" he asked, biting off his words.

"Just this, sir," Dodge answered with quiet, impressive deliberation: "If Tom Durant or anybody else connected with the Union Pacific Railroad or anybody connected with the Government changes my lines, I'll quit the road."

The words dropped into a pool of silence. Dodge had dared to take his future in his hands and risk it upon one throw of the dice.

Grant crossed his stubby legs and leaned back in his chair and rolled the cigar to the other side of his mouth. He was in no haste to break the silence, but when he spoke, it was with grim finality.

"The Government," he said slowly, "expects this railroad to be finished. The Government expects the railroad company to meet its obligations and"—here his rather hoarse voice took on the ring of command—"the Government expects General Dodge to remain with the road as its chief engineer until it is completed."

There was drama in that statement. Tom Durant was no fighter of lost causes nor leader of forlorn hopes. He was a practical, scheming man, who took his losses and hoped to recoup on another day. With no sign upon his handsome face of the sting of defeat, he turned to Dodge, but without extending his hand.

"General," he said, "I withdraw my objections. We all want Dodge to stay with the road."

The group broke up, part of them taking the train for the East, but the three greatest generals of the Union armies, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, accompanied their friend Dodge to his Council Bluffs home, where they remained for some days in such a reunion as seldom has occurred.

They parted. Dodge remained in the Omaha headquarters. Bednigo took the train for Fort Kearney and the end of the tracks. As the younger man left the office Dodge called after him, "You'd better get started on moving things from Fort Kearney to North Platte."

"That," Bednigo said, "is kind of like givin' orders to shift Purgatory."

As he rode westward he thought things over. He fancied himself as a politician,

• •

Losing Cause

My supermarket's like a
child
And proves it every week
By offering another game
Of hiding what I seek.

Dick Emmons

• •

as an adroit maneuverer and handler of men. In that capacity he had considered himself indispensable to Dodge. Now, having seen what he had seen, he was not so sure. Dodge, seemingly without effort, had achieved the most telling political victory of his life. And, Bednigo realized ruefully, without any assistance whatever from him.

He had not been long in Fort Kearney before he discovered that the town had somehow become aware of the fact that moving day was in the near future. The first of the moving towns, the initial Hell on Wheels, was about to pick up its skirts and scurry on to the next halting place, which would be North Platte. And North Platte was just a little farther removed from civilization and the restraining hand of the law than Kearney.

Rory Flannagan met him as he stepped from the train—a neat and clean Rory he was, with hair actually clipped and freckles all but scrubbed from his rounding cheeks. He seized Bednigo's bag, which was almost too heavy for his boyish strength, but would not surrender it.

"Mr. Claypool, sorr," he greeted, with a sly look in his eyes, "she's been apinin' for ye. Sore and stiddy she's been apinin'."

"Who's been pining?" Bednigo demanded.

"Sure and it's Miss Hepsie."

"Don't be impudent, bub," Bednigo said sharply.

"But," Rory said, careful to keep out of reach, "the ither one I mistrust."

"What other one?" Bednigo asked.

"The handsome one that fears to soil the hands of her," Rory replied. "She hangs around, purrin' and rubbin' herself against Miss Hepsie like a great slinkin' cat."

Bednigo frowned down at the redhead. "Would you be referring to Miss Potter Nourse?" he asked.

"Sure and no ither at all, at all," Rory answered. "Half her time she spends in the kitchen, not liftin' a hand to help, but talkin' and lookin' grand and pullin' the wool over Miss Hepsie's eyes."

Here was food for thought. Bednigo was not aware that the two girls had met. If he had thought about them in one sentence, he would have held them to be incompatible. Between them was nothing in common. As for their becoming friends, the very idea of such a thing was absurd.

"Is it true, sorr," the boy asked, "that ye exploded Mr. Maury's guns wit' your own hands? It's bein' talked that way through the town. Aye and more."

"What more, Rory?"

"That he means to have yer life for it," Rory answered. "'Tis no idle talk," he said gravely. "He will not do it himself, sorr. So 'tis said. Not so it will be brought home to him."

"Do you know what you're talking about," Bednigo demanded, "or is this just loose talk?"

"Mr. Claypool, sorr," Rory said earnestly, "when first we met, I told ye a boy goes anywheres and none notice him. Did I not say I would be your eyes and ears?"

"I remember," Bednigo answered.

"Strangers," Rory said, and he spoke as one who knows his fact, "will fasten a quarrel upon ye. Aye. Two cruel men once wit' Quantrell's guerrillas. It is planned. The wan of them will spake insultin' words to your face, and when ye make to fight wit' him, the ither will kill ye from behind."

Bednigo did not doubt the accuracy of the boy's information. It bore the imprint of truth. After the destruction of Maury's rifles he had looked for reprisal, but, knowing Maury and something of the man's methods of operation, he had not looked for a direct, man-to-man challenge, but for something in the nature of bushwhacking.

"Are these men in town?" Bednigo asked.

"They loaf in the Big Tent," Rory answered positively. "The one of thim has a gr-r-reat red scar on the right cheek of him. The other is broad and squat, and the legs of him are short and bowed like an ape." He paused and squinted up at Bednigo and preened himself. "Me eyes miss nawthin'," he boasted. "They carry big pistols in plain sight. Aye. But him that resembles an ape hides a wee derringer under the band of his britches."

"I'm beholden to you," Bednigo said formally. Then he grinned. "Mrs. Beebe would not take it kindly if she knew you lurked about such wicked places."

"She wull not know," Rory said. "Not she. But it is not so easy pullin' wool over the eyes of Miss Hepsie." His face was shining with admiration. "Whin," he asked, "will ye kill thim two ruffians? I would be there to see it done."

Rory would not give up Bednigo's bag, though it well nigh pulled his puny arm from his body. He staggered along, purple of face. Bednigo let him have his way of it. At last they reached his lodging, and only then did Rory set down the bag with a great sigh.

"I'm obleeged to you," Bednigo said, fumbling in his pocket for a dime, which he proffered. Rory, sudden tears in his eyes, struck the coin from Bednigo's fingers and spoke stormily.

"I did not think," he said, "that ye would be offerin' me money!"

He turned to scurry away, but Bednigo snatched him by his hickory shirt.

"I beg your pardon, Rory," he said sincerely. "The dime was not offered in payment for a favor but out of friendship."

The lad thrust a knuckle in his eye to dash away a tear. "I did not think it of ye," he said. "If it was not a wage, but a gift from a friend, the matter stands different." He smiled, and walked to a safe distance before he called back over his shoulder, "Miss Hepsie will be sore disappointed do ye not come for your supper." And then he turned tail and scampered.

Bednigo had details to look after in Fort Kearney, so he allowed himself the unaccustomed luxury of sleeping late—which meant that he did not get up at five o'clock, but at seven. As he dressed, his mind was busied with disconnected thoughts. He found himself wondering why a sudden intimacy had developed between Potter Nourse and Hepsie Rennie. It could be, of course, that two young women in that crude town sought each other's society out of loneliness or need for human companionship of their own age and sex. Bednigo, being a young man who did few things without definite reason, did not believe this was a mere casual girlish friendship. If there was a reason for it, then the reason would be Potter Nourse's. She would have some fish to fry. And Hepsie Rennie would, he thought, be putty in her hands. Potter was lovely, sophisticated, experienced, adroit. Hepsie was a girl from a tiny New England town with a restricted background and no experience.

Just how gullible would Hepsie be, just how unsophisticated? He decided that the situation would be worth watching.

Naturally he thought about his own problems, and specifically of the problem set by the importation into town of two border ruffians by Maury to murder him. If a couple of men, experienced as these two undoubtedly were, should set out to take a life regardless of consequences to themselves, it would not be simple to prevent them from carrying out their purpose. There was scanty law to which to appeal for protection. He could not, he thought with a wry smile, put them under bond to keep the peace. He would have to kill his own snakes.

It was not a habit of Bednigo's to go about armed. But now he did strap a belt and holster about his waist. The revolver was a heavy, long-barreled Navy Colt's, so he wore it low. And, as he had once been taught by old Jim Bridger, he passed a thong around his thigh, holding the gun in place and ready for his hand.

Thus prepared, he put on his wide-awake hat and stepped out into the street, walking a bit stiff-legged toward Mrs. Beebe's victualing place. There was little traffic, either foot or horse, at that hour of the morning, but nevertheless he was vigilant. He mounted the one step to the little stoop in front of the door, pausing there to look up and down the street before he entered. He was the sole customer and he took his seat at his customary table against the west wall of the restaurant. Mrs. Beebe greeted him and took his order. Hepsie was invisible.

His ham and eggs were set before him, and toast and coffee. He started to eat, his eyes never allowing themselves to relax their watchfulness. He saw the door open and Potter Nourse step into the room. She wore gauntlets, a little hat with encircling feather and a riding habit with closely fitting waist and voluminous skirts. She smiled gaily at Mrs. Beebe.

"Too late for breakfast?" she asked.

"Ye know ye hain't," Mrs. Beebe said shortly. Potter seemed not to notice the lack of cordiality. Her face lighted as she saw Bednigo and she walked to his table.

"You've been away," she said, leaving him to infer that she regretted his absence.

"Yes'm," he said oafishly, and waited.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I too," she said, in no way disconcerted. "Farther than you. To New York and Boston. . . . Aren't you going to invite me to sit down?"

"You got a right," he answered. "It's a public place."

She sat down, pulled off her gauntlets and slapped them against her palm. "Please," she said, "don't be stupid. You're an intelligent gentleman. Act like one."

He studied her an instant while he decided what character to assume. He shrugged. Nothing would be lost by exhibiting good manners.

"To hear," he said, "is to obey. As the jinni said to Aladdin."

"If," she said, smiling slyly, "you had let me be the slave of the lamp, it would have been profitable. Do you know what the hundred shares of Crédit Mobilier I offered you are worth today?"

"No idea, ma'am," he said.

"Practically anything you ask," she answered. "At least twenty-five thousand. Maybe twice that."

"My loss," he responded.

"I followed your advice," she told him. "I looked up the Ames brothers, Oakes and Oliver."

"So?" he asked, his eyes on his plate.

"If," she said, and waited to be sure she had his attention, "I were a betting man ——"

"Yes," he prompted.

"I wouldn't bet on this race at all," she said. "It's going to be a dead heat, I think. The Ames men will control Crédit Mobilier, but they won't be able to oust Durant from the railroad."

"Why tell me this?" he asked. "Should I be interested?"

"I saw the list of stockholders in Crédit Mobilier," she said. "General Dodge's wife is there—and Hepsie Rennie."

"They are fortunate," Bednigo said coldly.

"Oakes Ames is a congressman."

"I know."

"But what you don't know," she said, preening herself, "is that he's breeding one of the political scandals of all time—if he gets caught at it."

"I'm not interested in politics."

"Mr. Ames," she said, "is representing Crédit Mobilier in Congress, instead of his district. He's getting improper favors from Congress."

He grinned at her. "Anybody can charge Congress with dishonesty," he said. "It's a popular pastime."

Potter became specific, urged on by a queer sort of vanity. "Mr. Ames," she said, "just went to Washington with his pocket full of Crédit Mobilier shares. In his own words, Bednigo, he put those shares where they would do the most good. He sold them at par."

"Someone got a bargain," Bednigo said with a shrug.

"Among those who got the bargain," she said, "were James G. Blaine and Vice President Colfax."

"Ma'am, you could get yourself sued for slander."

"I'd plead the truth," she said, "and prove it."

Bednigo, looking up from his ham and eggs, knew that he had found this girl's weakness.

It was vanity—vanity of a peculiar sort. It was not feminine vanity because of beauty, but an inability to refrain from boasting of her efficiency in discovering hidden facts. She would be able to worm her way into the heart of secrets, but her value as a spy might be nullified by her urge to brag about what she had learned.

"I'm surprised," he said, and his voice was taunting, "that you came through the war alive."

She was arrested in midflight and brought to earth. "What," she demanded, "do you mean by that?"

"Wa-al," he said in a Yankee drawl, "was ye aware that General Dodge was the head man of Grant's spies during the war?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"His hundred spies were the best in the business. Yup. They done counterespionage too."

"Naturally."

"They never ketched you, but they suspicioned ye. Spyin' for Jeff Davis."

"So?" she asked. "The war's over. I could pull Mr. Pinkerton's whiskers. What if I was a spy?"

"That," he said gravely, "wan't the p'int. The gist of what I said was how surprisin' it is you was let to live. Yeah. With your weakness for braggin' about how smart ye be."

She sprang to her feet and her chair crashed to the floor. She was livid. Her eyes were glowing coals of rage.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, you—you ——" She could find no suitable epithet. "I—I hope they kill you!"

He smiled slyly up at her. "So," he said, "you know about that, too, Miss Nourse. D'ye know, if I was Maury I wouldn't be tellin' you things. No'm, I wouldn't. D'ye mind if I told ye suthin' about keepin' a secret? Wa-al, to keep a secret it hain't enough jest not to tell it. No'm. Ye got to go further. Ye got to keep it a secret that you know a secret a-tall."

He got up slowly, clumsily, walked around the table and replaced her chair. "No use getting provoked with me, Potter," he said. "You never can have an advantage over me if you let me make you mad. Do sit down and finish your breakfast."

She stood undecided a moment, quivering from top to toe, and then she smiled ruefully. It was hardly a genuine smile, but it was a splendid effort.

"You do," she said as she reseated herself, "seem to have the ability to make me lose my temper."

He was boyishly delighted. "But outside of that, Potter, I'm remarkably agreeable company, am I not?"

"I don't know," Potter said coolly, her temper under control, "whether I despise you most when you're pretending to be a mannerless dolt or when you let it slip that you really are an educated gentleman."

They had not, during this exchange, noticed Hepsie Rennie coming out of the kitchen and walking toward them on slippered feet. They became aware of her presence only when she spoke lazily.

"Now take me," she said in her dry, nasal voice, "I find him amusing both ways."

Bednigo arose to his feet and Hepsie nodded to him casually. She wiped her brow, pulled taut by the tightness of her drawn-back hair. "Teetotal hot in that kitchen," she said. "Calc'late I'll set a spell and ketch my breath."

Bednigo placed a chair for her and hooded his eyes. This manner of speech was not like Hepsie Rennie. She tended rather toward the pedantic than the colloquial.

"Did you have a nice trip?" she asked.

"Satisfactory," he replied. "By the way, have you made plans for moving? Next stop North Platte."

"It's talked around," she said. "We'll be ready."

"Anything I can do to help," he offered. "By the way, have you been annoyed?"

"Annoyed how?" she asked, frowning.

"By those collectors," he said. "They said they would be back."

"The ones that are trying to gouge me? To scare me into paying to be let alone?"

"Those," he said, "are the gentlemen."

"So far," she answered, a wrinkle between her brows, "they hain't vexed me."

"Perhaps they won't here in Kearney, but the next stop is farther from the law. Are you, Miss Hepsie, going to move your hospital tent when you go?"

"You bet your bottom dollar she is," said Mrs. Beebe, drawing up a chair. "Good fur business. Considerin' the hospital and all, d'ye think these plug-uglies would dast to molest us?" She spoke with characteristic New England understatement. "The railroad workers wouldn't like it, I figger."

Bednigo leaned back, replete, and spoke conversationally to Hepsie. "Why do you go on?" he asked. "Why not go back to civilization? It will grow rougher and rougher."

"I'm amply capable of coping with it," Hepsie said resentfully.

"But—Miss Nourse has just been telling me about Crédit Mobilier—why don't you sell your stock? And with what you've banked you have more than enough to live in comfort and decent surroundings." He hesitated, for once she had rebuffed him when he had mentioned this aspect of the matter. "There's likely to be a bad scandal," he said. "If I were you, I'd get out before it breaks."

"It's not my scandal," Hepsie replied tartly.

"Perhaps not. But a scandal would hurt the value of your stock. It might cause a real crash."

There was sardonic humor in her eyes. "I've been giving thought to that part of it," she told him. "So yesterday I sold my stock in Crédit Mobilier and the money's all safe in a Boston bank." Her expression was malicious. "Maybe, Bednigo," she said, using his given name, "maybe I'm capable of getting along without advice."

"You—you sold your stock!" Potter Nourse exclaimed.

"After listening to what you had to say when you got back," Hepsie answered, "I kind of considered it advisable."

Bednigo glanced sidewise at her, but her expression told him nothing. Was this the answer to the sudden intimacy between the girls? Could it be possible that Hepsie was the contriver in this matter and Miss Nourse the dupe? When he looked at Hepsie—at her spinsterish hairdo, at her shapeless apron and angular face—he could not credit her with that sort of finagling. But then he remembered that night when she had resented his insinuations about her lack of good looks and desirability. When she had, in her anger, exhibited herself as she really was—lovely, modish, very much alive and capable of hot emotions. He did not like to be puzzled by a man; he sharply resented being baffled by a girl.

With sudden violence the door was kicked open and two men swaggered into the restaurant. One of them was big and his face was disfigured by a great diagonal scar. The other was squat, bandy-legged, tremendously broad of shoulder, apelike in appearance and movement.

"We come," said the ape man, "to collect or to bust up the place."

To show that he was in earnest, he kicked over Mrs. Beebe's table in which was the till, and stood grinning. Bednigo was slow to get to his feet. He knew the women were looking at him expectantly.

"You got any remarks to make?" the bigger man demanded with a leer.

"Yeah," mouthed the other, "we're alistenin'."

Bednigo's first thought—it was one of disgust—was not of fear or of imminent death.

So, he said inwardly, *I've let myself be caught flat-footed.*

TO BE CONTINUED

The Perfect Squelch

A noted author and his wife gave a large dinner for Hollywood producers, directors and film stars. Among the guests was a young starlet known for her promiscuous flirtations. She delighted in baiting wives by sidling up to their husbands and turning on her charm. On this occasion, she worked her way directly over to the author host. Glancing around to be sure that his wife was aware of what was going on, she gazed at him with a look of entrancement.

"I've often wondered," she said in a carrying voice, "why married men are the nicest men in the world."

The author regarded her gravely. "Perhaps," he replied, "it is because our wives have made us that way."

Olga Printzlau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ginral Lee, the Cunnel and Me

(Continued from Page 15)

in saw the Flag on the colonel's crate, and when the colonel himself wasn't around, everybody made some crack like, "I know: you could have licked 'em with cornstalks, only they wouldn't fight with cornstalks, huh?" or, "Pompey, you no-good rascal you, fetch me mah julep afore Ah sells you to Simon Legree!"

The doctrine of night interception changed rapidly. By the time we moved to Bougainville, Gus was keeping one of his pilots always in the air, so that the Fighter Director Officer could vector him onto a bogey in seconds. But in Munda they stayed on the ground until they were scrambled. When darkness fell, the pair that had the duty that night—one ready, one stand-by—used to come down to the tunnel and play gin rummy while they waited for the word. To protect their night vision until they were air-borne, they wore goggles with red lenses. This brought frequent confusion between hearts and diamonds, and the confusion brought screams of rage, and the screams brought the Comm Officer out of his cubby: "Hey, knock it off, *will* you, fellers? We been trying all night to raise Sapphire on VHF!"

"VHF" was the Very High Frequency radiophone; "Sapphire" was Vella Lavella's call sign; Munda's was "Ruby."

The pilots would subside, grumbling. For a while they smoked and rehashed their last leave in Sydney. But presently their restless attention alighted on the Flag, and off they went, each trying to outdo the other in corny poses and burlesque bravura quotations.

When an A.A. gun cut loose, one of them would draw an imaginary saber: "We have fah'd on Fo't Sumpteh! Hit means—wah!" Or when a bomb fell: "Southerners, on yo' feet! Yankees, under the table! The battle's about to begin!" Or, climbing into his cockpit: "Jes' show me the hang o' these hyah weepons, an' p'int out who you wants kilt!"

In time, they built up a cast of characters that included Cap'm Culpeper Randolph, Ole Marse an' Ole Mist'is, Major Fauntleroy Taliaferro, Miss Amanda and Miss Hydrangea, Leftenant Cyarteh Breckinridge, and assorted river-boat gamblers, slave traders and body servants.

Two favorite exit lines were "A brigadier's sash ere dawn—or six feet of honored clay!" and "Tonight I water my hoss in the Potomac River—or in hell!" There was a lot of this "hoss-flesh" talk. Was the F4U-N "steady under fiah" or would she bolt with you? The signal to scramble became "Mount up!" The boys named their planes Dixie Belle, Sally Lou, Traveller, Mrs. Suratt, Scarlett and even Belle Watling. Steep's F4U-N was Moonlight Mary; he didn't change it to something characteristically Southern because he later married Mary's namesake.

One other plane also kept its original name—the F6F used for chilling the squadron's beer. A slow climb to 16,000 feet, a headlong dive to the airstrip, and there was your beer, beaded with cold. The plane's name was Miss Comstock because, of course, she had such a load.

As the first of November drew closer—L-Day for Bougainville—the pressure got higher. In one grinding stretch toward the end of October, the three Air Commands—Fighter, Strike and Bomber—launched or landed a plane every twenty-two seconds for sixteen straight hours. The pilots were briefed before take-off; they'd fly up to plaster the Jap installations on Bougainville or around Rabaul, or to intercept a Jap attack; and they'd come back to grab a sandwich, be interrogated, get a fresh briefing and take off again. I remember seeing a dive-bomber pilot land after his third mission that furious day, and lean against the trailing edge of his SBD's wing, and throw up again and again, from fatigue and nerves and the heat.

What made it doubly grinding was poor chow and little sleep. Night after night, "Washing-Machine Charlie" would tiptoe down from Buka or Kahili or Ballale, and either drop his bombs and run before VF(N)-75 could sight him, or stooge around just close enough to touch off Condition Red and send us to our foxholes. It went like that, day in, night out.

You know how it is when you're tired and jumpy. You latch onto anything that will give you a laugh. Besides, exhaustion lowers your mental resistance as well as physical, and lays you open to infection by a phrase, a jingle or a piece of nonsense. So it was that when we Southerners retorted to the cracks about our Flag, we practically put on Confederate gray, and our accents dripped molasses. "Sir" became "suh." A dispatch became a *dis*-patch; a report, a *re*-po't. Colonel Brice became "the Cunnel"; Sergeant Moore, "Mo'." And we began to talk in clay-country, piney-woods, cotton-choppin' idioms.

Steep worked up quite an act with Moonlight Mary. When he landed from a patrol, he'd taxi up to the revetment, cut his switches and order, "Stand, my noble steed!" Then he'd step out on the wing and declaim to whoever happened to be passing, "Suh, this heah li'l' may-uh is by Prince Hal, out of Statuesque, by Archimedes—the old Lexington strain. When first she came into mah hands, she was shaggy as a wolf and wild as a hawk. It took two stableboys with pitchforks to put her bridle on. Ungovernable, suh! Ab-so-lute-ly un-*gov*-a-nable! I schooled her, suh, and I gentled her, until at Second Manassas, though caked with Yankee blood to her ve'y knees, she was calm as a widder at her fo'th wedding. Today, suh, a child could gyide her with silken reins!"

Danny announced that he was naming *his* plane Barbara Frietchie, but otherwise he took no part in the nonsense, except to ask, "Who is this Robert E. Levy I hear you guys gabbing about? I mean, this Robert Quincy Lee? Back home in Berkeley there's a laundryman named Lee—Ching Lee. Guess they're any kin?" Or, "Wasn't it his army that that Frenchman wrote the book about, 'Lee's Miserables'?"

November first finally arrived and months of preparation came to their grand climax. The invasion began soon after dawn, at Torokina, on Empress Augusta Bay. I watched it from a torpedo plane: the great gray ships lying offshore, with the little landing craft drawing parallel white lines from the transports to the beach. The troops leaped into the water, holding their rifles high, and stumbled across a few yards of black sand and vanished into the jungle. Sometimes I saw a machine gun wink, but the jungle hid everything else, except for drifting smoke; and above the roar of our engine I heard nothing. It was as if I were watching an old silent movie.

We kept an umbrella over the beachhead around the clock, to bomb concentrations of Jap troops and to ward off Jap air attacks against our own. After about two weeks the Jap planes lost heart. Their attacks dwindled away and we could reduce our air operations to routine patrols and occasional strikes. Munda relaxed. We caught up on our sleep while we waited for the Bougainville airstrips to be cleared and surfaced.

It was about this time that the Seabees finished our new camp up on the hill, and the Fighter Command moved house and office. Four of us now shared a cool, airy hut. Our old tent on the edge of the airstrip had been an irresistible invitation for Danny to taxi Barbara Frietchie up to it, wheel about, gun his engine and blow coral dust at us. The colonel took our Flag along to his new office tent, but the fighter pilots had an operations shack of their own now, so they didn't wait around with us any more; and the whole Confederacy rigmarole would have withered like any other fad but for Mo'—Staff Sergeant James L. Moore, USMC, of *Jackson* St.—he liked to emphasize—Starkville, Mississippi. Mo' saved the nearly Lost Cause.

The morning of his master stroke, I came into our office tent and found a large, blank piece of cardboard, about twice the shirt-stiffener size, hinged to the canvas wall with paper clips. I noticed that a thread ran from its top edge to the desk where Moore sat, bland as a Billiken, but to ask for an explanation would have been unthinkable. I didn't have long to wait. Lt. Comdr. John E. Lawrence, USNR, of Boston, deputy chief of Air Combat Intelligence in the SOPAC area, flew in from Nouméa on his regular rounds of inspection, and presently he stopped by my tent.

We Southerners may be mushmouths, as Danny claims, but every syllable that Johnny spoke was a stave from Carry Me Back to Old Back Bay. He'd had time to say scarcely more than "Hi!", but that was enough. Moore twitched his thread, and the placard swung down, revealing in heavy red letters

I SMELL
YANKEE!

Johnny and I laughed so loud that the colonel came to see what had hit us. He started laughing, and pretty soon we had a crowd, everyone either congratulating Moore or threatening him with court-martial. The story was all over Munda by evening, and VHF was pumping it into Vella Lavella and the Treasuries. We turned out next morning to find that Southern accents had thickened—or been adopted—overnight. At breakfast, Kansans, State-of-Mainers, Hoosiers and Dakotans alike were noisily demanding grits-an'-gravy, pot-licker, ham hocks an' turnip tops, cornpone, hoppin' john and hoecake.

Lt. Francis Bowen, USNR, of North Hollywood, was heard to declare, "Cunnel Custis, de ve'y bes' thing for sooplin' up a blacksnake whup is a b'ilin' o' possum fat."

To which Capt. Francis Parker, USA, of Chicago, replied, "Hit's de livin' troof, Ginral Dinwiddie! Be dog if you ain' de beatines'!"

At the regular 0800 staff meeting, the grave major who usually concluded his weather forecast with "Late afternoon and evening, heavy thundershowers over the land areas," ended instead, giggling, "Todes lightnin'-bug time hit'll po' down rain!"

When Colonel Brice and I got back to our offices, we found a crowd waiting—Army, Navy and Marine; officers and enlisted men; friends and strangers—all clamorously insisting that the Confederacy organize its forces and that the colonel command them. They shouted down his refusal until he had to yield, and presently he issued his General Order Number 1. I still have my copy:

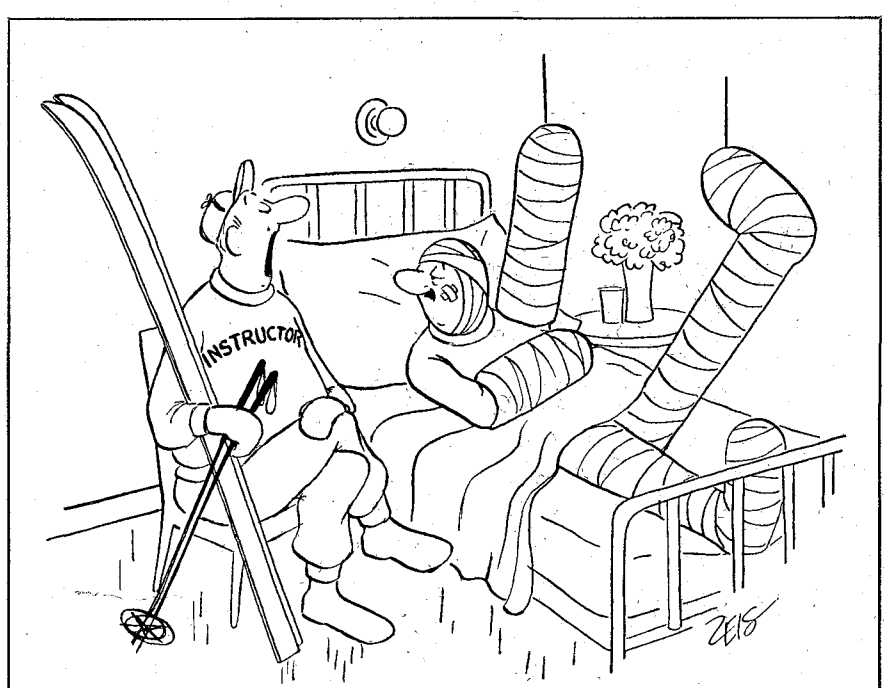
CONFEDERATE FORCES SOLOMONS
HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDER
17 November 1943.

1. Effective at once, the following enemy priorities are assigned: Yankees fust. Japs second.

W. O. Brice,
Colonel, CSA

Originally, the sole condition for membership in CONFORSOLS was Southern birth and residence, but even this was waived on occasion. For instance, we accepted an Aussie coast watcher—they're the men who stayed behind to send intelligence reports, at incredible risk, when the Japs overran their islands—because he had a red beard like Jeb Stuart's. We accepted two New Zedlanders because they came from South Island. We accepted Maj. Frank Porter, USMC—and rechristened him "Po'ter"—because he came from Southern California. We accepted Gus Widhelm, a Nebraskan, because he lived on the south side of his home town, Humphrey. (Danny jeered that Humphrey didn't have but one side.)

When Gus's membership became known, Senator Flannelmouth applied,



"You still got a lot to learn."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as from the south side of Seattle. We were about to accept him, too, when Caldwell Withers reminded the colonel that their native South Carolina had once suffered under a carpetbagging governor named Chamberlin or Chamberlain.

The colonel gasped and strangled. Minutes passed before he could voice an offer to scour New Georgia personally, in search of feathers and a tar barrel. The only time I saw him nearly so affected again was when Moore reported that our new draft of marines included a man named Grant.

The Senator swore it was a foul libel; he was the victim of an Abolitionist plot, and it would be only a matter of days before he cleared the grand old name. He turned at the door—an imposing personage, togaed in rubber boots and khaki skivvies—and hurled a thunderbolt. "I wouldn't be at all surprised," he said, scowling from one of us to another, "not at *all* surprised, if some of you men right here weren't steepers, but secret muddlers!" (That is, barbarians who crushed the mint in their julep cups, instead of soaking it in sugar water.)

CONFORSOLS staff meetings were held at irregular intervals, depending on the issue of a beer ration and on Miss Comstock's availability. But if all went well, we met in the colonel's tent a couple of times a week, about half an hour before evening chow. The usual order of business was:

1. A rendition, by the colonel himself, of a stanza or two from our national anthem, "I'm a good old rebel."

2. The following "*re*-po't"—we never tired of it—by the "Sec'tary of Commus" in the following words—we permitted no variation: "The impo'ts an' expo'ts of the Southe'n po'ts fo' nineteen-fo'ty-fo' will be fo'teen per cent mo' than the impo'ts an' expo'ts of the Southe'n po'ts fo' fo' years befo'."

3. An account, by a different volunteer every meeting, of a "gin-u-wine conversation between mah gran'pappy an' Ginral Lee."

Three of these I shall long remember. The first was: "Ginral Lee ast mah gran'pappy, 'Cap'm, how many bluecoats up ahaid?'

"Mah gran'pappy said, 'Ginral, suh, Ah reckons they's nigh onto two thousan' of the scoun'els.'

"The ginral ast, 'Cap'm, how many men you got?'

"Mah gran'pappy said, 'Ginral, suh, they's me an' a wounded corp'ral and two li'l drummer boys.'

"The ginral said, 'Cha-a-a-a-arge!' "

The second was, "Ginral Lee rode up to the major an' ast, 'Is the cap'm heah yit?'

"Mah gran'pappy had been surrounded by a Yankee brigade an' was fightin' his way th'oo. The major said, 'Nossuh, ginral. He ain' heah yit.'

"Prett' soon, the ginral rode back to the major an' ast, 'Is he heah yit?'

"Gran'pappy hadn't quite got cleah, so the major said, 'Nossuh, ginral. He *still* ain' heah.'

"Prett' soon, the ginral rode back the third time an' ast, 'Is he heah *yit?*'

"Gran'pappy was cleah by now. The major said, 'Yessuh, ginral. Heah he come!'

"The ginral said, 'Then let the battle begin!' "

The third was simplest of all: "Ginral Lee said to mah gran'pappy, 'Cap'm,' he said, 'cap'm, ef'n Ah had ten thousan' mo' like you, Ah'd be in Wash'n'on by sundown!' "

The accounts were occasionally interrupted by a cackle from outside: "All I want to know is, who won? It sure warn't this Robert Cabot Lee!" We paid no attention to Danny.

The CONFORSOLS war diary—I have a copy of that too—shows that on November twenty-first, Sergeant Moore introduced an ingenious security system, under which anyone seeking entrance to CONFORSOLS territory would be *shown* the password and challenged to pronounce it. Moore's list included *cigar, cigarette, hotel, insurance, guitar, direct*—all words that only someone Southern-bred would accent on the first syllable. (Our usual passwords were lush with Jap-baffling *l*'s: *lily of the valley, lallapalooza, Vella Lavella, Lulu Belle.*)

On the twenty-fourth, still according to the war diary, an aviation ordnanceman, a peacetime Latin instructor from New Orleans, proposed discarding the doctrinal "Out!" at the end of a radio transmission, and substituting "Dixi!" ("I have spoken!"), but this was voted down as too precious.

The war diary further records December third as the memorable date when Senator Flannelmouth reapplied for admission. He presented himself at a staff meeting, accompanied by a tall, gangling youngster in a baseball cap and tattered pants, whom he introduced as "My character witness, Lieutenant Booth, from the PT boats. I'd have had him here before, but he's been patrolling over in Kula Gulf."

Booth said to the colonel, very seriously, "Sir, Art Chamberlin and I have been friends for a long time, and he's a good man."

The colonel said, "We value your testimonial, Mr. Booth, but we might value it even higher if we knew more about yourself. Are you a Southerner?"

Booth cracked his knuckles and twined his bony legs. Finally he blurted out, "Not exactly, sir, but my gre'-grandfather's cousin, John Wilkes Booth ——"

We elected the Senator by acclamation, and Booth too.

I don't need the war diary to date our next important event: it was December twentieth, Secession Day—an anniversary so sacred for the colonel and Caldwell Withers that we staged a special event in their honor: a raid on a "Yankee fo'tress"—actually, a dive-bombing attack on the Jap airfield at Buka by two SBD's, each displaying a Confederate flag and carrying, in addition to its bombs, a dozen old beer bottles stuffed with notices: "Revenge for Gettysburg!", "This is for the Merrimac!", "Even Stephen for Atlanta!"

I was Frank Po'ter's "bombardier," and the Senator was Major Rupp's. We have often wondered what the Japs thought when they came out of their foxholes and picked up those papers and had them translated.

At Christmas, Moore, Sergeant Creed (Southern Ohio) and Corporal Eden (Sylacauga, Alabama) cut and twisted a five-gallon can into a glittering silver tree, and we got the colonel into a shirt long enough to take his picture beside it, with the Flag. That afternoon at the CONFORSOLS staff meeting, he recited the entire six stanzas of "I'm a good old rebel," without failing to pronounce it "*P'int* Lookout" in the fifth. Steep Hill obliged us on New Year's Eve with a song of his own composition, "Shiloh acquaintance be forgot?", and next day we hitched a boat ride across to Wana Wana, planted our Flag briefly, and claimed the island "in the name of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America."

Fighter Command moved along to Bougainville early in January. A certain amount of ruckus was still going on up there, so we didn't have much time for CONFORSOLS. Our only major operation was staged on the nineteenth, General Lee's birthday—another bomb-and-beer-bottle strike against the Yankee fo'tress, which was now much closer. This time we got in trouble. A correspondent from one of the wire services had come to Bougainville. He heard about the Birthday Strike, and scratched together some stuff on CONFORSOLS—unhappily including the colonel's priorities, "Yankees fust, Japs second"—and sent it in, naming half a dozen of us.

The story got quite a play at home. Our mail was full of clippings for a couple of weeks. The great majority of editors took CONFORSOLS in exactly its own spirit: a gaudy, elaborate, harmless device for helping us forget our alternate boredom and anxiety. A few editors, though, were not to be fobbed off with any such facile explanation. To one of them, we were "fanning dangerous embers that had best be left to cool." Another accused us of "fomenting ugly partisan passions." Sure, during a CONFORSOLS staff meeting we hated Danny—at least, we loudly proclaimed that we did. But half an hour later we'd be eating chow with him and organizing a poker game. Our "passions," if any, were part of the act; they had no more depth or duration than any other actors'.

We might have scorned our critics and played along as before but for three things that happened at once:

Johnny Lawrence notified me from Nouméa that I'd be relieved any day now, and from that moment I had no mind for anything else.

A Navy cousin of mine on duty in SecNav Knox's office wrote me to dismember CONFORSOLS on the double and bury the fragments—the Republicans were primed to make an issue of it.

And a young replacement pilot, reporting to the colonel, pointed toward our Flag and asked, "What's that? Bolivia?"

Plainly, it was time to shut up shop.

We had a last staff meeting. Colonel Brice recited for the last time his favorite—the fourth—stanza of our anthem:

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot.
I wish they was three million,
Instead of what we got!

The Sec'tary of Commus gave his repo't on the Southern po'ts for the last time. And I heard for the last time a gin-u-wine account of what Ginral Lee had said to somebody's gran'pappy:

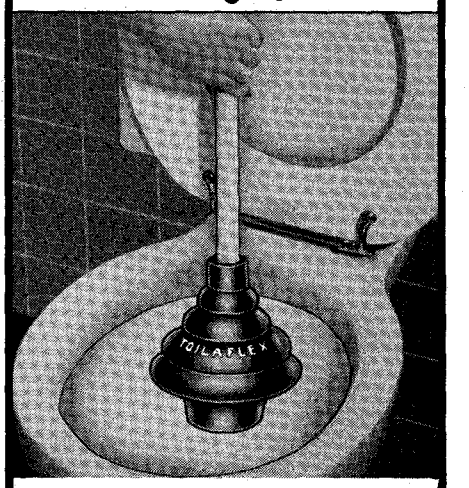
"'Cap'm,' the ginral said, 'cap'm, I give daily thanks to the Almighty that you's on ouah side, but in humanity's name, cap'm, cease yo' feahful carnage!' "

Then Gus, Steep, Senator Flannelmouth, Frank Po'ter, Caldwell and the rest of us stood at attention while Sergeant Mo' hauled down our Flag—that is, pulled the tacks out—folded it reverently and presented it to the colonel. That was the end. CONFORSOLS disbanded.

I had nothing to do now but wait for my orders. Johnny Lawrence had promised I'd have them by February tenth, but the day passed with no word. On the eleventh there was still nothing. I was frantic with impatience when, early next morning, the Personnel Officer brought them to my tent.

He was a Vermonter, a friend of Danny's. "Reb," he said, "I might have had 'em for you yesterday, but I wanted to make at least one Southerner thankful for Abe Lincoln's birthday." THE END

POWERFUL NEW PLUNGER CLEARS
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



NEVER AGAIN that sick feeling when your toilet overflows
'TOILAFLEX'
Toilet ALL-ANGLE Plunger

Ordinary plungers don't seat properly. They permit compressed air and water to splash back. Thus you not only have a mess, but you lose the very pressure you need to clear the obstruction.

With "Toilaflex", expressly designed for toilets, no air or water can escape. The full pressure plows through the clogging mass and swishes it down. Can't miss!

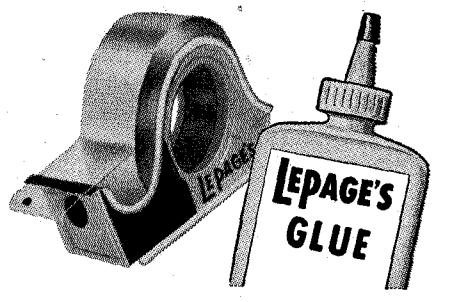
- Double-size cup, double-pressure
- Tapered tail gives air-tight fit
- Designed to flex at any angle
- Centers itself, can't skid around

For positive insurance against stuffed toilet, have a "Toilaflex" in your home.

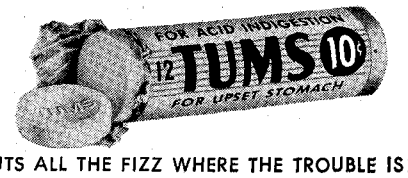
$2.65 fully guaranteed

AT MOST HARDWARE STORES

STICK WITH
LEPAGE'S
Trademark
TAPE AND GLUE



STOMach gas?
GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Never Had a Chance (Continued from Page 24)

breakfast. He looked out the window into the big back yard with the fruit trees and the new fence, and the new concrete patio, and the new brick outdoor barbecue. The lawn was lush and green, and Ellen's prize roses were starting to bud. Across the alley, he could see the Eberleys' cook working in their kitchen.

As he dressed, he wondered whether he had been foolish, yesterday, getting into an argument with Bob Rammich, his boss, over young Peter Jacobsen. Did Pete's problem justify a man hazarding his future? Did the fact that Harold knew that he was right give him cause to hassle with a man like Rammich over a matter of principle? Rammich would, if he were pushed far enough, tie the can to Harold Fleming, his chief engineer, as he would slap an annoying mosquito.

Harold dressed, knowing in his heart that he had done the right thing. So if Bob Rammich thought it over, and then fired him, would he still have done the right thing? He had two children, he had Ellen, he had certain financial obligations. How would his convictions look if he knocked in the head the way of life which he had set up for his family?

The business about young Peter Jacobsen hadn't been Harold's baby anyway. He had stuck his neck out. He had gone to lunch with Pete, a tall, level-eyed, black-haired young ex-marine who had left part of his right arm on a frozen Korean hill one black night. The kid was an engineer and a good one, and Harold had just stared at Peter, openmouthed, when the kid said, at lunch, "Well, Harold, this is my last day with Ramco. You've heard about it being good business to hire the handicapped. Our esteemed boss, Bob Rammich, doesn't see it that way."

Harold swore quietly. "What the hell is he hiring, your arms or your head?"

"The thinking," Peter said, "is that there is some deadwood at Ramco. He said he'd been going over my absentee record. There was a three-week absence two years ago when I went back to the VA hospital for a little repair work. And then six months ago I developed a little infection, you remember, in my arm. I was off four days while the penicillin took hold. He gave me the impression that he could get more mileage out of an engineer with two arms."

"Why, you had two years with Ramco before Korea, and four years since. You've been loyal to the company. It seems to me that the company owes you some of that loyalty."

"Sure, it looks that way to you, and to me, but we don't own the joint, remember?"

That afternoon Harold walked into Bob Rammich's office with a slow burn working. Rammich was standing, his hands clasped behind his back, looking out the window.

"Afternoon, Harold," Bob said, without turning around. His secretary had apparently told him on the intercom that Harold was on his way in.

"Afternoon, Bob," Harold said.

Bob Rammich turned around. He was a slender man, not over five feet eight inches tall, but he seemed taller because of his bearing. He had cold blue eyes, and he seldom smiled. He had inherited a one-story building and small operation known as Rammich Automotive. His father had specialized in truck repair. When his father was killed by a truck tire which blew up when he was inflating it, Bob was nineteen. An iron ring had hit the elder Rammich at the temple.

Rammich Construction Company started its growth soon after the funeral. That year was the deepest valley of the depression curve. Men couldn't afford to have trucks properly maintained, and when the trucks could no longer operate without repairs and parts, Edward Rammich had fixed the trucks and taken notes instead of money.

"You're crazy," Bob had told his father. "Those guys will never pay."

At the services for his father, the crowds could not get into the church. *Sure*, Bob Rammich said to himself, *look at them crying those crocodile tears. Half of them owe him money. Tears are cheap.*

Although Bob Rammich had an attorney go after the truckers, he was able to collect only eight hundred and sixty-four dollars out of thirty-two hundred outstanding. A month later, Rammich Automotive burned to the ground. Bob Rammich collected seven thousand, five hundred dollars in insurance. No one was able to prove that the fire started any other way than from a cutting torch with which Bob had been working the night of the fire.

Few men had cash in those days, including city officials. Six months later, Bob Rammich got the contract for hauling garbage within the city. It cost him five hundred dollars, but after he had the contract, getting trucks was easy. Because the city council refused to grant a reduction in rates asked for by a citizens' committee, Bob Rammich cleaned up.

Three years later he started Rammich Construction Company. The war years made Ramco bigger than even Bob Rammich's dreams of empire.

Now, this spring afternoon, Bob Rammich said, "What's on your mind, Harold?"

"Peter Jacobsen."

"Oh, yes, the war hero. What about him?"

Harold tried to keep his voice level, his reasoning logical. "He's a fine engineer—young, smart, well-liked. I hate to see him go, and since I hired him, seems to me I should have something to say about firing him."

"I'm still running Ramco. I can get more mileage out of an engineer with two arms."

"He lost the arm in Korea," Harold said. "He had one arm when we hired him back, after the war. He's the same man."

"But people don't feel the same. Learn the facts of life. I'd have been pilloried in this town if I hadn't taken him back. But people have short memories. Now, no one will lift an eyebrow."

Harold stared at his boss, seeing him completely without heart or compassion.

"Trade him in for a new model who'll have more useful life, eh, Bob? A man has a brain, and a brain doesn't wear out like a bearing. It gets better with use and training. A man has a soul and a conscience; and a man has pride and courage."

"Sure, sure," Bob said, "and don't forget this, either. I can buy men the way I buy machines. Men are cheap. Machines are expensive, but they do a better job because they don't stop to have a conscience, or pride, or a soul. Machines work. But I need the most inefficient machine of all around the place—men. And I can buy 'em cheap. One-armed engineers are cheaper than any of them. I'm running a business, not a home for ex-marines. If you were me, you'd see my point."

"You mind if I'm glad about one thing?"

"What's that?"

"That I'm not you." Harold turned and stalked out of the office, went into his own office, picked up the phone and called Jim Van Arsdale, who owned controlling interest in St. John Pulp and Paper, a vast enterprise of logging, sawmills, and pulp and paper mills. Jim had been in Harold's group overseas, and they spoke the same language.

Harold told Jim, succinctly, what had happened.

Jim swore, succinctly, then said, "Send him over, Harold. We can use him. This is no surprise, though."

"Don't tell me you knew about it before it happened."

"We'd heard some talk, Harold. I have a vast espionage system, you know. Spies everywhere. Slinky dames in lacy dresses. What'd you do, blow your stack when you heard?"

"'Fraid I did, Jim."

"Well, buster, you're probably next. Rammich doesn't like having his decisions questioned."

"You're probably right."

"Carry on, lieutenant," Jim said. "I'll see that you get the Purple Heart."

"Gee, thanks," Harold said. He hung up, grinning.

Now, he went downstairs and picked up the morning paper. He glanced at the headlines and walked into the kitchen. Ellen handed him a cup of coffee.

"Sleep well?" she said.

"Sure." He looked at his wife, clean and shining, with her lipstick spread carefully, stocking seams straight, hair brushed and sleek. She wore her thirty-five years with gaiety and ease. "Where are the kids?"

"Oh, they grabbed breakfast and took off. Scrambled eggs O.K.?"

"Swell." He read the paper until Ellen slid a plate of scrambled eggs and some bacon in front of him. Then he put the paper aside. She got a cup of coffee and sat with him.

"You made up your mind about the report on the new school?" Ellen asked.

He tasted his eggs, shook his head. "Not exactly."

"I suppose that you're thinking that if you turn in a report not recommending a new school on top of this Peter Jacobsen thing, Bob Rammich will fire you, isn't that it?"

"That," Harold said, "is exactly it."

"More coffee?"

Harold nodded, thinking of the planning committee's report. He was one of three men who had been appointed as a planning committee to look into the matter of building a new high school. They had spent three months going into costs, into facilities which were needed or not needed, into prospects for increased growth, into whether it would be more economical to enlarge existing facilities or start from scratch and build a new plant.

"Well," Ellen said, "Bob Rammich would come out very nicely if you did recommend a new school. He owns the only suitable piece of property."

"Uh-huh. And the price is eighty-seven thousand dollars."

"Plus the fact that he'd probably get the contract to build the new school?"

"Right," Harold said. "And it'll come so close to a million and a quarter that the difference won't buy a drinking fountain."

"How do Charley Ballinger and Colonel Scott stand?"

"Ballinger's in Bob's hip pocket. As manager of the local bank, I suppose he thinks he's obligated. Colonel Scott is dead against a new school."

"Harold," Ellen said, "why do you suppose they picked you for this job?"

"My good looks, of course."

"They picked you because they knew you'd be absolutely honest and impartial."

Harold stood up. "Yeah. I know the lines. 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow ——' And so on, and so on. Being objective is a simple matter when you are not involved."

"But you are not involved. Not really."

"The devil I'm not. I could lose my job. That, to me, is involvement enough for a while." Harold walked to the back door and looked out, then turned around. "Look, Ellen. Who cares whether we recommend a new school?"

"The taxpayers."

"Oh, sure, they'll scream a little. That'll last a week, then they'll brag to visitors about the new school."

"They will?"

"Certainly. Besides, it isn't fashionable to turn down the idea of a new gymnasium, new auditorium—a sleek, modern educational plant. Why, in the plans for the new school at Riverdale, there was a five-thousand-dollar item for ceramic ovens. Did anyone scream? Why, naturally the high-school kids had to be taught ceramics. Plus archery, plus ballet, and drama, and finger painting. There are a few rooms set aside, of course, for history, English, mathematics and chemistry and physics. Let anyone say that the curriculum should be confined to strictly academic subjects and the howl that goes up could be heard in Saudi Arabia. So why should I hazard my job by saying that we don't need a new school?"

"Are you trying to convince me or yourself?"

Harold smiled at his wife. He put one arm around her and kissed her good-by. "Wise guy, aren't you? See you tonight."

"You playing golf tomorrow afternoon?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"It's Saturday. You usually do. Unless you'd like to help me in the yard."

Harold winced. "All right. I'll help you in the yard."

"Oh, no, you won't," Ellen said. "There's just a little spading to do. You can do that Sunday afternoon."

"Now I know why I love you," he said.

That morning the pressure began. He stopped in at the bank and Charley Ballinger beckoned to him. "Harold, we turn in our reports on Tuesday before the open meeting, you know."

"I know."

"Bob Rammich called me a few minutes ago. Said he could save about five per cent on lumber right now, but he doesn't want to go ahead with nothing to go on."

"Can't blame him for that."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Let's be realistic, Harold. Your job may be at stake for all I know, and I'm interested in bank deposits."

"You don't mean that Bob has threatened to take his business to some other bank, do you?"

"I didn't say that."

"Just a tacit understanding, eh? I imagine I'll hear the same thing about my job sometime before Tuesday."

Charley Ballinger spread his hands. "You going to fight city hall?"

"No. I'm just trying to get the job done."

"While you're getting the job done, don't forget your own."

"How could I? People keep reminding me."

Just before he was leaving for the day, Bob Rammich strolled into Harold's office. Harold glanced up from his work, his eyebrows lifting. Bob hadn't been in Harold's office three times that year. If he wanted to see Harold, he summoned him.

"Afternoon, Harold. How's it going?"

"It's going."

"How's your golf game? Hear you had a seventy-three couple of weeks ago."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold nodded. "I must have been out of my mind. Next time out I had an eighty-one."

"That's the way it goes. If I could just get rid of my slice, I'd be happy." He shrugged. "But I've had it ten years. Probably wouldn't know how to play without it."

Harold nodded, waiting. He knew that Bob hadn't come here to talk about golf.

"You know, Harold," Bob said, "I've been thinking about bonuses. A thousand-dollar Christmas bonus doesn't go very far. Oh, it helps with Christmas bills, of course, but I imagine it just about gets you even."

"More than even. We don't go hog-wild at Christmas."

"I know. Just the same, how does a twenty-five-hundred-dollar middle-of-the-year bonus strike you?"

"Right in the middle of the bankbook. Who do I have to shoot?"

"Nobody. This is strictly on performance." Bob looked directly at Harold. "I'm giving it some very favorable consideration. I'll let you know on Wednesday morning. Have a nice weekend." He turned and walked out of the office.

Harold sat quite still for a few moments. His first impulse was to follow Bob Rammich and tell him precisely where he could go with his bribe. No one could call it that, of course, but if Harold's vote went the right way, the bonus would be on his desk Wednesday morning.

Harold went over in his mind the things twenty-five hundred dollars could do. There were several alternatives. Set aside, they'd almost put Norman through three years of college. He could reduce the size of the mortgage on his home. He could buy some gilt-edged securities and put them aside for an emergency. He could use part of it to send Jill on a European tour with a group of girls who were going this summer. Suddenly, he realized that he was actually making plans for spending the money. Well, was he the guardian of the public purse? The new school would be voted on anyway. Maybe the people would vote it down no matter what the planning committee recommended. And if they didn't—well, they were over twenty-one. No one would force them to vote the way Bob Rammich wanted them to vote.

He left the office and went home. Norman was mowing the lawn. Harold pulled into the driveway and got out of his car.

"What's this sudden burst of energy?"

Norman, perspiring, stopped the mower. "Aw, the kids are going to the lake for a picnic, and mom said I couldn't have my allowance till I mowed the lawn."

"Females," Harold said, "are hard-hearted creatures."

"You can be sure of that, dad."

"If you had waited, you could probably have conned me out of it."

"Yeah," Norman said, "but mom trapped me as soon as I got home."

"Things are tough all over," Harold said. He went into the house. Ellen was reading the evening paper. "What's new?"

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe it."

"What's for dinner?"

"You're taking me out to dinner."

"I am?"

"Uh-huh. Norman's going on a picnic, Jill's going to Edith Marshall's for dinner and overnight. And you're to call Jim Van Arsdale."

"O.K." Harold dialed Jim's home.

"Put your boy to work, Harold," Jim said.

"That's swell, Jim. You'll like him. He's a good boy."

"Sure he is. And I got a Purple Heart all boxed up for you, too, buster."

"Come to the point."

"My dame in the lacy-dress department tells me that our buddy was hotter than a blowtorch over you going to bat for Jacobsen."

"So what? He'll cool off."

"That will depend, the way I get it, on what you do on Tuesday night."

"Oh?"

"That's the way it goes. Don't forget to drop your wheels, kid."

"All right." Harold hung up and stared thoughtfully at the instrument. Well, in Jim's way, he was giving him the word. Harold hadn't a doubt in the world that Jim knew what was going on over at Ramco. He had no formal espionage system, but he got the word. Jim Van Arsdale was an operator. In his own quiet way he got more dishes washed than Bob Rammich could dirty.

"What did Jim want?" Ellen said.

"Just wanted to tell me that they hired Pete Jacobsen. Also, he hinted that I was all set for liquidation, depending on a number of things."

"Like the way you vote for the school?"

"Right. But Jim wouldn't put on any pressure. Not that guy. Even though St. John is more concerned than anyone. Since the 1950 census, this area is the only one on the coast which has decreased in population. The private timber is about gone. The rest is being cut by St. John on a sustained-yield basis. Their payroll won't vary five thousand dollars a year in the future. There's almost no chance of any new industry. So they know that the high-school enrollment will either stay at the present level or drop. They're interested in keeping their taxes down. But Jim wouldn't say a word, one way or another."

"So what are you going to do?"

"Me? I'm going to forget the whole thing and take my wife to dinner."

"That's the best offer I've had today."

"You mean you've had others?"

"Ha! You think I haven't?"

Harold looked at his wife. "I wouldn't doubt it for five minutes, and I'll strangle the men who offered."

Ellen patted his cheek. "That's my boy."

It was a lovely spring evening when Harold walked into the school auditorium. He was amazed to find that the place was full. Ellen squeezed his arm as they walked in. "Looks like you drew a full house."

"Uh-huh. Me and Liberace."

"Don't forget," Ellen said, "'To thine own self be true, and it must ——'"

Harold made a fist and put it against Ellen's chin. "Knock it off, good-looking. I know the speech."

He left Ellen and went into a room off the stage. Col. Jim Scott and Charley Ballinger were waiting for him.

"See here, Fleming," Colonel Scott said, "there is a houseful of people out there, and we still don't know how you stand."

"I know."

"There is absolutely no justification for a new school," Colonel Scott said. "We all know ——"

"You don't have any children in school, Colonel Scott," Harold said. "You're on a fixed income and resent any increase in taxes."

"We must curb expenditures," Colonel Scott said. "We are spending ——"

"So you're really no better than Charley, here," Harold said.

"Young man, watch your language," Colonel Scott shouted. "If you are implying ——"

"I'm not implying anything. I'm telling you that your vote on this thing is colored by your own personal situation, not the issues."

"Not my vote," Charley Ballinger yelped. "We either build a school now at these prices or build one five years from now at vastly inflated prices. Those are figures. A personal situation has nothing to do with it."

"In your eye, Charley," Harold said.

"See here, Fleming ——" Charley began.

"This entire planning committee is for the birds," Harold said. "Colonel Scott, you're no more impartial than Charley Ballinger."

Colonel Scott waved a folder. "I've compiled figures here that will prove ——"

"Sure, sure. And Charley has compiled another set of figures that will prove something else. It is simply a matter of judgment and integrity, and until we all search deep and eliminate every personal feeling we have, this committee might just as well walk out there and say that we are, each one of us, so prejudiced that we can come to no objective decision. Now both of you, go ahead and say that I'm wrong."

No one said anything for perhaps half a minute. Then Charley Ballinger looked up at Harold. He sighed deeply. "All right, Harold. Let's go ahead and cut our throats. I'm surprised that it feels so good."

Harold grinned at Charley Ballinger. "Your belly just got rid of the knots, didn't it?" He looked at Colonel Scott. "You want to get started, issue by issue, and work this thing out, or do we walk out there and tell them to get three more boys?"

"Young man!" Colonel Scott shouted. Then he stopped. He glared at Harold, then lighted a cigarette. He cleared his throat. "All right, all right," he finally said; "but by the lord Harry, I'll justify my position right down the line."

"You do that, colonel," Harold said, "and you may get another Purple Heart."

Some time later, the committee of three walked out on the stage. Colonel Scott banged his gavel. The murmur of voices stopped.

"This committee," Colonel Scott said, "by unanimous decision, rejects the proposition for building a new high school."

The meeting exploded. Harold saw Bob Rammich's face turn red. The man stared up at Harold as he sat on the stage. Colonel Scott banged his gavel. Several minutes later, Colonel Scott continued.

"The findings of this committee will be published in a bulletin to be distributed to every registered voter within five days." He banged his gavel again and the meeting adjourned.

Harold got to his feet and walked off the stage. Ellen met him at the foot of the short stairs.

"What I want to know," she said, "is what you said to Charley Ballinger."

"He's all right. He just got the knots out of his stomach."

"Here comes Bob Rammich," Ellen said. "I'll wait for you at the door." She walked up the aisle.

Harold watched his boss walk toward him. The man had no preamble. He stopped in front of Harold and said, "You're through."

"Thank you," Harold said.

Bob Rammich stared at Harold. "You're thanking me? For what?"

"That's a funny thing," Harold said. "You'll never know. You'll never in this world figure it out."

"You don't know which side your bread is buttered on," Bob said. "I got news for you, mister. You were fired the day you gave me the speech about the one-armed hero. You wouldn't have got the twenty-five hundred bucks no matter what you did. I can buy and sell engineers like hamburger."

"You can buy machines, too, which are more efficient than men. But you haven't yet found out that men don't always jump when you press a button."

He walked out of the auditorium. At the entrance, Ellen said, "Hello."

"Hi."

"How does it feel to get fired?"

"How did you know?"

"I could tell. I could tell before it happened. I suppose I could tell the day I met you."

Harold sighed. "Yeah. I suppose you could. Now I'm a big, fat hero—with no job."

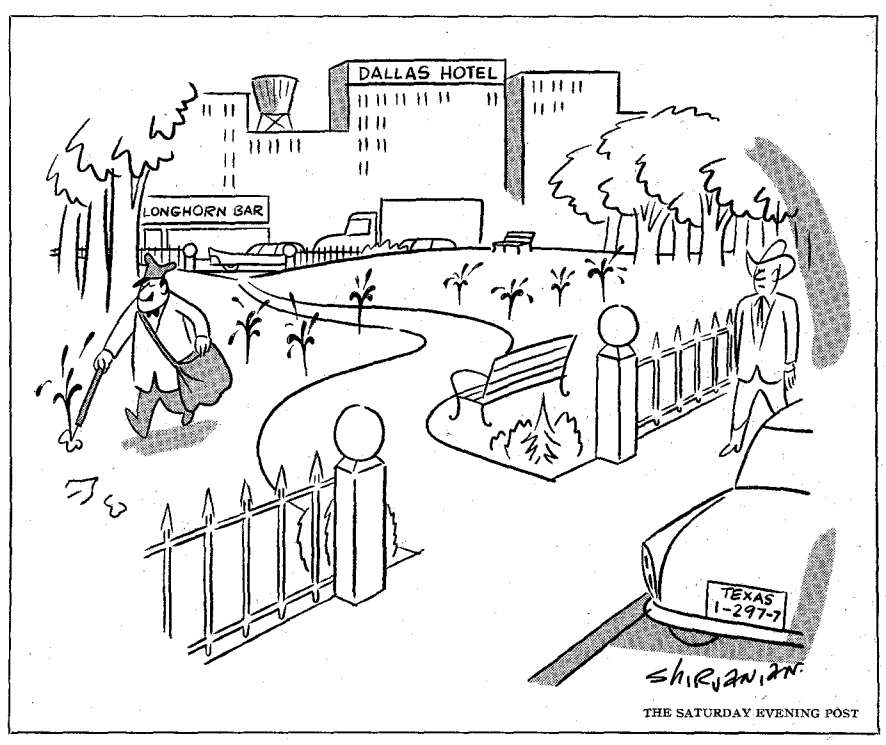
"Uh-huh. But not for long, I don't think. I saw Jim Van Arsdale. He said he wanted to present the Purple Heart to you tomorrow. He said that he's specializing in castoffs these days. Something about his head engineer retiring and that he knew a flak-happy character who shouldn't be running around loose."

"Flak-happy!" Harold yelped. "Why, that guy is ——"

"Careful, darling," Ellen said, "I think you're talking about your boss."

Harold thought a moment. Then he grinned at his wife. "He's still flak-happy, and I'll tell him so."

"That's all right," Ellen said. "He'll listen." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

San Francisco's Magic Fog

(Continued from Page 35)

A janitorial supply house, knowing that fog makes windows smeary, rushes up stocks of squeegees. Forty miles away, growers for Eastern flower markets nod and smile. Fog brings the moisture that makes their business possible.

In such diverse ways does the fog work. But it picks its own hours of toil, coming intermittently in winter, spring or summer, and when it comes, it changes the climate. San Francisco in winter is warmer than most Eastern cities; in summer it is cooler than most of the country. Yet 66 per cent of the days have sunshine; only fifteen days per year, because of fog, are "very bad." The city's foggy ensemble, furthermore, is comprised of not one but three fogs—those from the sea, the dreaded "tule" fogs, and "smog." They all touch to some degree on the health and welfare of people, from the 2,500,000 local residents to countless others in California and across the world. Some lives are bettered. Some are lost.

It was, for example, a tragically loaded fog that stood in the Golden Gate on the early morning of August 25, 1950. The Navy hospital ship Benevolence, 520 feet and 15,000 tons, her great white hull ghostly in the ferment, was inbound with 526 persons. The freighter Mary Luckenbach was headed out. With zero visibility, neither pilot was bemused by "little cat feet," but suddenly there was a grinding clang of steel, startled cries and the shudder of engines trying to back down. The hospital ship sank in less than thirty minutes with the loss of twenty-three lives, and the badly gored Luckenbach limped back to port.

As Western Union telegraphers began notifying next of kin, high-priced attorneys started litigation likely to spread over years. Within the month, individual suits totaling $270,000 for loss of life and personal property had been filed. Federal attorneys attached the freighter in drydock with damage claims of $14,000,000; Luckenbach responded with a demand for $193,653.

People who hadn't even been out of bed that foggy morning were involved. The hulk of the wrecked ship lay in the channel, a menace to navigation; bids for removing it ran to $3,000,000, and few firms wanted the difficult job. Four months later, a tugboat hit the wreckage and lost part of its keel; an oil tanker rammed it with damage of $40,000. Final removal of the derelict—by a Baltimore salvage firm for a fee of $297,873—involved further heavy outlays for manpower, boat charters and 155,750 sticks of dynamite. The foggy nightmare still wasn't over. The freighter captain lost his license, the master of the Benevolence his seniority, and a heroic bystander his livelihood. John Napoli, a poor Italian fisherman who jettisoned his catch in order to pick up survivors, severely injured his back in the course of pulling seventy people from the sea. "It clicked out," he says. San Franciscans later raised $1100 for him, and the Navy paid him $4422 for the loss of his catch and damage to his boat. But Napoli will never fish again. "When I get to thinkin' about it in my sleep," he says, "it jumps me outa bed."

Over the years man has struck back at the fog in a try-anything spirit born of desperation. In California nearly as much time and money have been spent on fog dispellants as on rain makers, and with about the same success. Once, experimenters seeded the San Francisco fog banks with electrified sand in the belief that ionized droplets of moisture would adhere to the sand, the whole mass would sink in the bay and—*voilà*—no more fog. It didn't work. Nothing ever has.

Perhaps this is why San Franciscans have come to look for the silver lining. They weren't unusually perturbed when the voice of Bob Hope boomed over the loud-speakers at a 49ers-Browns football game in Kezar Stadium. "I am very happy to be back in San Francisco," the comedian said. "At least I think it's San Francisco—I can't see you folks too well in this fog." He was only half in jest, for cascades of sea vapors were tumbling into the huge bowl. Beer salesmen bemoaned the fact, but vendors of hot coffee were quite happy. It's an old story. The eternal stuff, centuries ago, hid the harbor entrance from Francis Drake, thereby depriving England of a colonial bonanza.

It isn't all bad, by any means. San Francisco's reputation as a city of well-dressed women is tied directly to the "Bee-e-yo" bleat of foghorns on the bay, as a recent survey of the National Retail Dry Goods Association proved. Milady dresses warmly and fashionably because of the fog-tempered climate, the survey reported; indeed, she and her San Francisco sisters buy twice the national average of wool suits, and triple the amount of formal wear. With no need to muffle her finery in heavy, cold-weather garments, she has every incentive to dress fashionably. At the other end of the thermometer scale, the city seldom gets hot enough to call for skimpy attire, and no lady in San Francisco would think of going shopping in sandals, halter and shorts—as she might in Miami, Los Angeles or Chicago. The tangible economic result is a high-fashion manufacturing industry started many years ago, and employment for designers, tailors, furriers, even railroaders, as style-conscious ladies of other areas now demand two thirds of the $30,000,000 San Francisco product.

Floriculture is another important "fog baby," with the city's year-around corner flower stands as its best advertisement. Long after other growing areas have frozen, Northern California snapdragons, lilies, begonias, stock and chrysanthemums are being flown to market. Thanks to the damp, temperate sea fog, plus intermittent sunshine, fuchsias blossom all winter in home gardens. The fog also is absolute mother to the giant redwoods, to an artichoke industry which last year did a $3,568,880 business; to broccoli, Brussels sprouts and green peas, some of which, fittingly, go to Eastern grocery shelves under a proud "Fog Kist" label. The dry Salinas Valley, eighty miles south of San Francisco, would become semiarid desert after spring-rain runoffs if it weren't for San Francisco's fogs, which affect temperatures and delay evaporation of irrigation water. The result is that Salinas produces a sizable share of the nation's summer lettuce. All this fog-sustained prosperity is reflected in a most tangible way.

When valley heat becomes unbearable in July, August and September, farm families troop to San Francisco. In the fog-conditioned city they sleep comfortably—usually under blankets—and awake refreshed to spend their hard-earned dollars. The San Francisco Hotel Association almost literally banks on the fogs to attract these farmers, casual tourists and such organized visitations as the G.O.P. convention of last year. Visitors actually are disappointed if the city experiences one of its rare, fogless hot spells, and so are keepers of restaurants and night clubs. People eat more and drink more, and play harder when they're cool.

At 2:30 P.M. on a typical August day, thermometers along Market Street may be registering a comfortable seventy degrees. Suddenly there's a breeze, a chill on the air. The shopping suburbanite shivers, perhaps mentally canceling plans for a back-yard barbecue, and glances to the seaward hills. The fog is there, approaching like a billow of chilled smoke. As its shadow crosses the sun, measurable things begin to happen. Lights flick on in homes and office buildings, and thermostats signal for heat. The average year-around temperature here being sixty-five, fuel is required for heat in all months. It is natural gas, much of it coming 1000 miles from Texas by pipeline. Aware of this, Pacific Gas and Electric Company dispatchers will have had the fog bank under surveillance. They know from past experience what a summer day's fog may require: up to 15,000,000 cubic feet of gas for every degree in temperature drop—it probably will go down to fifty-six—and 50,000–125,000 kilowatts of extra electricity. Eight million cubic feet of gas will be burned by the company to generate the current, and it all will be carefully metered. Each of 600,000 local customers will find "traces" of fog on his bill.

Of course, properly trained weathermen object to the nomenclature. This isn't fog at all. It is only a stratus cloud caused by certain peculiarities of the California coast, and particularly by the constant upwelling of cold water from the deeps, as the prevailing westerly wind whips the warm surface into turbulence, while the shelving of the ocean bottom forces the colder water to the top. As a result, the offshore air is chilled. Westerly winds, gathering moisture in their long trajectories over the Pacific, enter this cold area, their moisture condenses and a cloud deck forms.

To the untrained layman, and even the old sea dog, it looks like fog, but true fogs, like those of Nantucket, hug the ocean. San Francisco's mobile vapors hang 1000 feet or more over the waves. They can't descend on the heavier cold air and they can't rise into the warmer areas above—a freak situation, inasmuch as the atmosphere usually is cooler as you go up in it. Climatologists call it a "temperature inversion," and the only other place it occurs in just this way is along the coast of Peru. Down there, of course, there's no big cosmopolitan city to make poetry and profits from it. The cold wet cloud deck, 1000–1500 feet thick, lies off the coast for hours, waiting its chance to migrate. When inland pressures relax, it begins to move, probing at gaps in the coastal hills. San Franciscans see it come from the sea and hail the "fog." In time, even the weatherman bows to popular will as he posts a normal summer forecast: "High fog morning and evening."

Fog or cloud, the stuff creates costly problems. It combines with dust, smoke, even other impurities like fertilizer, to lay a crust over power-company insulators. Then, dampened by the season's first rains or heavier fogs, they're suddenly not insulators any longer, but deadly conductors, allowing the current to flow down poles, causing power failures, starting fires. P. G. & E. has designed special fog insulators to combat this, but still must send regular crews about the countryside with Rube Goldberg devices to scrub them. Maintenance of the bay's big steel bridges, constantly bathed in the sea fogs, is a perpetual battle of sandblasting and paint. The paint gangs finish covering the San Francisco-Oakland span about once every seven years—at a cost of $4,500,000—only to find themselves back at the beginning again. A lot of things would be cheaper in a fog-free climate. There wouldn't, for instance, be the cost of electricity for fog sirens, sodium-vapor lamps and warning beacons, all of which go on when daylight hours are shortened.

Winter is the worst season because it brings the second, or "tule" fog, a thing of leaden skirts and the consistency of gruel, covering roads, cities and waterways. A real pea souper, it takes its name from the tules, or reeds, along the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, where it rises. It arrives, usually, in the night, tumbling forward at one mile an hour under the momentum of its own dead, clammy weight. Sometimes it is accompanied by freezing temperatures which form ice on highways and already-blind windshields, and sometimes P. G. & E. must overload its bay-crossing wires for a few carefully measured moments to heat them and thus keep the ice from snapping them. This fog invariably reduces humans and their mechanisms to the lowest common denominator.

A tule fog of recent memory, by the dawn of its third day bore droplets so heavy that they registered on rain gauges. All airports, including the military, were closed for 600 miles; 100 flights of commercial airliners were grounded or diverted to other fields. As usual, the worst effects were felt when people started to their jobs. Sixty automobiles, trucks and buses came together in a single chain-reaction collision at the Carquinez Bridge, closing U.S. Highway 40 for hours. A few miles away a woman driver lost the road and plunged into a canal. The Bay Bridge and Golden Gate span operated in utter bewilderment, with patrolmen setting out flares to indicate lanes in the solid dishwater wall. Electricity burned in every bulb and warning device, but still commuter trains and buses crept up to San Francisco twenty minutes to a half hour late. An Army transport rammed and sank a fishboat. A seventy-five-car freight train was derailed because the engineer couldn't see trackside signals. Business appointments were missed, and Einstein himself couldn't have computed the costs of that morning's mess. Yet by noon the weather was clear and warm.

The "wistfully curling tendrils" of a foggy day invariably point hard, cold fingers of fact. A freighter goes aground or, worse, hits a pier. A car thief in a hit-run accident ducks away in the fog, leaving his victims the bills for repairs and hospitalization. Sports fishermen are stranded in the eerie blanket; a duck hunter has to be rescued from his blind by a human chain of Boy Scouts. A freighter is delayed in reaching dock and the longshore crews collect stand-by pay while playing pinochle. Alcatraz convicts are not allowed to perform vital chores for fear of escape.

Airlines understandably are sensitive about the fogs, which once played havoc with operations. It was standard procedure, not too long ago, to cancel all out-

Redeemable in Full

Letters exchanged between
the sexes
Frequently end with rows of
X's.
Yours make me dream of
imminent blisses:
The pleasure of cashing in
X's for kisses!

Tom Congdon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bound flights from San Francisco when the fogs closed in and to hold inbound flights at Reno, Los Angeles or Portland.

Millions of dollars have been spent on antifog devices since the days when a cannon at the Golden Gate fired at half-hour intervals to warn sailors. During World War II, the Navy came up with FIDO (Fog Intensive Disposal Of), which has been used successfully at Arcata, in the redwood country, to burn a 300-foot ceiling in emergencies. It is, however, not the answer for busy international airports such as San Francisco—not with that infinite reservoir of fog offshore to fill in the holes as they're burned. Instrument-landing techniques help pilots to land with half a mile visibility and a 250-foot ceiling, but the fogs aren't dispelled by any means. Man simply has learned to fly through them. There still are occasional diversions of flights which add to the economic facts of fog—extra landing fees at the auxiliary airfield, additional crew time, rental of buses to bring passengers on, gas for ferrying the plane home later, even bookkeeping to re-estimate amortization on the aircraft, which is based on payload revenue, not fog-lost time.

It was Carl Sandburg, the prairie poet, who started the business about "little cat feet." Undoubtedly he'd never watched a football game at "Cool Kezar" Stadium, baseball at Seals Stadium or a shivery light opera in Oakland's Woodminster Bowl. The cat feet are apt to be heavy and wet at all these places, as they are for builders of home swimming pools and outdoor barbecue pits. Or, for that matter, firemen.

One foggy night a glow reflected from the moisture-laden air as if from a waterfront holocaust; hill residents rang in a fire alarm. The engine company that responded ran into such ground fog that it had to radio for police guides. When they finally located the scene, there was only a pier watchman warming his hands at a bonfire. The tricky fog had magnified it out of all proportion.

Perhaps, as the poets say, there is magic in these famous San Francisco fogs. The transplanted Easterner thinks so when he learns that no expensive insulation will be required in his new California home—fog does the insulating. The chronic sinus sufferer may even shout with glee when his specialist advises him, as they now do, that fog causes no sinus infections; rather, by preventing wide variations of temperature, it probably saves headaches. Certainly San Franciscans wax lyrical at meteorologists' predictions that they'll probably never have bad smog because of the winds—up to twenty miles per hour—which always precede the sea "fogs"; the "automatic air conditioning," as they call it, drives out pollutants before the thick air arrives, and it works 90 per cent of the time.

Once San Francisco and Los Angeles got into a vigorous argument over which should be home port for the Pacific Fleet. Whichever port had the least fog clearly would be the best home base from which to operate. San Francisco, despite its famous vapors, won—not only the honor, but all the big ships and the business of supplying them and their free-spending crews. And that is a very tangible thing.

How I Became a Reactionary (Continued from Page 25)

with a certain anguished attention, simply because I had put every cent I owned or could borrow into it.

Before I bought the Blade-Tribune it came out five days a week. Adding the Sunday paper was my own idea. The subscribers said they wanted it, and I was proud of it. The first issue carried a telegram of congratulations from Dwight D. Eisenhower and a message from the publisher of The New York Times. The particular issue I had been reading that Sunday had some interesting things in it, too, and I remember my wife remarked on it. "It's a good paper this morning," she said, passing it back to me.

But I had counted up the percentage of advertising and of editorial matter. I had mentally added up the number of men who produced it, multiplied this figure by two and a half dollars per hour, and multiplied the result by eight hours.

"Yes," I said, "it's a good paper. It ought to be. It's a net loss of two hundred and forty dollars."

I lay back against the pillow and asked myself blackly about the future. Monday was always a bad day. Figure a break-even on Tuesday, Wednesday was grocery day, which might make up for Monday. Say I lost $200 on Thursday and broke even on Friday, when classified advertising was heavy. That was still a net loss of over $400 a week, or say, roughly, $21,000 a year. At that rate, I'd be out of business in six months.

"Now think," I said to myself. "Don't panic, but think. How did you let yourself get into this mess?"

My wife had gone to dress the children. I closed my eyes and thought, and my mind, unaccountably, conjured up the mental image of a small, brisk man with a reddish mustache. His name was (let us say) Mr. Blister. When I worked in Washington I saw Mr. Blister twice a day. Promptly at 8:30 every morning he would pass my open door on the way to his office, nodding a cheerful good morning. Promptly at 5:00 I would see him again on his way out.

Mr. Blister was certainly prompt. But one day it occurred to me to ask what he did, between 8:30 and 5:00. It turned out that he did precisely nothing at all, except read The New York Times diligently from first page to last. For doing nothing at all—I apologize to The New York Times—he was paid $8000 a year.

The reason I had bothered to ask what Mr. Blister did was that I wanted his "slot." I was building a new division in the agency, and I wanted to make it a good one. So I decided to get rid of Mr. Blister, and I called for the personnel manager and asked him how to go about it.

My personnel manager was aghast, and he explained the regulations to me. It is possible to fire a Government employee, he explained, but it is not easy. It is almost a career in itself. You can't fire a civil servant just for not doing anything; you can fire him only for not doing something you have asked him to do or for doing it wrongly on a specific occasion. And having fired him—or tried to—you must be prepared to attend meetings, provide witnesses and argue your case from review board to superior review board, for months, sometimes years—all this in addition to making an enemy for life.

When I understood all this, I decided to take the direct route—I would call Mr. Blister into my office and ask him to resign. Mr. Blister took it quietly. Within a few days I received a memorandum from him. "Subject," it began, "Your Oral Request for My Resignation."

"Subject request is not in accordance with agency regulations," Mr. Blister wrote. "These require that you state your reasons in writing so that the appeals system can be instituted. In the event," he concluded, "that I receive a written request, I intend to appeal."

Mr. Blister won. But, in a way, I didn't lose. I wangled another "slot" for the man I wanted, and Mr. Blister stayed on. "After all," as I said to my deputy, "Blister isn't doing us any harm!"

Now, I want to make it very clear that Mr. Blister was a most exceptional Government servant. Particularly in these days of high budgets and high taxes, people tend to think of all Government employees as Blister-like drones. Actually, I'll never forget, from my Washington years, the long hours of hard, frantic and sometimes rewarding and exciting work.

Oveta Culp Hobby once compared working in the Government to riding the whip in a small-town carnival—coasting along smoothly on the outside of the circle, being yanked suddenly to the center and whirled hectically about, and then released again. It was like that, work coming in sudden frantic flurries, when there was a flap abroad or the Secretary of State wanted an urgent briefing. Then nobody cared how late he stayed or whether it was Sunday or Christmas. All that mattered was to get the work done.

Former Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, when he first came to work for the Government, was frankly amazed by the number of able people he found there. "A lot of them," he said, "could be making sixty thousand a year in private industry." In the Government they were making between $10,000 and $15,000 a year, and short of a presidential appointment, they could hope for no more. Except for the occasional Mr. Blisters, who cling in fear to their Government jobs, like an overgrown child to his mother's apron strings, the people who work for the Government are not there to make money.

But that, in a way, is just the point. The human being is a competitive animal, and because there is not much purpose competing for money in Government, people in Government compete for other things. They compete for power and for the symbols of power. And it is this substitution of the intangible, power, for the tangible, money, that lends to Government its curious air of unreality.

Take, for example, the matter of the brown leather couch. The brown leather couch is the distinguishing mark of the Government worker who has arrived, who must be reckoned with, who wields power. It is the visible symbol of civilian power, as surely as the general's stars are the symbol of military power. Conference tables are important, too, but there are Class A and Class B conference tables. The Class B ones had thin pipestem legs. If a man had one of these in his office, it was a sure bet that he had asked for a conference table, expecting to get the kind with massive legs of polished wood, encased in brass bottoms, and had to settle for the embarrassing little pipestems instead. You could put him down as second echelon.

There were no Class A or Class B brown leather couches, or if so, the difference was not apparent. Naturally, it was less embarrassing not to have to request the couch personally. I got mine because one of my employees complained about the looks of my office. "It just isn't impressive," he said. "Why can't we get you a couch?"

Secretly, of course, I very much desired to have a couch, but I greeted the suggestion with a mild remonstrance, like a young girl wanting to be kissed. My protest was effective, for within a few days some men moved in with the couch. It was shiny, brown, large and good to look at over against the wall opposite my desk. I never used it, and it was too far away for anyone else to use and still converse with me. But there it was, ready for any emergency which might arise owing to the pressure of affairs around me, and at all times an authentic symbol of power.

The thirst for such symbols of power, in the closed society of Government in which money is not the measure of power, can scarcely be exaggerated. It can become a craving, as for a drug. And those who enter the strange world of Government can very quickly become subject to this compulsive craving.

Take, for example, the case of Dr. Morton Middlebasket—he actually did have one of those odd, pompously alliterative names. Morton was an intellectual of sorts, with some repute in academic circles. I brought him into the Government myself, to fill one of those important-sounding, essentially decorative posts in which the Government nowadays abounds.

Only a few weeks after he had cashed his first Government pay check Morton called and asked me to come to see him. This surprised me a bit. Who-goes-to-whose-office is one of those Government games that establish the official pecking order, and since I had got him his job, it seemed to me that Morton Middlebasket ought to come to see me. But I decided to let it pass. When, after a ten-minute wait—still another pecking-order ploy—I was ushered into Morton's office, I noted the brown leather couch in a corner, and mentally scored one up for Morton. But there was no other furniture in the room. Morton airily explained that his office was still incompletely furnished, but it meant that I had to stand in front of his desk, which made me feel like a small boy waiting for orders from the headmaster—a ploy I had not previously encountered.

"Well, Morton," I said, with careful casualness, "what do you want?"

"Tom," he replied, "I want Mabel."

I was thunderstruck. The summons to his office, the wait, the couch, the standing in front of his desk—all these I could take. Indeed, I felt a certain reluctant admiration for his quick mastery of the Government game. But Mabel, no. Never.

For Mabel was my secretary. Even more than a man in private business, a Government official develops a childlike dependence on his secretary. Mabel was a paragon among secretaries. In the Government game of who-gets-on-the-telephone-first, I have known her to get an official from another agency who outranked me by fully two grades waiting on the phone for me to come on. And she could calm and charm angry superiors up to Cabinet level, as music is said to soothe the savage breast.

I shall not here detail the bureaucratic battle that ensued, the memoranda, the meetings, the official appeals, the private words with higher powers, the plots and counterplottings. Suffice it to say that in the end Morton Middlebasket had to look elsewhere, and I kept Mabel. I even brought Mabel with me to California when I bought the Blade-Tribune. Her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government pay level was high, and of course I had to match it, but Mabel was my good right arm.

At any rate, Morton Middlebasket's grab for Mabel seems to me in retrospect a singularly striking example of the angry thirst for the outer trappings of power which the strange, unreal world of Government generates in the instinctively competitive human breast. In the Government, couches are important, and so is being in a position to demand another man's secretary. But money is not.

Not that all Government workers are careless spendthrifts, casting the taxpayers' hard-earned dollars fecklessly to the four winds. But money just isn't the primary consideration. In Government you have a job to do, often a very important job—a problem to solve, an objective to reach. To do the job, you first make a plan.

You draw the plan carefully. You examine its logic, calculate the risks, estimate the result. Then at the end, on the lower left-hand corner of the planning paper, you neatly set down the estimated cost. But the plan, not the money, is the important thing. Money is only what it costs, and it is not often something that requires much discussion.

No more is the payroll. In four years in Government, I never heard anyone use the word "payroll." Yet there they were, every other Friday, thousands of little green checks on thousands of desks, bearing the admonition: "Do not spindle or roll." Somehow, no one ever thought of them as bearing any visible connection with the work we were doing.

"A lot of what you learned in Government," I said to myself that black Sunday morning, "was unreal. Mr. Blister was unreal because he cost money and nobody cared, and the couch was unreal because it was a substitute for not caring about money. The pecking order was unreal for the same reason, and so was Morton Middlebasket's grab for Mabel. And the whole Government was unreal, because there is nobody in Government who hurts all over, the way I am hurting now, when the payroll has to be paid."

I calculated next Friday's payroll and what had to be done about it. The figure varied, but what had to be done about it was always the same. Tomorrow I would add up the overtime in the back shop and estimate how much more there would be. On Tuesday I would talk to the advertising manager and we would ask the boys on the staff how So-and-So was doing. Together we would figure out which of those advertisers who owed the most were most likely to be able to pay, and of these, which would be least angry if I went and asked for it. On Wednesday I would drop into the store and pretend to be fascinated with a television set or a large sofa while the merchant talked to a customer. When he finished, I would walk up quietly, look right at him, and in a very low and friendly voice, I would say, "George, I'm in trouble. Can you help me out before Friday?"

George would tell me what a hard time he was having collecting from people who owed him, and I would listen and nod in sympathy and understanding. Then I would tell him what a hard time I was having collecting from people who owed me, and he would nod, not quite so sympathetically. Finally George would say, "I'll sure try to get you something by Thursday, Tom," and I would wave confidently and depart. Usually he would get me something, but sometimes not very much. On Friday was the payroll.

The Blade-Tribune was a small country daily when I bought it, with a circulation of 3200. Oceanside and adjoining Carlsbad were the two cities it served or ought to have served, and between them they had a population of nearly 25,000. According to the rules of newspaper circulation, the paper had less than half the number of subscribers it should have had.

I was fresh from Government. I knew an objective when I saw one and how to make a plan to achieve it. First I increased the size of the paper from an average eight pages daily to an average fourteen. The circulation started to go up right away. But in order to put out more pages I had to buy a new Intertype machine ($15,000 on installments) and increase the number of compositors from eight to eleven—an increase of $600 every other Friday. In order to fill the new pages, I increased the number of comics and the number of syndicated columnists and the number of photographers. Then I added the Sunday paper, and the circulation went up some more. In order to get more circulation outside of Oceanside and Carlsbad, I added a reporter to cover the area.

"Acme Cabs?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

During this time there were moments when I suspected that Government work might not be the best possible preparation for running a small-town newspaper business. There was a kind of Mr. Blister case on the society page, for example. The page was run by a lady who wrote her copy out in longhand which was hard for printers to read. Moreover, she had a penchant for filling the page with the poetry of her friends which was hard for printers to set. Besides, it was not very good poetry. So I hired another society editor, younger and professional. But I kept the nice old lady on. Not that there were any regulations preventing me from firing her, but she had been there a long time; and besides, I hate to fire a woman. Also I put in a switchboard, which was, I suppose, a little like a brown leather couch.

We didn't really need it, but it did make things more impressive and businesslike. The only thing was, it required a switchboard operator—and sinking second thought—another switchboard operator to take the place of the first one when the first one had worked her forty-hour week.

But when all the changes were made, it was a better newspaper. The circulation approximately doubled, and we were winning state prizes for coverage. There's no doubt it was a better newspaper, a far better newspaper, but a highly unprofitable one.

In the first month of operation I lost $2500. The second, third and fourth months were about the same. By the fifth month, the new systems I had put into effect were really taking hold and we lost $6000. By that time I had begun to snap at the switchboard operator, to resent the new reporters and to hate Sunday morning in bed.

So there I was on that Sunday morning about to become a reactionary. "In the old days," I said to myself, "this newspaper made money. Before you bought it, before you made a newspaper out of it. When it was a tiny little eight pages full of canned columns, free advice from Roger Babson and editorials from the Bank of America about the Bank of America, it made money. Now it's a good newspaper with two sports pages and a fine society page, and the editorials get reprinted in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and the circulation has doubled. Only it doesn't make money. And you," I said to myself, "are staring straight into something called bankruptcy."

Suddenly I realized, that Sunday morning, that it didn't matter about the society page. Suddenly I realized that it didn't matter about two sports pages. Two sports pages, in fact, were asinine. Suddenly I knew that it didn't matter how good the paper was, that the object was not to publish the best newspaper, nor even, horrible thought, a good newspaper. If possible, yes. But not as the object. The object, the whole object, it suddenly dawned upon me, was to make money.

It was, I believe, the moment when I became a reactionary. It wasn't easy to become a reactionary, and it hasn't been easy to remain one. You have to work at it. You have to do all the things you did in Government—make plans, try to build an organization, assess the risks, deal with people. But the object is different, and so you have to do a lot of mean jobs.

You have to fire a man whom you like and trust because, no matter how much you like and trust him, he is unable to produce one and a half galleys of type per hour. You have to fire the nice old lady who likes poetry, because, no matter how much you wish you needed her, you don't. You have to tell the boys in the back shop that they can't go out for coffee in the afternoon and also go out for coffee in the morning. When the foreman says this is going to hurt morale, you have to look him straight in the eye and tell him you'll take that chance. Instead of assuming, as we did in Government, that everyone is doing his best, you have to be suspicious, and just as you are feeling guilty about being suspicious, you find a man who is not putting in the hours his time sheet says he is.

You have to get rid of the extra switchboard operator and make the first one do the billing while she also answers the telephone. When the reporters put up a fuss about having to answer questions on the World Series of 1927, you have to put up with the fuss. You have to get rid of the reporter who is covering news outside the immediate trading area, and when the managing editor complains about it, you have to use the same answer you are giving salesmen who offer additional comic strips and features. In fact, you repeat that answer over and over again: "We have to count the cost."

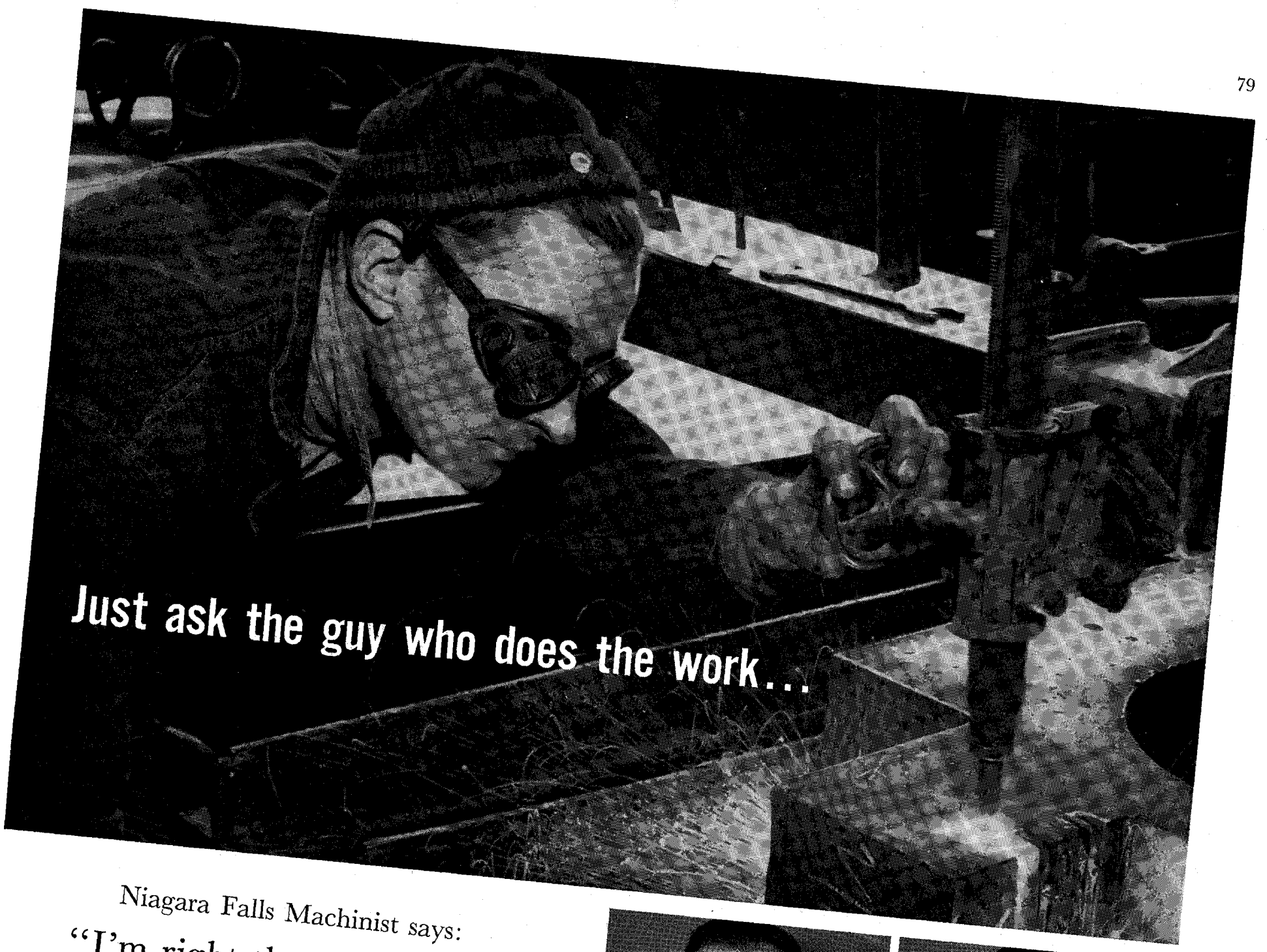
As I say, you have to work at becoming a reactionary. For some time after that Sunday morning in bed, I was a mere apprentice reactionary, a would-be counter of the cost. I remember the precise moment when I went the whole way and became a full-time, penny-pinching, soulless, jet-black reactionary. It happened one evening when I was mulling over the continued loss of the Sunday edition. It was, I reflected, just too much, a loss that could no longer be disregarded or wished away. Yet to kill the Sunday edition would be a major retreat, and it might make money in the end if I hung on. Then a horrid thought struck me. Almost to the dollar, the annual loss on the Sunday edition was the same as Mabel's yearly salary.

I sat back in my chair, aghast. It was almost as though someone had offered me a handsome price for one of the children, and I had found myself feeling tempted. For Mabel was not only a very good secretary, she was also a very nice human being. But there it was. The choice was between the Sunday edition and Mabel. And Mabel had to go.

So Mabel went, and thus the Sunday edition won where Morton Middlebasket had so ignominiously lost. As I type my own letters, and shuffle for papers I can't find, in my ten-by-ten loft office with no leather couch, I miss Mabel very much. And sometimes I also look back with genuine regret on those days in the Government, which were often interesting and exciting—even with no payroll to meet.

To console myself, I've worked out a little formula which I repeat sternly to myself, whenever I feel myself tempted to backslide from my hard-won status as a reactionary. "In Government," I tell myself, "what matters is a brown leather couch. In business, what matters is a profit." And now, at last, I'm in the black, which is a good place to be, not only for me, but for the other people who earn their living with the Oceanside Blade-Tribune. It is so good a place to be that, couchless and all, I'd rather be a reactionary. THE END

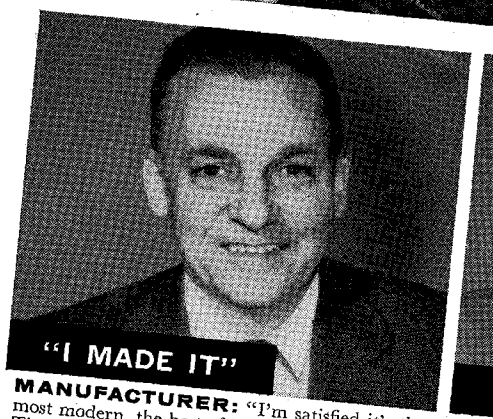
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



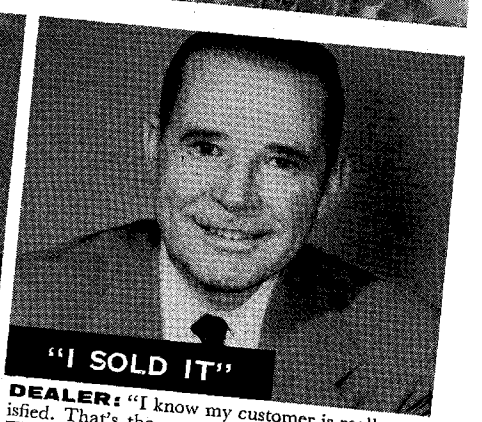
Niagara Falls Machinist says:

"I'm right there! I see how much research, skill and plain hard work goes into today's top products...

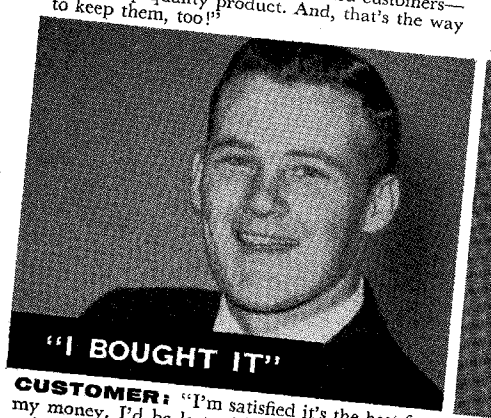
I'm always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!"



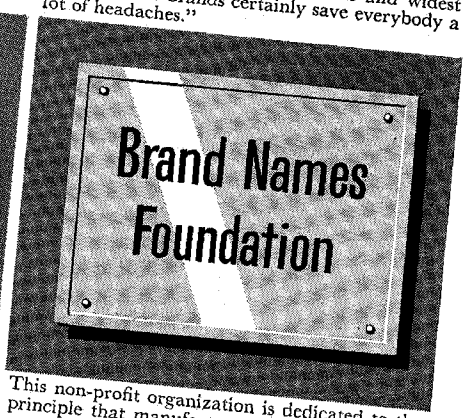
MANUFACTURER: "I'm satisfied it's the most modern, the best of its kind on the market. That's the only way to win satisfied customers—with a top quality product. And, that's the way to keep them, too!"



DEALER: "I know my customer is really satisfied. That's the way with well-known brands. They offer the latest improvements and widest choice. Name brands certainly save everybody a lot of headaches."



CUSTOMER: "I'm satisfied it's the best for my money. I'd be lost without brand names to guide me. My wife and I can even order by phone without taking any risk. We know we're getting what we want."



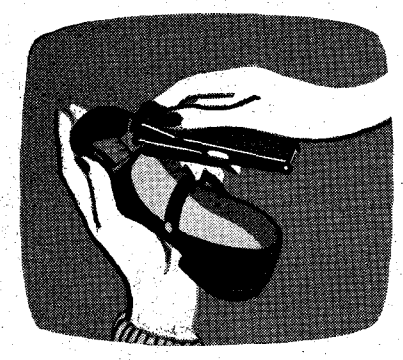
This non-profit organization is dedicated to the principle that manufacturers' advertised brands serve the public best . . . offering the latest improvements, the widest varieties, the best values.

THE BRANDS YOU SEE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!
They stand firmly behind every product and claim they make.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. • 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

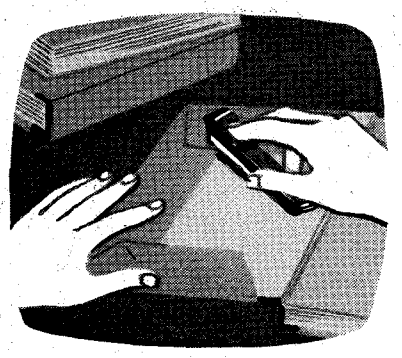
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPAIR



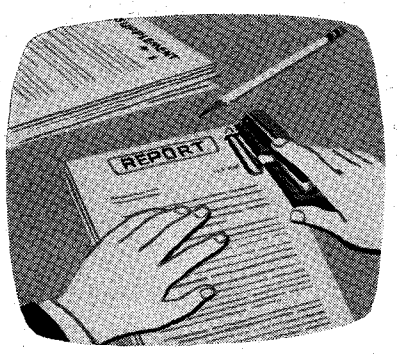
Bow rip loose? Fix it slick!
A Bostitch staple does it quick.

RE-COVER

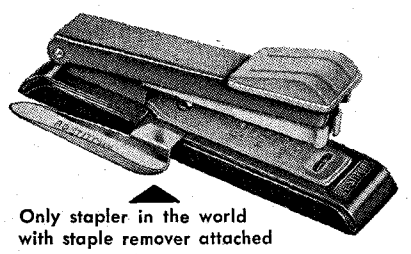


This one's really for the books:
A stapled cover preserves their looks!

REMOVER



More to add? Or rearrange it?
This remover's quick to change it.



Only stapler in the world
with staple remover attached

The Indispensable **BOSTITCH B8R**

Now in handsome three-tone gray and gleaming black-and-chrome.

$3.15 at your stationer's

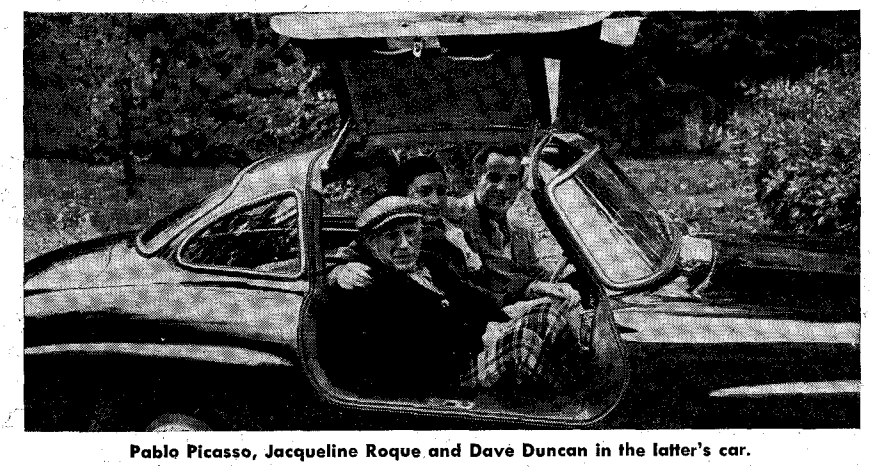
Slightly higher in the West and outside U.S.A.
Bostitch, Inc., 301 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, R.I.

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Keeping Posted

An Artist's Life



Pablo Picasso, Jacqueline Roque and Dave Duncan in the latter's car.

Three years ago photographer-author **David Douglas Duncan** was on an assignment in Afghanistan. There, a friend gave him an exquisite gem stone which construction workers had unearthed, a red carnelian with a carving of a rooster dating back to the first century. The impressionistic style of the carving made Duncan think it might interest artist Pablo Picasso; so later, in France, he phoned Picasso and got permission to come and give him the stone, set in a ring. The friendship that ensued resulted in Duncan living with Picasso for three months while he acquired the fine picture story beginning on page 56. A charming experience, says Duncan—"the first time anybody has been inside the maestro's villa to work."

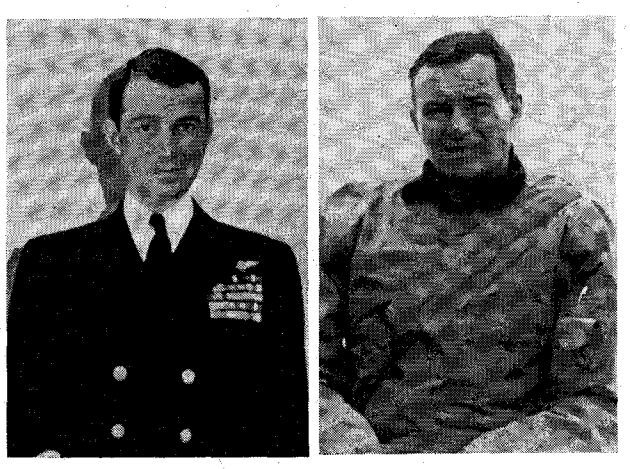
Their camaraderie shows in that photo, where Duncan is about to take Picasso and his companion, Jacqueline Roque, for a spin in the photographer's car; until then the famous artist would ride only in an aged Citroën sedan hired along with the driver who owns it. Another evidence of their friendship occurred on the 4th of July, which Picasso vaguely recalled, from earlier visits with poetess Gertrude Stein in Paris, was some sort of an American holiday. The maestro made a little American flag of paper (lines for stripes, crosses for stars), stuck the staff in a cake, and presented this to Duncan at luncheon, exclaiming warmly, "For you! Happy Chanksgivings!" For Picasso this was a major effort in English; he and Duncan conversed in Spanish.

An unusual book, The Private World of Pablo Picasso, with some 300 of Duncan's pictures and text by him will be published late next month. In co-operation with Ridge Press, Harper's will distribute a $5.00 cloth edition to English-speaking countries, and Pocket Books will issue a $1.50 paperback edition on a world scale, in English and in many translations. Ken Stuart, Art Editor of the Post, thinks the book will delight both artists and layman art lovers—and Picasso's feeling about it is reported as "ecstatic."

Glenn Ford and His Collaborator

Glenn Ford and **Jane Ardmore** are pictured on the M-G-M lot, where Ford has been filming The Sheep Man, but they did their work on the actor's story (page 18) mostly at his home. Mrs. Ardmore was coauthor with Eddie Cantor of his recent best seller Take My Life, and she has written two novels and busily contributed to magazines from the Hollywood front. "Our daughter Ellen, 4, is currently having a ball at her first school, a co-operative nursery school where I'm up to my elbows co-oping."

A Man of Many Uniforms



J. Bryan, III, long ago and now.

Joe Bryan, III, a Post associate editor before World War II and more recently a frequent contributor, was once a lieutenant in the U. S. Army Reserve, later a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, and now he is a colonel in the U. S. Air Force Reserve. Oh, yes, he also has a field-artillery tattoo. "All this," comments Art Chamberlain (Captain USNR), who is mentioned in the amusing war reminiscences on page 13, "should almost qualify Bryan as a marine sergeant—or at least a second lieutenant."

That extremely naval picture of Bryan needs explaining. After W. W. II he wrote a brilliant biography of Admiral William F. Halsey (beginning in the June 14, 1947, Post); and while photos of Bryan and Halsey were being taken, Joe got the admiral to swap coats with him for the last shot. Joe's face didn't turn out to his liking in that one, so he had some prints made dubbing in a youthful Bryan face photographed when he was attending Princeton University. Friends who received copies of this picture, autographed "Fleet Admiral J. Bryan, III, USNR," found it pretty hard to figure out.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Changing Midwest"

What new forces are altering the lives of Americans in the once-isolated midlands? What's happening to Main Street? Everyone will be interested in these findings of a great reporter, John Bartlow Martin.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED